

B 2400 H6 : -
Haddar, Edwin, 1867-1901:
Discourses of the ...





CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.



WILLIAM CAREY AND THE MAP OF THE WORLD. (See p. 6.)

CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World.

EDITED BY
EDWIN HODDER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY," ETC. ETC.

VOL. I.

SPECIAL EDITION.



CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

PREFACE.



As the design and scope of the present work are fully set forth in the Introductory Chapter, it is only necessary in this place to gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Secretaries and Managers of various Missionary and other Societies, who have rendered the most willing and efficient service by placing at my disposal the reports and publications of their respective Societies, and other valuable material.

I have also largely availed myself of whatever information I could collect from writers of all times and countries on the subjects under review, and especially from the Biographies of men who have lived, laboured, and died on this great Harvest Field.

In the preparation of these pages I have been assisted by gentlemen having special knowledge of certain countries, and of the missionary work carried on in them. My hearty acknowledgments are due to Dr. Faulds, author of "Nine Years in Nipon," for some chapters on "China;" to the Rev. R. Ethol Welsh, for "Japan;" and to the Rev. James Stuart, Mr. T. F. Ball, Mr. J. A. J. Housden, Mr. E. A. Martin, and others, for assistance in various departments of the Work.

In order to make CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS valuable as a work of reference for ministers, teachers, and students, a copious index and classification of the subjects dealt with will be found at the end of the work.

EDWIN HODDER.

St. Aubyns, Shortlands, Kent.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
I.—EARLY MISSIONS IN INDIA.	
CHAPTER I.	
ZIEGENBALG AND THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSION.	
Dr. Lütkens Originates the First Protestant Mission in India—Early History of Ziegenbalg—Plütschau—Their Arrival in India—Friendless Condition—Learning the Language—Ziegenbalg Translates the Scriptures—Public Preaching—Opposition from the Brahmins—More formidable Opposition from the Danish Governor—Ziegenbalg Arrested—Release and Return of Plütschau to Denmark—The King Sides with the Missionaries—Death of Dr. Lütkens—Ziegenbalg's Illness and Return to Denmark—His Marriage—Sympathy with the Mission in England—Return to India, and Death in 1719	40
CHAPTER II.	
CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ AND THE TANJORE MISSION.	
Birth and Parentage of Schwartz—Influence upon him of Francke and Schültze—Ordination, Visit to England, and Departure for Tranquebar—Marvellous Gift of Learning Languages—Instances—After Sixteen Years at Tranquebar Schwartz Leaves for Trichinopoly—Meets the Rajah of Tanjore—Appointed Ambassador to Hyder Ali—Influence and Power of Schwartz's Character—A Free Passage Everywhere for the Missionary—The Rajah Serfojee—Illness and Death—Serfojee's Monument and Epitaph in English upon his Spiritual "Father".	50
II.—IN DANISH NORTH AMERICA.	
CHAPTER III.	
HANS EGEDE AND GREENLAND.	
Hans Egede—A Strange old Chronicle of Early Colonists in Greenland—A Lost People—Egede's Project—Opposition from Wife and People—How the Opposition was Overcome—Appeal to the King of Denmark—Long Disappointments—At Last Hans Egede Sails for Greenland—No Sign of the Colonists—The Eskimos—Hardships and Difficulties—Left Alone—Egede a Poor Teacher—Introduction of Small-pox into Greenland and Terrible Results—The People's Hearts Softened by Calamity—Egede Prostrated by the Loss of his Wife—Returns to Denmark—Death in 1758	60
CHAPTER IV.	
THE MORAVIANS IN GREENLAND.	
Origin and Growth of the Moravian Brethren—They Early Commence Mission Work in the West Indies—Stach and Boehnisch—Stach and Two Companions Start for Greenland without Funds—Religious Discord between the Moravians and Egede—The Breach Healed by Common Service in Calamity—Fresh Arrivals of Moravians—Stach, Boehnisch, and John Beck—On the Verge of Starvation—The Work of a Little Child—At last John Beck hears Kayarnak ask the Way of Salvation—Character of the First Greenland Convert—A New Era in the Mission—The Missionaries Learn from Kayarnak What to Preach—Change in the Greenland Eskimos—Terrible Privations—New Settlements—Death of the Apostolic Trio, and their Character—All Greenland now Christian—Greenland at the Present Day—Depopulation of the Country	73
III.—CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTH AFRICA.	
CHAPTER V.	
GEORGE SCHMIDT, THE APOSTLE OF THE HOTTENTOTS.	
Early Trials and Persecutions of Schmidt—The Dutch Colony of Cape Town—Its Political Vicissitudes—Indifference of the Dutch to the Welfare of the Natives—Schmidt's Early Preaching—Character and Personal Appearance of the Hottentots—Indignation of the Boers at Schmidt's Labours—His Return to Europe, and Death—Second Moravian Mission to the Hottentots—Renewed Opposition of the Boers—Final Success of the Mission under British Supremacy—Difficulties from Wild Animals—Spread of Moravian Missions in South Africa	98
CHAPTER VI.	
IN KAFFRARIA, GRIQUALAND, AND NAMAQUALAND.	
Bereavement and Conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp—His Mission to the Kaffirs under the London Missionary Society—He also Suffers from the Hostility of the Boers—Obliged to Abandon Kaffraria and Labour amongst the Hottentots—Final Success and Death—The London Missionary Society send out Mr. Campbell—His Tour of Inspection—Visits Bethelsdorp—His Journey in the Wilds of Griqualand—The Bushmen—Lattakoo and King Mateebe—Trying to Change the Ethiopian's Skin—Commencement of Wesleyan Missions—Mr. and Mrs. Shaw—Teaching the Natives the Use of Tools—A Plough equal to Ten Wives—Namaqualand—The Work at Lily Fountain—Murder of Mr. Threlfall and his Companions—Abandonment for the present of Namaqualand	110

IV.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER VII.

SCENES IN THE EARLIER LIFE OF ROBERT MORRISON.

PAGE

Discovery of Christian Scriptures in Chinese—Birth and Parentage of Robert Morrison—His Education—Appointment to the Chinese Mission—Total Ignorance of the Language at that date—Morrison Studies it in London—Curious Incident Illustrating the Reverence of the Chinese for Written Words—Voyage to China—Early Hardships and Difficulties from the Exclusiveness of the People—Morrison's Narrowness of Judgment arising from Ignorance—Tea—Difficulties of the Chinese Language—Curious Customs of the People—Morrison removes to Macao—Marriage—Learning the Language a Crime—Important Official Services—The Kotow—Affair of the <i>Topaz</i> , and Flagrant Official Murders of British and American Subjects	131
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIBLE IS TRANSLATED AND CIRCULATED.

Arrival of Mr. Milne—Canton and its River Life—Translation of the Bible into Chinese Completed—Character of the Chinese Language—Difficulties of its Ideographic Character—Impossibility of Writing down exactly what a Chinaman says—Poverty of Words and Consequent Difficulty of Tones—Dr. Morrison saves a Chinese from Unjust Execution—Arrival of Mr. Bridgman from America—Chinese Secret Societies—Extensive Distribution of Books and Tracts, and subsequent Condemnation of it—Reasons for a Different View—Christian Origin of the Taiping Rebellion—Death of Milne and Morrison—American Chinese Version of the Scriptures—Mr. Lowrie Slain by Pirates	147
--	-----

V.—THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE MISSIONS BEGAN.

South Sea Missions First Suggested by the Countess of Huntingdon—London Missionary Society Founded—Purchase of the <i>Duff</i> —A Large Mission Colony—Landing and Early Success of the Mission at Tahiti—Hasty and Fickle Enthusiasm at Home—Second Voyage of the <i>Duff</i> and its Disastrous Issue—Misfortunes at Tahiti and Return of the greater Number of the Missionaries—Lamentable Cases of Apostasy amongst the Remainder—Success of Those who Persevered—Early Life of John Williams—Marriage and Dedication to Missionary Work—Early Work at Raiatea—The People Civilised and Reformed—Voyage to Sydney—Rarotonga—Sets to Work to Build a Vessel with his own Hands—The <i>Messenger of Peace</i> —Her Trial Trip and its Perils	168
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGES OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

Mr and Mrs. Buzacott arrive at Rarotonga—The Work that had been Done—Williams Starts upon his Voyage—How a poor crippled Heathen Learnt the Truth—The Question of "Meats" in the South Seas—The <i>Messenger of Peace</i> nearly Lost—Sixth Escape of Williams from a Watery Grave—Visits Mauke, Mitiaro, and Aitutaki—The Work mainly Accomplished by Native Teachers—An old Chief at Savage Island—Makes a Friendly Arrangement with the Wesleyan Missionaries—The Samoan Islands—Recent Progress There—The Voyage Ends at Raiatea—Williams Returns to Rarotonga—A South Sea Hurricane and its Effects—The <i>Messenger of Peace</i> Carried Inland by the Storm—Further Voyages to Tahiti and the Samoan Islands—Williams's Return to England in 1834—Enthusiasm at Home—Another Mission Ship Purchased—Re-visits the Samoas, Raiatea, Rarotonga—Leaves the Samoans for his Last Voyage to the New Hebrides—Erromanga—The Last Tragedy There—Effects of the Sad Tidings	183
--	-----

VI.—IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER XI.

TARTARY, TIBET, AND MONGOLIA.

In Search of the Tsecks—The Kalmuc Tartars—Lamaism—Praying-wheels—Expedition of Schill, Loos, and Dehm—Circulation of the Scriptures—Lahoul—The Kyclang Mission Station—Pagell and Heide—In the Lamasseries—Hernis—Funeral Ceremonies—Influence of the Lamas—The Kushogs—Leh, the Chief Town of Ladak—Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Reddlob—Among the Mongols—Fanaticism—Wonderful Things in Wu T'ai	202
---	-----

VII.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY LABOURS OF CAREY.

Boyhood of Carey—His Early Studies—Cobbler and Schoolmaster—Baptist Minister at Moulton—"Expect Great Things; attempt Great Things"—Messrs. Grant and Thomas—Carey Sails for India—Studies Bengali—Family Troubles—In the Sunderbunds—Translation of the New Testament—Five Years at Mudnabatty—Purchases an Indigo Planting Farm—Establishment of the Serampore Mission	229
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

Ward, the "Serious Printer"—Marshman's Early Career—Arrival at Serampore—The "Canterbury of Northern India"—The Institution of Caste, and how it was dealt with—Krishna, a Convert—Fort William College—The Festival of Juggernaut—Sutteeism and its Prohibition—The Fair of Ganga Saugur—Helps and Hindrances—Poor Mrs. Carey—A Disastrous Fire—Cholera and Fever—The Parting of the Three	246
---	-----

VIII.—WITH THE RED INDIANS.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN ELIOT AND THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Spanish Supremacy—Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Richard Grenville—Religion of the Red Indians—Sir Walter Raleigh Little Baddow, in Essex Eliot Sails for Boston—Among the Iroquois—The "Praying Indians" The Curse of Drink—Formation of Indian Settlements—Converts—Martha Vineyard Major Gookin—Whites and Reds—Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians	PAGE 266
--	-------------

CHAPTER XV.

DAVID BRAINERD.

A Scene at Yale College—Early Life of Brainerd—His Melancholy Temperament—The Indians at Kanaameck—Seasons of Depression—Self-denial At the Forks of the Delaware—Introspection—A Revival at Crosswecksung—A School Opened—On the Banks of the Susquehanna—The Coming of the Lord's Chariot	282
---	-----

IX.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER XVI.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Description of the West Indies—Sargasso or Gulf-weed—The Ladies' Sea—The Caribs—A Carib Story—Culture of the Sugar-cane—The Labour Market—Horrors of the Slave Trade—Facts concerning Slavery—Character of the Slaves—The Junby Dance	289
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLOUGH BREAKS GROUND.

Columbus, First Missionary to the West Indies—Colonisation and Christianity—John Leonhard Dober and David Nitschmann—A Scene at the Coronation of Christian VI.—Adventures of First Missionaries—Frederick Martin—Religious Movement among the Negroes—Persecution of the Moravians—A Dutch Ecclesiastic—Troubles of Frederick Martin—Arrival of Count Zinzendorf in St. Thomas	299
---	-----

X.—SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

In Westminster Abbey—Early Life—Spiritual History—Offers Services to London Missionary Society—Mary Smith—Sails for Cape Town—A Practical Sermon—Africaneer, the Bonaparte of South Africa—Marriage—The Sechuana Language—Life at Lattakoo—Perils from the Heathen and from Wild Beasts—The Mantates—A Tribal War—Translation of Scriptures—Visits to England—Adventure of Miss Moffat—Founding New Missions—Sechele, Chief of the Bakwains—Closing Years	310
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND THE BECHUANAS.

A Death-bed Precept—The Blantyre Cotton Works—Frugality and Study—Sails for South Africa—Among the Bakwains—Methods with the Natives—At Lepelole and Mabotsi—Adventure with a Lion—Married to Mary Moffat—At Chonuane—Sechele, Chief of the Bakwains—Rain-doctors and Drought—Settles at Kolobeng—Conflicts with the Boers—The Bushmen—Discovers Lake N'gami—Sebituane, Chief of the Makololo—Bent on Discovery	329
---	-----

XI.—NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XX.

MISSIONARY LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN LABRADOR.

John Christian Erhardt—Nisbet Bay—Murdered by the Savages—Jens Haven, Carpenter—Set Apart for Work—Arrival of the Missionary Ship—Perils in the Sea—Okak—Last Days of Jens Haven—Liebisch and Turner—The Eskimo Dog—A Terrible Adventure on the Ice—Saved from the Flood—Hopedale Mission—The Labrador of To-day	346
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LABRADOR MISSIONARY SHIPS.

Wonderful Preservation of the Missionary Ships—The <i>Jersey Packet</i> —The <i>Amity</i> —The <i>Good Intent</i> —Protected by British Proclamation—Receive Safe-Conduct from France—Letter from Benjamin Franklin—Strange Deliverance from Capture of the <i>Resolution</i> —Perils of the <i>Jemima</i> as Related by a Missionary—The <i>Harmony</i>	363
--	-----

XII.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

Chinese Gratitude—Dr. Hobson and his Works—Chinese Ideas of Anatomy—Dr. Peter Parker—Hospitals in China—Work in Amoy—Ningpo—Surgical Operations—Self-mutilation—Leprosy—Mesmerism—Faith-healing—Opium and Tobacco The Opium Trade	371
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

OPENING OF THE COUNTRY.

Adventures in China—Charles Gutzlaff—Travels in the Interior—Description of China—The Yellow River—Dr. Medhurst—Origin of the Opium War—Incidents in the Opium War—Present Position of Opium Question—The Treaty Ports—Manchuria—Formosa	387
--	-----

XIII.—THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.

PAGE

Then and Now—The Hawaiian Gods—Volcanoes and Earthquakes—The Goddess Pele—"House of the Everlasting Burnings"—A High-priest of Pele—System of *Tabu*—Sorcerers—Cities of Refuge—Captain Cook—United Hawaii—Kamehameha I. and his Son—Destruction of the Idols—Advent of American Missionaries—A New Order of Things—British Consuls—Early Converts—A Heroic Deed—The Day-dawn 400

CHAPTER XXV.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT.

A Great Religious Revival—The Rev. Titus Coan—Oppressive Scenes—French and British Interference—Prevalence of Drunkenness—Mr. Laplace—Temporary Cession of Islands to Great Britain—Independence of Islands Proclaimed—Decrease of Population—Bishopric of Honolulu—Schools and Education—Leprosy—Father Damien—Bishop Willis—Hawaii of To-day—Doomed to Decay 423

XIV.—WITH THE RED INDIANS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAVID ZEISBERGER.

Oglethorpe's American Colony—Wesley's Visit to it—Moravian Colonists—Their Objection to Warfare, and Retirement from the Colony—David Zeisberger—First Indian Church at Shekomoko—Persecution from the White Settlers—Indians Expelled from Shekomoko, and Settle at Gnadenhütten, in Pennsylvania—Mission to the Iroquois—Increased Jealousy of the Whites—Aggravated by Rivalry between French and English—Gnadenhütten Destroyed by Heathen Indians—Subsequent Settlements of Christian Indians Destroyed by the Whites—Indians Protected by the Quakers—New Settlement at Friedenshütten, on the Sasquehannah—Mission to the Ohio District—The Converts Migrate to Friedenstadt—A New Gnadenhütten near Lake Erie—Further Moravian Indian Settlements, and Success of the Brethren—Settlements Broken Up by the War of 1775, and Brutality of the Whites—Brutal Murder of the Christians at Sandusky by American Whites—Zeisberger's Last Years and Death 440

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CIVILISATION OF THE CHEROKEES.

The Town of Brainerd—Mission of the American Board—Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury—Action of the United States Government—George Guess—The Language of the Cherokees—Title to their Land Denied—Broken Pledges—Persecution and Arrest of Missionaries—Appeal to the Supreme Court—The Exodus of 1838—Present State of the Cherokees 461

XV.—IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PERSIA, KASHMIR, AND AFGHANISTAN.

The Brethren Hocker and Rueffer—A Caravan Journey—Attacked by the Kurds—Hordes of Robbers—A Fruitless Expedition—Henry Martyn at Shiraz—Discussions with the Mollahs—The Shah of Persia—Death of Martyn—The Nestorians—Perkins and Grant—The Great Persian Famine—Kashmir—Srinagur—William Elmslie and the Medical Mission—A Melancholy Journey—Afghanistan—Peshawur and the Guest House 472

XVI.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANTIGUA AND ST. VINCENT.

Nathaniel Gilbert and John Wesley—Laymen as Preachers—John Baxter, Shipwright—Antigua—Pious Negroes—Christmas, 1786—Dr. Coke—Arrival at Antigua—The Slave Traffic—Exploration of the Islands—St. Vincent—The Caribs—Matthew Lumb—Cast into Prison—Polygamy—Wreck of the Mail Boat 494

CHAPTER XXX.

JAMAICA AND THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

George Lisle and the First Baptist Mission in Jamaica—Succession of Negro Pastors—Persecution of the Preachers—Thomas and William Knibb—Knibb's Attitude towards Slavery—Opposition of the Planters—Agitation in England in 1831, and consequently among the Negroes—Knibb's Indiscretions—Incendiarism—Terrible Retribution by the Planters—Knibb Arrested and Threatened with Death—Chapels Burnt Down by the Whites—Attempts to Lynch the Missionary—Charged with Rebellion—Knibb and Burrell Visit England—Knibb's Success—England Pays £20,000,000 for Emancipation—August 1, 1838—Emblems of Slavery Buried in a Grave—Knibb's Death—Dr. Underhill's Letter and the Agitation of 1865—Riot and Rebellion—Put Down with Reckless Barbarity—Judicial Murder of Gordon—Recent Progress of Jamaica under English Government 509

XVII.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH

Buddhism—Felix Carey—Early Life of Adoniram Judson—"A Decided Infidel"—Ann Hasseltine—Captured by the French—A Little Band of Seven—The Phyongees—The Judsons at Rangoon—Opposition of the Myowoon—First Converts—Imprisonment of Judson—Ministries of his Wife—Escape—The Burmese War—The Boardmans—Among the Karens—Mission of the S.P.G.—Bishop Cotton—Mr. Marks—A Liberal King—Beliefs of the Karens—Bishop Titcomb—Successful Work 534

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
William Carey and the Map of the World	<i>Frontispiece</i>	John Williams's Sixth Escape from Drowning	188
Godthaab, the First Danish Mission Station in Greenland	5	Frenzy of an old Chief	189
Mrs. Judson appealing to the Governor	9	Heathen Temples in Samoa	192
Benares	12	Map of the Samoan or Navigator Islands	193
The Temple of Heaven, Pekin	16	A Samoan Chief and his Wife	196
Schmidt attacked by a Leopard	21	Samoans Fishing	197
Basutos	24	Death of John Williams	201
Escape of Rudolph's Companions	29	Kalmuc Tartars	204
Catholic Riot in Mexico	32	A Kalmuc saying his Prayers	205
Maori War Expedition stopped by the Missionary	37	Kalmuc Prayer Barrel	205
Removal of Ziegenbalg's Father	41	Ladak Scenery	208
Arrest of Ziegenbalg	45	Women of Leh	209
Ziegenbalg leaving Tranquebar	49	Lamas of Tibet	212
Portrait of Christian Friedrich Schwartz	52	Lamassery at Hennis	213
Bathing-place at Trichinopoly	53	The Sacred Words inscribed on a Stone	215
Schwartz and Hyder Ali	56	Buddhist Images—Sakyi-Mouni, Erlik Khan (God of Fire)	216
The First Greenland Colonists	61	Natives of Tibet—Province of Ladak	217
Bergen	65	View of Castle of Leh	221
Eskimo Huts	68	Buriats	224
Eskimos Hunting Seals	69	Prayer-Wheels and Flags	225
Egede's Minde (Egede's Memory) in Winter	72	Ceremony in the Great Hall of a Buddhist Lamassery	228
Map of Moravia and surrounding District	74	Hindoo Fakirs	233
Portrait of Count Zinzendorf	76	Portrait of William Carey	236
Herrnhut	77	Fort William, Calcutta	237
Portrait of Matthew Staeh	81	An Indian Indigo Factory	240
Meeting of John Beck and Kayarnak	84	Carey and his Pundit Revising the Bengali Translation	241
Photograph of John Beck's Bible	85	Images of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva	244
Kayarnak. (<i>From an Oil Painting in the possession of the Moravian Missionary Society</i>)	88	Dr. Carey's Pulpit, Serampore	248
A Snowstorm in Greenland	89	Chairs at Serampore	249
A Greenland Kajak or "Man-boat"	92	The Car of Jaganātha	253
Missionary Map of Greenland	96	Hindoo Cremation	257
Modern Greenland Children	97	Suttee	260
Death of Melchior Nitschmann	100	College of Serampore	261
Hottentots	104	Tomb of Dr. Carey	264
Schmidt Teaching the Hottentots Agriculture. (<i>Altered from a Painting belonging to the Moravian Missionary Society</i>)	105	Landing of the Puritan Fathers at Massachusetts	268
Cape Town, Lion's Hill, and Table Mountain	109	Destruction of the Pequot Settlement	272
Portrait of Dr. Vanderkemp	113	Portrait of John Eliot	273
A Scene in Mr. Campbell's Journey	116	Medicine-Man	276
Bosjesmans, or Bushmen	117	Mayhew at Martha's Vineyard	277
Travelling in Griqualand	121	Red Indian Chiefs	280
Mr. Campbell and King Mateebe	124	Yale College	282
Bushmen lying in Wait for Mr. Threlfall	129	An Indian Village	285
Portrait of Dr. Morrison	133	Sargasso, or Gulf-weed	290
Dr. Morrison Studying the Chinese Language	137	Sugar-cane	292
A Tea Plant	139	A Sugar Plantation	293
Macao	141	A Slave March in Africa	296
Chinese Ceremony of the Kotow	144	On Board a Slave Ship	297
Mouth of the Canton River	145	Portrait of Columbus	300
Life on the Canton River	148	Discovery of S. Domingo by Columbus	301
Some Chinese Characters, as Printed	150	Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas	305
" " as Written	151	Attack by Whites on the Mission Station of Posau- enberg	308
Morrison Saves an Innocent Chinaman	157	Moffat preaching to a Boer's Family and Servants	313
A Chinese Junk	160	Portrait of Africaner	316
Nanking	165	Moffat's Mission Station in Namaqualand (Beersbeba)	317
Death of Mr. Lowrie	167	Bechuana Rain-doctors	320
The <i>Duff</i> and her Commander	169	Moffat Institution, Kuruman	321
Matavai Bay, Tahiti	172	Portrait of Robert Moffat	324
Pomare	173	Portrait of Mrs. Moffat	325
Portrait of John Williams	177	Mission Station, Kuruman	328
Map of the Society Islands	178	David Livingstone Studying after his Return from the Mill	330
Building of the <i>Messenger of Peace</i>	181	Livingstone and the Lion	333
Map of the South Seas	185	Portrait of Livingstone	337
		An African Animal Trap	340

	PAGE		PAGE
Dutch Boers	311	Portrait of Zeisberger	452
Livingstone at the Death-bed of Sebituane	311	Banks of the Susquehannah	453
Natives of Labrador	318	Indian Warfare	457
Eskimos on the shore of Labrador	319	An Indian Settlement	460
Wreck of a Mission Party	353	The Mississippi	465
An Eskimo Dog Sledge	356	Preaching to the Indians	468
Building Snow Huts	360	A Halt in the Hauran Desert	473
Hopedale Mission House, Labrador	361	Terraced Gardens of Shiraz	476
The <i>Harmony</i> Mission Ship	364	Portrait of Henry Martyn	477
Watching for the <i>Harmony</i> , Hopedale Harbour	365	Persian Mollah and Women	480
Okak	368	Family of Nestorians	481
Victoria, Hong-Kong	373	Srinagur: the Mosque	484
Street Scene in Canton	376	Temple of Amritsar	489
Hospital at Tien-tsin erected by Dr. Mackenzie	377	Afghans	492
A Chinese Hand Carriage	380	Portrait of John Wesley	496
Chinese Criminals	381	A Methodist Meeting	497
Opium Smokers	385	Kingston, St. Vincent	501
In a Formosan Forest	388	Sugar-cane Plantations	504
Gutzlaff's House at Bangkok	389	A Negro Hut in the West Indies	505
The Desert of Gobi	393	Wreck of the Mail-boat at Antigua, 1826	508
The Opium Poppy	396	Portrait of the Rev. W. Knibb	512
Natives of Formosa	397	Kingston, Jamaica	513
The Crater of Kilauea during an Eruption	401	Revolt in Jamaica—Firing on the Negroes	517
The "House of the Everlasting Burnings"	401	House in which Mr. Knibb commenced Operations	520
Ruins of a Temple formerly dedicated to Human Sacrifices	405	A Jamaica Planter at Home	521
Captain Cook.—His Vessels in Kealakakua Bay	408	Funeral of Knibb	524
Kamehameha I. and his Warriors	409	House at Morant Bay where Gordon was Tried	529
Natives of Hawaii	413	Negro Huts, Jamaica	532
Royal Palace, Honolulu	416	Burmese Image House	536
Lahaina	417	Rangoon	537
Natives of Honolulu	421	Portrait of Adoniram Judson	540
Visit of the King to Ililo	424	Buddhist Priest	541
Honolulu	428	Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman before the Emperor at Rangoon	544
Portrait of Queen Emma	432	Apprehension of Mr. Judson	548
Portrait of King Kamehameha V.	433	Mr. Judson in Prison	549
Hawaiians of To-day	437	Mrs. Judson at the Gate of her Husband's Prison	550
General James Oglethorpe	441	Mr. Judson's Grave	553
Old Print of the Town of Savannah	441	View of Mandalay	557
A Swamp in Georgia	445	Royal Palace, Mandalay	560
Attack on the Moravian Missionaries by the Indians	449	Church at Mandalay built by King Mindone-Min	561
		King Theebaw and his Wives	565

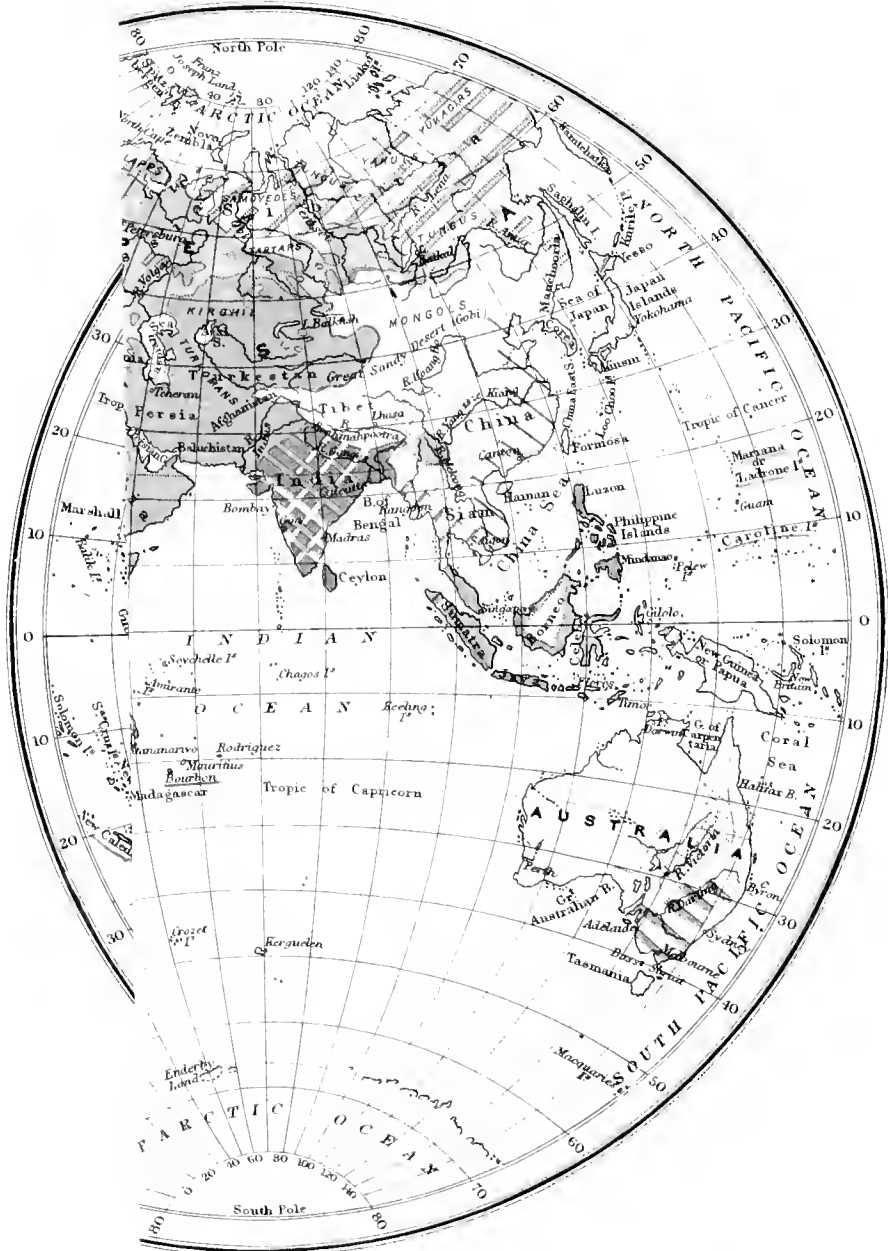
FULL-PAGE PLATES AND MAPS.

William Carey and the Map of the World	<i>Frontispiece</i>	Map of the West India Islands and Central America	<i>to face page 290</i>
Map showing Distribution of Religions throughout the World	<i>to face page 1</i>	Dr. Moffat (<i>Photogravure Plate</i>) 310
Language Map of Africa 98	David Livingstone (<i>Photogravure Plate</i>) 328
List of Mission Stations in Oceania 168	List of Mission Stations in Burma, Siam, &c. 534
Map of Oceania 168	Map of Burma, Siam, Straits Settlements, and British Borneo 534
Map of the Languages and Dialects of India 220		
List of Mission Stations in the West Indies, &c. 290		

THE WORLD

SHOWING DISTRIBUTION
OF
RELIGIONS






CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

“THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.”

INTRODUCTION.



GREAT battle is being fought between light and darkness, truth and error, civilisation and barbarism, Christianity and Paganism. Some watch it eagerly, but not the multitude. There are innumerable homes in this land where comparatively little, and many where nothing is known of the great struggle that has been going on these hundred years in almost every habitable part of the globe; of the heroic lives, the thrilling adventures, the noble deeds, the martyr-deaths of some of the bravest and most devoted men and women the world has ever known.

To tell the story of this mighty contest in plain and unconventional language: to view it in all its relations from an independent standpoint, without regard to any sect or party; to trace the progress of this great and ever greater wave upon wave of influence, from pole to pole, and from the rising to the setting sun: to see the workers at their work, and examine their methods; to witness their heroism in the midst of countless perils: to record their triumphs and defeats; to see cruelty, superstition, and bloodthirsty strife giving place to gentleness, goodness, and peace under their ministrations: to behold Dagon after Dagon falling down before the Ark of the Lord: to see plague and disease cast out by sanitation and medical science, and the darkness of ignorance die away under the light of education—this, among many other things, is the task we have set ourselves.

It need not be a dull one. If we have but the skill to tell the story well, it is one of the most intensely interesting that can be told. We shall pass through every land under heaven, and track the missionary, the explorer, the health officer, the Christian merchant, in African jungles, and beside Indian rivers, among the eternal snows of ice-bound Greenland, and in the coral islands of the Pacific. As we journey in imagination, we shall come in contact with every nation, kindred, people, and tongue, and shall pause to inquire into their manners and customs, their habits of thought and action, their religious rites and superstitious fears. We shall gather up,

as we go, information of all kinds relating to men and things, to trade and commerce, to nature and art, and to religions which were hoary centuries before the Christian religion was founded. We shall meet with men whose names can never be mentioned without reverent admiration—men such as Vanderkemp, Barnabas Shaw, Moffat, Livingstone, and Hannington in Africa; Ziegenbalg, Schwartz, Martyn, Carey, Wilson, and Duff in India; Morrison, Burns, and Piercy in China; Ellis in Madagascar; Marsden, Williams, Cargill, and Calvert in the Isles of the Seas—troops upon troops of brave and noble men, who “hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Apart from the personal history and vicissitudes of the men we shall meet, the story of the progress of missions is in itself full of interest.

The missionary work of the Protestant Church began, in one form or another, with the beginning of Protestantism. Individual enthusiasm first asserted itself, and then organised efforts followed in natural course. When the English colonised North America, the early settlers felt it incumbent upon them to set to work at once, as they had opportunity, to spread the Gospel among the Indian tribes around them. In the year of the Spanish Armada a “Company” was formed for the diffusion of Christianity among the Red men. To this undertaking Sir Walter Raleigh contributed the sum of £100, “the first missionary donation,” we read, “recorded in English Protestant annals.” Later on, the work of the Company having been steadily continued, the subject engaged the attention of the Long Parliament, and on the 27th of July, 1649, an Act was passed and a regular Corporation was formed for promoting and propagating the Gospel in New England—a much vaster region than the New England of more recent times. To assist this mission Oliver Cromwell, then Lord Protector of England, issued an order for a collection to be made in all the parishes of England and Wales, the effect of which was not only to raise a large sum of money, but to direct attention to the excellent cause.

In 1698 “The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge” was founded, and spread its work widely over India. In 1701 “The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts” was incorporated by Royal Charter, and undertook to deal with “the plantations and colonies beyond the seas.” It sent forth its hero-band to Newfoundland, Canada, the West Coast of Africa, the East Indies, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Borneo, Burmah, Madagascar, Japan, China, and to the uttermost parts of the earth.

But during the eighteenth century, the Protestant Church sank to its lowest level and most utterly dead state; all interest in missionary work languished; infidelity slew its thousands, and indifferentism its tens of thousands. Hume and Gibbon, Voltaire and Paine, held the multitude; the clergy did not. In the Continental churches Rationalism prevailed, while in England Puritanism had become tainted with every form of unbelief. Nevertheless, here and there the seeds were being sown which were to bring forth the rich harvest of the Evangelical revival. The period of transition between the deadness of the old time and the life of the new, lay somewhere between the ninetieth and the last year of the century. At the beginning of that decade, the night was at its very depth of chilliness and utter gloom: before it closed, the morning breath had swept over the world.

The dawn of better things broke when the churches learnt the lesson, written in letters of blood, taught by the French Revolution. It startled the most indifferent out of their indifferentism, and even infidels trembled as they saw the practical outcome of their theories. The history of Europe during the first part of the present century is one of war in all its desolating horrors, and also in all its glorious achievements and victories in the cause of European liberty and national independence.

But while the storm-clouds were thick upon the Continent, there was in Britain the early glow of that bright light which was soon to shine forth in its strength. The churches were awakening from the deep sleep that had fallen upon them. A desire for co-operation was beginning to be felt by those who had hitherto stood asunder; the bitter hostility which had existed between certain sections of the Church was in some quarters giving place to a desire to unite for great and good ends; the cold and cheerless services of the Church were beginning to yield to better influences; Nonconformists were being treated in a more tolerant spirit; and among clergymen and ministers of all denominations, as well as among the laity throughout the land, there was a reaction from the indolence, worldliness, and indifference of the former days. The generation of brave men who had maintained the standard of truth in the latter half of the eighteenth century were passing away—John Wesley died in 1791; Bishop Home and William Romaine in 1792; John Berridge and Henry Venn in 1793—but another band of brave spirits was coming forward to take their places, and to fight the same battle amid more stirring scenes and in a wider and more conspicuous sphere.

For the first time since the Reformation, the churches awakened to a sense of their responsibility to “go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;” and how deeply the responsibility was felt, and how warm was the enthusiasm with which they set to work to repair the evil of former negligence, is shown in their “works following.” A glance at a few of the great organisations which were instituted at this period shows how keen was the activity, and more particularly among the Evangelical churches.

In 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society was originated. Three years later the London Missionary Society took its rise. In 1799, the Church Missionary Society was instituted; in the same year the Religious Tract Society came into existence, and during the first year of its operations issued 200,000 tracts. The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in 1804;—prior to that date there was not in this country a single society in existence having as its sole object the dissemination of the Bible in all lands. In quick succession other missionary societies and beneficent institutions for the spread of Christianity followed; the tone of religious and moral feeling rose with regard to them; and a day of spiritual life and activity was at hand such as had not been seen for two hundred years.

When the nineteenth century opened, however, there were still only ten missionary societies in existence throughout Christendom, and of these only two had entered the mission-field with any degree of vigour—the United Brethren, or Moravians, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In the

year 1800, the only missions of the Protestant Church east of the Cape were in India—namely, the Baptist Mission, protected in the Danish settlement of Serampore, and the mission in Tanjore, in Southern India. Dr. Claudius Buchanan was the only chaplain of the East India Company who had dared to advocate missionary enterprise in India. Hindostan was closed by the East India Company against the missionaries of the Christian Church. China was sealed against the Gospel. Africa had a few missionaries at the Cape, but the whole land was groaning under horrible slavery. Not a single missionary had uttered the words of life in New Zealand, Australia, or the islands of the Southern Seas. Except in India, the only occupants of the mission-field in that year were the self-denying Moravians, and the Danish missionaries who, amid the snow and ice of Greenland, at Godthaab and elsewhere, were gathering around them little groups of Eskimo to hear the “sweet story of old.”

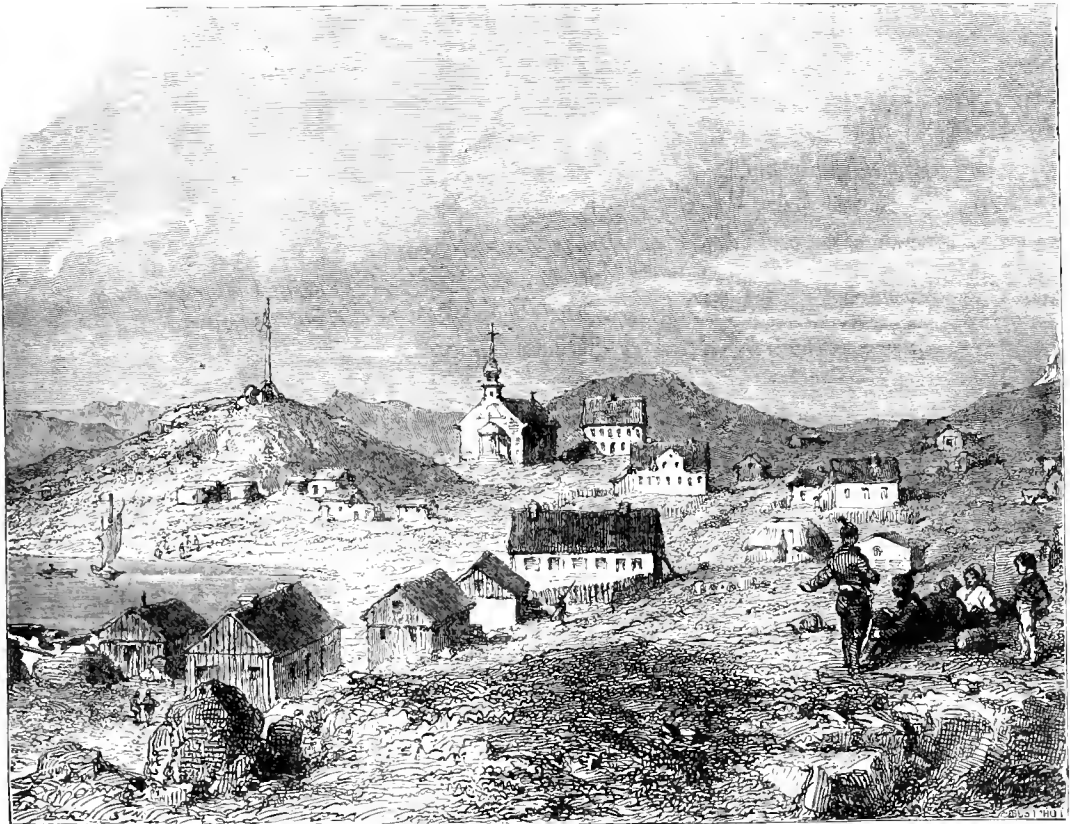
Let us now take a cursory survey of some of the lands we shall pass through, the men we shall meet, the scenes we shall witness, and the lessons we may learn.

In India—vast in area, fertile in natural resources, rich in all the elements of material grandeur—there will open up to us a wide and fruitful field of study, and we shall trace, in order, the efforts which men of all lands and creeds have made for the conversion of the people to the faith of Christ.

Ziegenbalg, the pious Dutch Evangelist, and Plütschau, his friend and companion, were the first Protestant missionaries to India. They started on their adventurous enterprise on the 29th of November, 1705, and arrived at Tranquebar on the 9th of July, 1706, the voyage taking over seven months; not longer, however, than an average passage at that time. Those who bade them adieu in their own country, and those who came in contact with them on their arrival, regarded them as visionary enthusiasts, with a strong dash of madness in their zeal. They set themselves to learn the native language: and taking their places in a village school, and sitting on the ground with the native children, they traced the characters of the Tamil with their fingers in the sand. With marvellous rapidity they acquired the language, and then, in the midst of many adversaries, they engaged in discussions with Pundits, or learned natives, established schools, and set up the first machinery of Christianity in the land. Then Ziegenbalg entered upon a grand work, and set an example which many afterwards followed: he translated the Scriptures into the Tamil language, composed a Tamil dictionary of ordinary words, and another of poetical words and phrases. For years he laboured on, working almost night and day, until at last the indomitable will could dictate no more, and the restless energy could carry him no further. One day, tired and ill, he asked to be placed in an arm-chair. The end had come; he had worked on earth without cessation; and that day he entered upon his eternal rest.

Not less remarkable was the career of Christian Friedrich Schwartz, one of the most devoted men that ever lived. He was a German by birth, and when at the University of Halle, was advised to learn the Tamil with a view to superintending the printing of a Bible in that language, which, however, was not carried into effect. Then Hermann Francke, a warm supporter of foreign missions, proposed to him that,

idge of Tamil, he should go out to India as a missionary. He set
 ary 21st, 1750), gave himself up to the work entirely, resolved on a
 order that he might not be encumbered with domestic cares, and
 s landing to the day of his death, never ceased to labour in the good
 oused.
 awartz gave his services to the Danish Mission at Tranquebar, on the



GODTHAAB, THE FIRST DANISH MISSION STATION IN GREENLAND.

Coromandel Coast, and afterwards to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, taking up his abode at Trichinopoly. He passed through varied experiences there and at Tanjore; was sent with success as an ambassador to treat with Hyder Ali for the continuance of peace, and afterwards, when three years of terrible war had desolated the Carnatic, was made the mediator between the contending parties, and saved the town of Tanjore. In the midst of singularly trying circumstances, friends and foes looked to him, as the man who could by his Christian integrity command the respect and confidence of his fellows. "Let the venerable Father Schwartz pass unmolested," was the order of the cruel and vindictive Hyder Ali,

“and show him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my Government.”

At his death, old and well stricken in years, after forty-eight years of labour in India as a missionary, the Prince of Tanjore wept over his coffin, and multitudes followed him to his last resting-place, on which the East India Company and the Rajah reared exquisite monuments.

When the saintly Schwartz—who was described by Bishop Heber as “one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles”—passed away from Southern India in 1798, the English Carey had already begun his work for all Northern India in Serampore. Was there ever a more improbable story than that of William Carey, the father of missionary enterprise in India? Look at him, a poor puny child, tainted with scrofula, unable to go into the corn-fields as a “scarecrow,” because the affection of the skin is so painful that he cannot walk in the sunlight without suffering excruciating and sleepless agony through the night.

See him, a little later on, apprentice to a shoemaker at Hackleton, in Northamptonshire. He shows no aptitude for his work; and years afterwards he could never make two shoes that were a pair, so that when a gentleman, who kindly wanted to encourage him in his business, gave him an order, it was for four pairs of shoes at a time, in the hope that out of the eight shoes he might be able to find two that would fit! See him again as the teacher of a village school: a group of rustics is around him, and he is giving them a lesson in geography. He is pointing to a map of the world, and, as his wand passes from one country to another, the tears gather in his eyes as he says, “These are Pagans, and these are Pagans, and these are Pagans,” until, overwhelmed with the thought, he weeps aloud.

Long afterwards he walks along the quiet lanes, with eyes bent on the ground, deep in thought. He has preached his great sermon at Nottingham, dividing it under two heads—(1) Expect great things from God, (2) Attempt great things for God—and he is revolving in his mind a scheme which in those days seemed almost ludicrous because of its gigantic audacity—it was no less than that of going to India—that vast land of unequalled and inexhaustible resources, of countless population, of unparalleled superstition, learning, and idolatry—and of overturning one of the oldest religions of the world, and winning the people to Christianity! Eventually, he is in the land over which he has yearned, toiling and suffering to carry out his scheme, beset with domestic troubles, friendless and penniless in a foreign land, but pressing on, until he takes a rank in Christian enterprise which entitles him to the name of “the Great Apostle of India.”

Prior to the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company in 1813, no missionaries were allowed to reside within the British Dominions, and Carey and his companions had to take refuge in the Danish Settlements. While they were working there, other Christian men, in another sphere, were working hard at home. In 1812, William Wilberforce was “busily engaged in reading, thinking, consulting, and persuading” on the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company. He

recognised the enormous importance to the Church of this opportunity to amend the existing discreditable state of affairs. "I have long been looking forward to the period of the renewal of the East India Company's Charter," he wrote to his friend Mr. Butterworth, "as to a great era, when I hoped that it would please God to enable the friends of Christianity to be the instruments of wiping away what I have long thought, next to the slave trade, the foulest blot on the moral character of our countrymen, the suffering of our fellow-subjects—nay, they even stand towards us in the closer relation of our tenants—in the East Indies to remain, without any effort on our part to enlighten and reform them, under the grossest, the darkest, and most depraving system of idolatrous superstition that almost ever existed on earth."

Throughout the churches the result of the final division in the House of Commons on this great question was awaited with the greatest anxiety. Referring to this, he wrote, "I heard afterwards that many good men were praying for us all night." Those prayers, and the efforts of Christian politicians, were not in vain. In announcing the result to his wife, Wilberforce wrote, "Blessed be God! we carried our question triumphantly about three or later this morning." From that time forth India has been accessible to the missionaries of every Christian church.

In 1812, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—the first Society in America to send missionaries to any foreign land—bade farewell to a little band of men and women as they set sail for India. Among them were the noble Adoniran Judson and his equally noble wife, who struggled for years to learn the language of the people, and were stricken down meanwhile time after time with fever. A marvellous career was theirs, demanding our reverent admiration. On one occasion when Dr. Judson and his friend Dr. Price were victims of Burman cruelty, chained together in a loathsome cell, and incapable of moving, with a death-sentence hanging over them, Mrs. Judson at great peril forced her way into the presence of the Governor, and obtained permission to visit the prisoners and minister to their wants. Eventually the English stormed the place where they were detained; they were sent away privately in a boat down the Irrawaddy, and at length reached the British camp in safety. This was but a passing incident prior to Judson's entering upon his career of daring adventure among the Karens, a wandering tribe who occupied the jungles, and lived by hunting and fishing, devoid alike of religion and civilisation.

Little had been done for Western India till 1829, when John Wilson went to it straight from Edinburgh University, and took up his abode in Bombay. He first mastered the vernacular tongues; then held meetings with soldiers, and conferences with the natives, and proceeded to preach the Gospel in the public streets. His methods were different from any that had hitherto been adopted; he sought to communicate Western truth in Oriental dress, and in such form that learned and ignorant might alike be benefited. He was the harbinger of a new era in missionary life and work, and succeeded in thoroughly arousing an intelligent interest in Christianity. Of the magazine he published—the oldest Christian periodical in India—of the great scholastic organisations he founded, and of the mighty influence he wielded, we cannot speak now. In this place we can but conjure up a vision of him as he stands in the

crowded bazaar in Bombay, "surrounded by turbaned Mahomedans; Hindoos, with prominent caste-marked brows, now drawn together in anxiety to catch his every word; Parsees, with proud bearing; and Jews, sleek and compliant-looking; while low-castes and outcasts stand huddled on the verge of the crowd."

A more remarkable career than that of Dr. John Wilson—although in some respects identical—was that of the Highland lad of Balnakilty, Alexander Duff. Early in life he made a vow that he would devote his life, as his friend John Urquhart had done, to missionary work; and when the set time had come, he offered his services to the Church of Scotland. But he would not bind himself to any conditions as to the method in which he should meet the natives, or what form his instruction to them should take; still less would he bind himself to be the slave of chaplains or kirk sessions. He was no cut-and-dried missionary, but a man with a burning enthusiasm, who could not be shackled with hard-and-fast rules; so, after his ordination by Dr. Chalmers, the only injunction laid upon him was, not to commence his ministrations in Calcutta—an injunction he violated immediately he saw the country and the people.

Never did a man enter upon a career under more adverse circumstances than Alexander Duff. He sailed on the 19th of September, 1829, and, after a series of storms and the threatened onslaught of a pirate ship, his vessel was wrecked off the coast of South Africa, and the passengers and crew were landed on a barren island tenanted only by penguins. Of the eight hundred volumes he had taken with him, representing every department of knowledge, only forty were saved, and of these the only books not reduced to pulp were editions of the Bible—a singular circumstance, which caused him to determine that "henceforth human learning must be to him a means only, not in itself an end." Rescued by a brig-of-war, the travellers pursued their journey, but only to fall in with a cyclone in the Hooghly; their vessel was dragged, drifted, and finally tossed by the storm-wave on to the muddy shore of the Sangar; where, amid lightning and tempest, they waded waist-deep to a village, and took refuge in a heathen temple.

In the hottest and wettest months of the Bengal year, Duff visited the mission stations in and around Calcutta. Day and night he studied the vernacular; and, amid expostulations from his fellow-missionaries, and opposition from the leaders of the people, who raised the cry, "Hinduism in danger," he laid the foundation of a system of education which should ultimately embrace "all the branches ordinarily taught in the higher schools and colleges of Christian Europe, but in inseparable combination with the Christian faith and its doctrines, precepts, and evidences, with a view to the practical regulation of life and conduct."

Parallel with Carey's work in Bengal, and the early part of Judson's in Burmah, was that of the Scottish Congregationalist, Morrison, in China, under the protection of the East India Company. We mention Morrison in this place, because he was one of six whose names stand out in bold relief as pioneers and founders of a broader and grander system of imparting a knowledge of Christian truth. There is a curious similarity in certain details of the lives of these six missionaries, Schwartz, Carey,



MRS. JUDSON APPEALING TO THE GOVERNOR. (See p. 7)

Judson, Morrison, Wilson, and Duff. They all rose from humble life. They were "of varied nationalities, though five were English-speaking; of different sections of the Church of Christ—Lutheran and Baptist, Independent and Presbyterian; of scholarly training and tastes, alike as philologists and theologians; with a consuming zeal that Christ should be revealed to, and in, the six hundred millions of Asiatics to whom they gave the Bible in the learned and vernacular tongues, and all Western truth in the language of the conqueror. These six men spent each some forty years among the natives, passed the old man's limit of seventy years, and died rejoicing in their labours, regretful only that they could not go on working for such a Master."*

It will not be alone to missions and missionaries, however, that we shall look for the introduction of Christianity into India. The influence of such men as John Lawrence, for example, to whom was due the appointment of the first Sanitary Commission to initiate the work advised by the Royal Commission of 1859, before which he gave evidence on the importance of Indian sanitary reform, is of the highest importance. Christianity and civilisation owe much to him, whom Florence Nightingale describes as "the man of truth and of all the manly virtues, the resolute Indian statesman, the saviour of the Indian Empire, the defender of India's poor, highest of our day as a leader of men, the righter of wrongs—great John Lawrence, who died in harness, working for India till three days before his death."

A very important work has also been done in India by Health Missionaries—men who have gone among the people to raise their self-respect, to educate them to know and practise the first elements of living a sound and healthy life; to indoctrinate them, in fact, with something like a new moral sense. In their sphere, the labours of health officers in India have been no whit less heroic than those of the preachers of the Gospel. They have in times of great famine, for example, gone into plague-stricken districts to administer the famine relief, and have worked on bravely, sometimes through illness ending in death, or in infirmity worse than death. These are the men who have swum the rivers on elephants, and on elephants have journeyed through swampy marshes, where no carts were possible, and where bridges did not exist; these are the men who have opened up springs in the desert, and prevented famine by irrigation, and who have sacrificed ease and life itself, to work hard in jungles and fever-haunted places, that they might save human lives.

Nor shall we confine our inquiries to the direct efforts of any class of men. In order to see what progress Christianity has made in any country, it is necessary to examine every channel through which its blessings have been flowing.

Parliamentary blue-books are, as a rule, dull and commonplace things, but there was a Report presented to Parliament by the Duke of Argyll, when Secretary of State for India, which contains some extremely interesting information about mission work in India. It states: "The missionaries in India hold the opinion that the winning of converts is but a small portion of the beneficial results which have sprung from their labours. No statistics can give a fair view of all that they have done. They

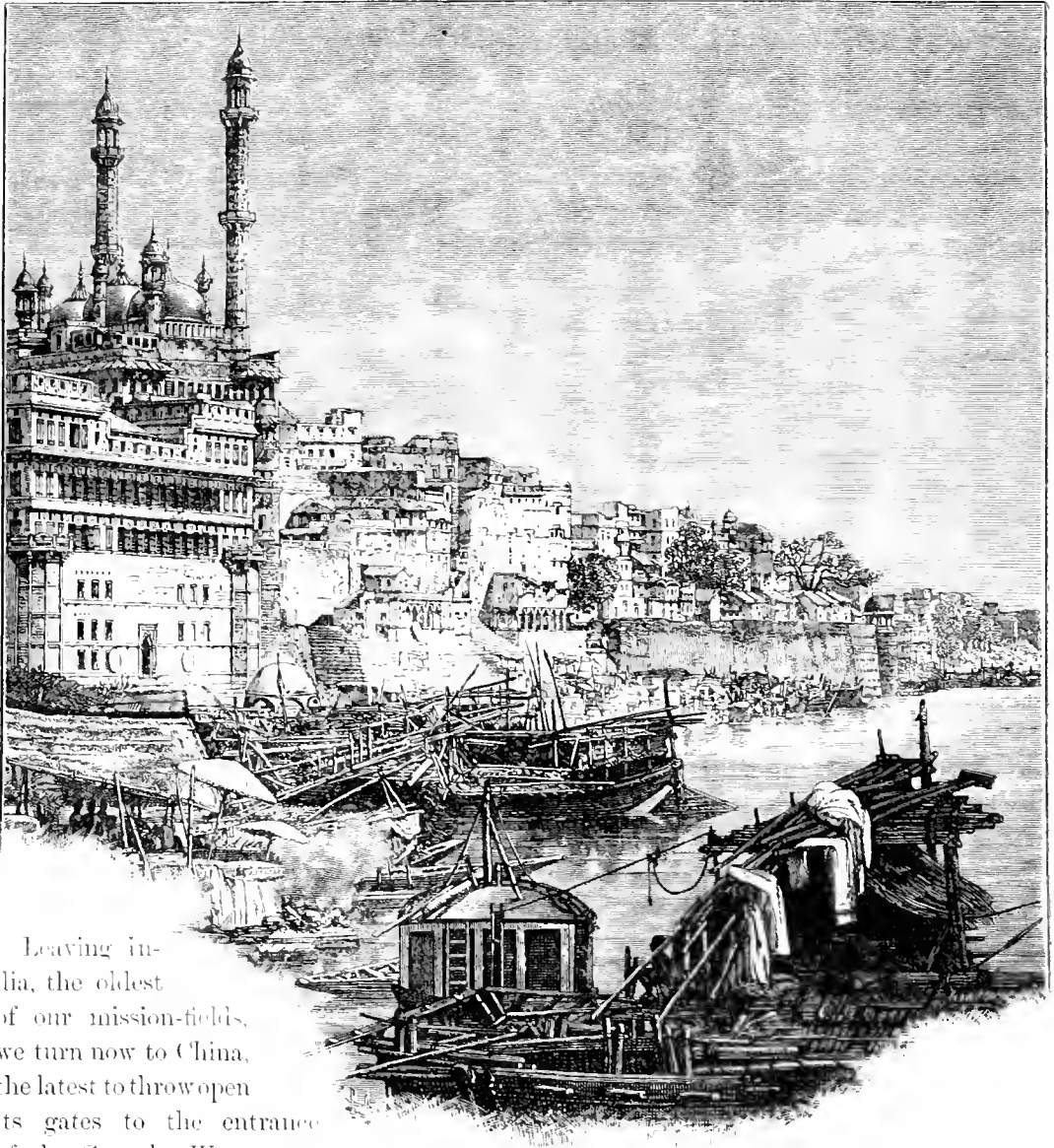
* Dr. George Smith.

consider that their distinctive teaching, now applied to the country for many years, has powerfully affected the entire population. The moral tone of their teaching has affected multitudes who do not follow them as converts. It has given to the people at large new ideas, not only on purely religious questions, but on the nature of evil, the obligations of law, the motives by which human conduct should be regulated. Insensibly a higher standard of moral conduct is becoming familiar to the people, especially to the young, which has been set before them not merely by public teaching, but by millions of printed books and tracts scattered widely throughout the country.

“They consider that the influence of their religious teaching is assisted and increased by the example of the better portions of the English community, by the spread of English literature and education, by the high standard, tone, and purpose of Indian legislation, and by the spirit of freedom, benevolence, and justice which pervades the English rule. And they augur well of the future moral progress of the native population of India from these signs of solid advance already exhibited on every hand, and gained within the brief period of two generations.”

It will be impossible for us to trace the history of Christian progress in India without coming in contact with a thousand collateral subjects of interest. We shall have to examine that ancient religion, Hinduism, and its great offshoot Buddhism, founded by Guadama, who was born in Oude in the seventh century before Christ. Throughout the land we shall find temples and “holy places”: in one of them sacred apes creep and leap and jabber; in another Vishnu, black and oily, is sitting in semi-darkness on his throne, while white-robed throngs pass before him, and tom-toms resound, and torches gleam, and priests chant. Swarms of devotees press into Benares, the holy city of Buddha, to worship in its temples, and pass from the sacred city into the sacred river, in the belief that to die there will ensure a happy fate hereafter. Tribes—as in the Kohl country—count rats and mice and the larvæ of red ants as delicacies: their religion consists, to a large extent, in propitiating evil and vindictive spirits: they believe in witchcraft, and attribute most of their calamities to the prevalence of the black art.

One of the most curious things to be told will be of times, not later than the beginning of the present century, when, in the British portion of the Indian Empire, missionary enterprise met with the violent opposition of the Government of the country, and missionary after missionary had to abandon his efforts, and seek protection in the territory of other Powers. In contrast to those times, there is now perfect liberty for every kind of religious and philanthropic labour to be carried on, and free access to all parts for missionaries of every denomination; Christian schools, churches, and chapels have been multiplied, colleges have been instituted, thousands have been converted to Christ, and tens of thousands instructed in Christianity. The cruelties of heathenism have been immensely lessened, infanticide prohibited, Sutteeism abolished, all Government support withdrawn from idolatry, the Hindu law of inheritance has been altered to protect the native convert, and innumerable beneficent institutions established, in the name of Him whose religion relates as well to “the life that now is as to that which is to come.”



BENARES.

Leaving India, the oldest of our mission-fields, we turn now to China, the latest to throw open its gates to the entrance of the Gospel. We cannot pause here to sketch, even in broadest outline, the history of three of the most remarkable men the East ever produced. But in its proper place we must tell the story of Guadama, a native of Oude, and Confucius and Lao-tze, natives of China, men who founded systems which have exercised, and still are exercising, a marvellous influence over the majority of the human race.

Nor can we tarry here to describe the creeds or customs, the traditions or the history of this strange country—the Celestial Empire: although, to whet our appetites for further inquiry, we may, in passing, take a peep into the Temple of Heaven at Pekin.

which shelters the most sacred form of worship in the land. The services are only held twice a year, when the Emperor officially takes part. There are the iron cauldrons with open bars, in which he annually burns the sentences of prisoners condemned to capital punishment, thus rendering to Heaven an account of his stewardship. There stands the huge furnace, faced with brilliant green tiles, and approached by a green porcelain staircase, where, shortly before sunrise on the 22nd of December, a bullock of two years old, and without blemish, is sacrificed as a whole burnt-offering upon the altar. As the fire ascends, the Emperor, alone, kneels upon a tablet bearing the name of Heaven. There "he seems to himself, and to his Court, to be in the centre of the universe, and turning to the north, and assuming the attitude of a subject, he acknowledges in prayer and by his position that he is inferior to Heaven and to Heaven alone."

A special sacredness and privacy are supposed to attach to this Temple of Heaven; and so also, until quite recent years, did sacredness and privacy attach to the whole Celestial Empire. The Chinese world, if they could, have carried their Great Wall round the whole Empire, and thus have shut out for ever the hated foreigner. They were exceedingly jealous of strangers, and it is less than half a century ago that foreigners were forbidden to enter China at all; if they did, it was at the risk of losing their lives. Yet in 1807 there went out, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Robert Morrison, who had determined, if it were possible, to take up his abode there, and secure a good translation of the Scriptures into the difficult Chinese language.

On his arrival in the country he adopted the dress and manners of the natives with a view to escape their jealousy; he wore his pigtail, allowed his nails to grow, and ate with chopsticks. It was an offence against the laws for any native to teach the Chinese language to a European, and the difficulties Morrison had to encounter were sometimes overwhelming. In one place he was in such fear of attracting the notice of the inhabitants, that he never walked out, until the confinement told materially upon his health. Then, under the escort of a couple of Chinese, he would steal into the fields at midnight, but always with the painful conviction that if he were detected it would be fatal to the object he had in view. For years he toiled on, sometimes in circumstances of extreme difficulty and danger, until his labours were crowned with success beyond the most sanguine anticipations of his friends. In 1818 his great work, the translation of the Bible, was completed.

It is almost impossible to realise the gigantic labour involved in this task, but it may help us to do so when we remember that the Chinese have no alphabet; that every written character is a word; that thousands of different characters are in common use, and that in a dictionary which Dr. Morrison compiled, there are upwards of forty thousand characters. The value of his labour in mastering the most difficult language in the world was incalculable, for when the conquests of Britain had obtained admission for, and secured protection to missionaries, as well as to the merchants of all nations, the previous indefatigable labours of Morrison had provided for their immediate use a dictionary of the language and a translation of the Bible.

One of the most successful missionaries to China was William Burns. He was a man of singular ability, great earnestness, and remarkable presence of mind; prompt in thought, speech, and action, in difficult or trying circumstances. This quality he acquired in missionary work in Scotland and in Ireland, and it was invaluable to him in Canada and China.

In Ireland he once attempted to preach in the street, when he was knocked off his rostrum and sorely hustled by the mob, who tore his clothes from his back. But he continued to speak until the police, fearing serious consequences might ensue, insisted that he should be silent and cross the river in the ferry-boat. "If you attempt to go along the quay," they said, "we will not be answerable for your life." "But I cannot pay for the ferry-boat." "It will cost you only a halfpenny." "I have not a halfpenny," he replied. Hereupon a good-natured policeman gave him one, and Burns, stepping into the boat, held up the halfpenny, and cried to the people on shore: "See, my friends, I have got a free passage. In like manner you may have a free Gospel, a free forgiveness of all your sins, a free passage to the Kingdom of Heaven, without money and without price." This was prompt. One day, in Canada, while he was preaching he was pelted with stones by the Romanists, when an Irish voice from the outside shouted clear over all the din, "The devil's dead!" A great laugh followed. When it hushed, William Burns struck in plaintively, "Ah! then you are a poor fatherless child." This raised a laugh in his favour, and under cover of it he was enabled to proceed for a while.

This promptness of speech was only equalled by his promptness of action. In 1846, when it was proposed to him by the Presbyterian Church of England that he should go to China as their missionary, he was asked when he would be ready to start. "To-morrow," he replied, with his characteristic decision. When he arrived in China, in order that he might be able to penetrate into the interior, he adopted the Chinese dress as well as the Chinese mode of life, and it is said that his face "wonderfully caught the Chinese expression."

There are stories innumerable told of William Burns and his doings in the "Land of Flowers." When he was revising his translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress," he would slip into a quiet corner of a tea-house, sip the tea, and listen eagerly to the conversation. As soon as he had heard a new colloquial phrase he was content, and would withdraw rejoicing. The first greeting that his friends would hear would be, "I have got a new phrase," as he repeated it in high glee.

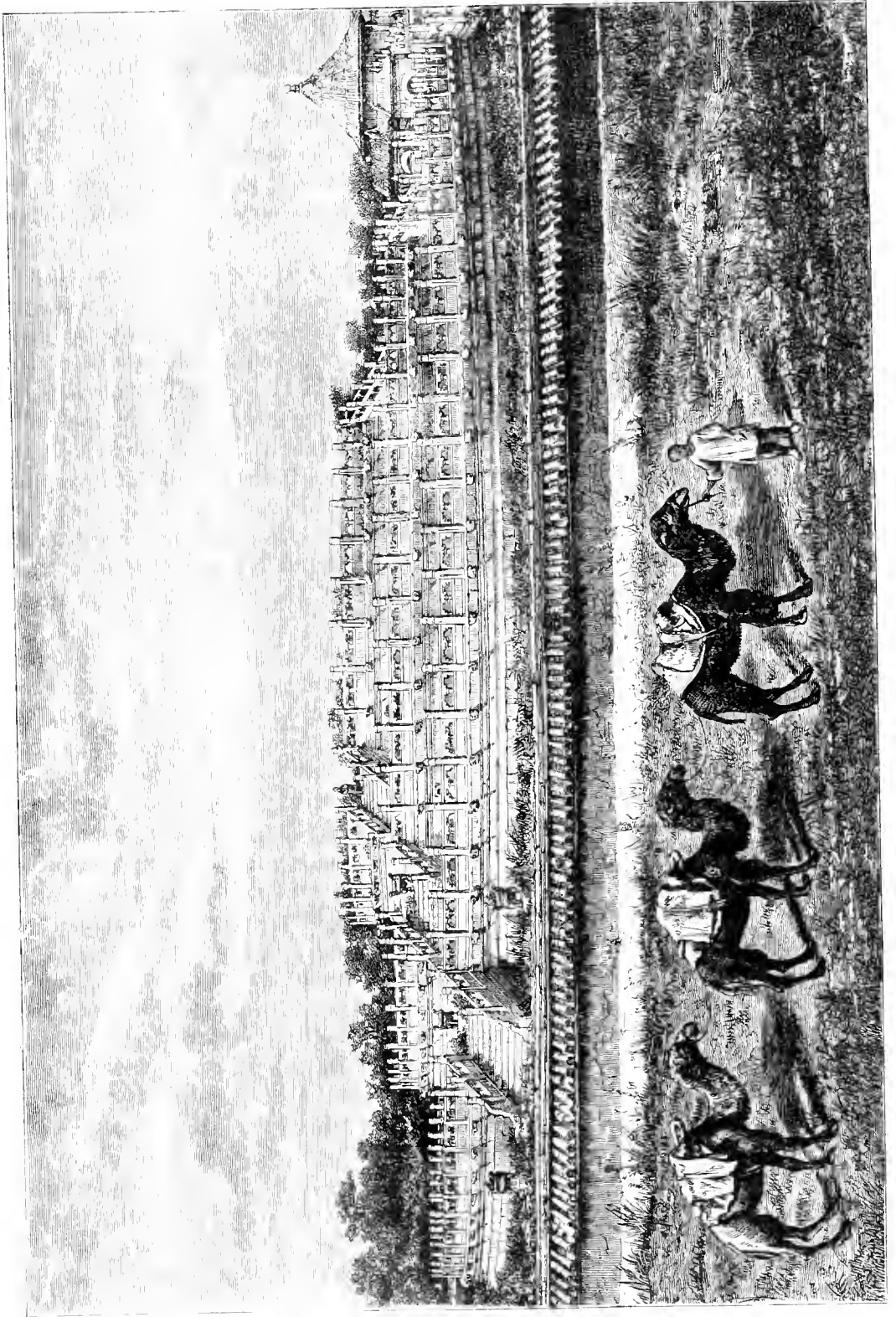
He sought no rest: in dry season or rainy season he was afoot "in journeyings oft" and amid risks many. He was robbed and left almost naked over and over again. When on the mainland, opposite Hong Kong, "the thieves broke into his quarters, and, while he was present, helped themselves to clothes, books, and money as they pleased, leaving him just enough garments for protection and money to get back to Hong Kong. One fellow took his hone, and being puzzled as to its use, brought it to Mr. Burns to learn what it was fit for, and was patiently taught the mode of sharpening a razor or knife on it!" The name of William Burns is still held in reverence by heathen and Christian: the stream of influence that he set flowing

still flows on in the practical work of the Presbyterian Church of England, of which there will be much to tell, especially in connection with the Coast Missions in China, where, in Formosa, Foo-Chow, Amoy, Swatow, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, a noble band of British and American workers are sowing beside all waters—stories of peril from dangerous winds and tides, peril from bigotry and fanaticism, encounters with tigers, and single-handed conflicts with men of fierce passions in towns and cities wholly given to idolatry.

When the barriers were removed, and access was given to Christian workers in China, the Church of England, various American societies, the Baptists, Wesleyan Methodists, and others, eagerly pressed in to carry the "Good News." The action of the Wesleyan Society in entering the field was brought about mainly by the zeal of one person, a young man named George Piercy, the son of a Yorkshire farmer. He was full of fresh religious fervour, and had become possessed with an irresistible desire to go as a missionary to the Chinese. To this end he presented himself at the Wesleyan Mission-House in Bishopsgate Street to urge his case. The managers were not at that time prepared to enter upon so large an undertaking as a mission to China, and informed Mr. Piercy accordingly. But he would not take "no" as an answer, and declared that if they would not send him, he would go at his own charges, and on his arrival work for his living and spend the remainder of his time in preaching the Gospel.

It was in vain that the secretaries endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, going so far as to say that even if the committee were prepared to entertain the idea of a mission in China, it was very doubtful whether their choice would fall upon the present applicant as their representative. But to all this Mr. Piercy turned a deaf ear: it was borne in upon his mind that he had received a "call" from on high, and that he would be failing in his duty if he allowed any obstacle to stand in his way. So he made his own arrangements, obtained some letters of introduction, and set sail for China. Arrived in Canton, he at once put himself into communication with Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, who, seeing that he was a man of the stuff of which true missionaries are made, offered him every encouragement, and treated him with brotherly kindness.

George Piercy was not long before he commenced operations. He went straightway to the garrison, gathered together some soldiers, who gladly availed themselves of his instructions, and at once commenced, in his more leisure moments, the study of the language. Then he prepared himself as a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry, and in due time formally offered himself to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1851. Wisely, his candidature was accepted: two others were appointed to join him: the number of applicants rapidly increased; success attended their labours; and in a short time houses, chapels, and schools were built, and a vigorous organisation was at work in China. It was an instance, one among hundreds in the history of missions, of the quiet, dogged determination of one man who believed in himself, and in the exercise of his duty to others, under the guidance of the Divine will.



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.

While endeavouring to fix our eyes mainly on the progress that Christianity has made, we must not fail to point out the various obstacles which have retarded its progress. In China, one of the foulest blots on our intercourse with the people is our encouragement of the opium trade. One who has deeply studied the question observes, "It is we who bolstered up the trade for the sake of our Indian revenue. Every step of our connection with it is discreditable. Begun as a bribe, carried on by smugglers, protected by English navies, compelled by English statesmen, forced by the strong upon the weak at the point of the bayonet, irritating and demoralising—all the while it has been fouling the English name through all the East, and casting dishonour upon the higher name of Christian."

Before passing away from Asia to glance at certain parts of Africa, we must take a peep, and only a peep, at Japan. In 1549, Xavier took his passage in a trading ship, and landed in the territory of the Mikado. Sixty years after he had commenced his mission there, according to Japanese statements, two millions of converts were ministered to by more than two hundred missionaries, of whom three-fourths were Jesuits. The story of the horrible persecutions that followed, in which fifty-seven thousand persons were put to death rather than deny the Christian faith, is one of the most terrible chapters ever written in history.

After Xavier's time, some Dutch merchants were allowed to settle on a few square yards of islands formed for them near the shore of a southern port; but if they went on land, they were "hooded like falcons, and caged like wild beasts." Then the land became practically sealed to all the Western nations, and, until within a few years ago, there stood in all the public places of the "Land of the Rising Sun" this terrible notice:—

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head!"

But in 1868 the harbours and the gates of the cities were thrown wide open, and that strange land, which has a history stretching back for more than two thousand years, has become entirely transformed. English and American teachers and preachers, merchants and philanthropists, speculators and adventurers, rushed in through the open doors, to find the people panting for European teaching and European knowledge, but by no means anxious to hear anything about the Christian religion. How the Mikado, who was once a veiled mystery, now drives about Tokio, as the Prince of Wales does about London; how hospitals, railways, telegraphs, Post Office Savings Banks, and everything that is abreast of the most modern civilisation, now takes the place of the former state of stagnation, will be told in due course.

A century ago the interior of Africa was unknown; the maps then existing bore across the heart of the country the words, "Unexplored Regions," and it was imagined that the whole interior was one howling wilderness of burning sand, roamed over by brown tribes in the north and south, and by black tribes, if human beings

were there at all, on either side of the equator and along the west coast. The Nile was not explored: the source of the Niger was a mystery. With the exception of Egypt, and such places as Tangiers, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, on the north, the Portuguese settlements of Loango, Angola, and Benguela, on the west, the Dutch Colony in the south, and the slave stations inside the large island of Madagascar and south of Zanzibar, little else was known of Africa generally.

But within the past hundred years that vast impenetrable continent has been the peculiar subject of the inquiry and the philanthropy of England, as in early years it was of the civilised world of Greece and Rome. The grand mystery of geography—"which Sesostris sought to unravel, which Alexander the Great was never weary of discussing, which tempted Julius Cæsar to spend nights and days with the Egyptian priests, striving to acquire from them information they did not possess, which Napoleon left unsolved, notwithstanding his passion for scientific as for military conquests, and which, in more modern days, baffled the enterprise of Mahomed Ali"—that mighty secret of the source and course of the Nile, has been disclosed, and the story of its discovery has laid a special hold on the imagination of England.

From the days of Mungo Park, who sailed for the Niger on the 22nd of May, 1795, to the days of Livingstone and Stanley, there has been a constant succession of explorers in Africa, each of whom has brought back glowing descriptions of wonderful regions, of mighty stretches of forest, a chain of magnificent lakes, falls more splendid than Niagara, where, "above the far-resounding thunder of the cataract and the flying comets of snow-white foam, and amidst the steaming columns of the ever-ascending spray, on the bright rainbows arching over the cloud, the simple natives had for ages seen the glorious emblem of the everlasting Deity—the Unchangeable seated enthroned above the changeable."

But, deep as the interest in the country has been, the forlorn condition of the African races has awakened a far deeper interest and sympathy, and every form of Christian effort has been put forward, and is still being put forward, for its amelioration. The slave trade is, by general testimony, the monster-evil, the one prevailing cause of African misery and degradation. No other organised evil has ever been so full of human suffering, or has drawn after it such a train of vice and corruption. At the close of the Middle Ages slavery, under the power of moral forces, had mainly disappeared from Europe; but two momentous events occurred which overbore the moral power working in European society, and let loose a swarm of curses upon the earth such as mankind had scarcely ever known.

One of these events was the first voyaging to a populated and barbarous coast where human beings were a familiar article of traffic: and the other the discovery of a new world, where mines of glittering wealth were open, provided labour could be imported to work them. For four hundred years, men and women and children were torn from all whom they knew and loved, and were sold on the coast of Africa to foreign traders; they were chained below decks—the dead often with the living—during the horrible "middle passage"; and, according to Bancroft, an impartial historian, two hundred and fifty thousand out of three and a quarter millions were thrown into the

sea on that fatal passage, while the remainder were consigned to nameless misery in the mines, or under the lash in the cane and rice-fields.

The guilt of this great crime rests on the Christian Church. "In the name of the most Holy Trinity," the Spanish Government (Roman Catholic) concluded more than ten treaties authorising the sale of five hundred thousand human beings; in 1562, Sir John Hawkins sailed on his diabolical errand of buying slaves in Africa and selling them in the West Indies, in a ship which bore the sacred name of *Jesus*; while Elizabeth, the Protestant Queen, rewarded him for his successes in this first adventure of Englishmen in that inhuman traffic, by allowing him to wear as his crest "a demy Moor in his proper colour, bound with a cord," or, in other words, a manacled negro slave!

While we must not fail to look at the slave question as one of the most formidable hindrances to the progress of Christianity, and to see our bishops and clergy favouring it, and our British Parliament supporting it by repeated resolutions and Acts; while we shall even hear so distinguished a man as Lord Eldon saying in Parliament, as recently as 1807, that "the slave trade has been sanctioned by Parliament, where sat juriconsults the most wise, theologians the most enlightened, and statesmen the most eminent;" we shall also listen to those voices which here and elsewhere were raised in protest, until we come to those glorious times of Clarkson and Wilberforce, of Buxton and Macaulay, who resolutely fought against this terrible evil until the slave trade was abolished, and the slaves of the West Indies were emancipated.

To show what abolition has done, and to gauge the capacities of some of the men whose lives were redeemed, we may single out one or two individual slaves—such, for example, as the Rev. Sella Martin, the Rev. Josiah Henson, Frederick Douglass, Bishop Crowther, and others—and tell thrilling stories of escape, pursuit, and capture; of more cruel bondage and closer vigilance until freedom came, when, as men and not as slaves, they strove to elevate their race, and chiefly so by giving them the comforts and consolations of the Gospel.

In no part of the world has the progress of Protestant Christianity been watched with keener interest than in Africa, and in few places (if any) have the offerings made to the cause of missions been more wisely expended or more substantially rewarded with results. Let us glance at various places here and there in this vast field, and at some of the men whose labours will by-and-bye be described in detail.

George Schmidt, a Moravian, was the first preacher of the Gospel to the Hottentot race. He landed at the Cape in 1737, more than eighty years after the foundation of the Colony, during which time no effort whatever had been made to spread the light of the Gospel over the darkness of heathendom—the poor and miserable people having been regarded as little better than, and in some respects inferior to, beasts. George Schmidt met with great opposition from the Dutch, and from the natives at the instigation of the Dutch; and after a while he thought it prudent to return to Europe in order to get a formal grant of privileges. This, however, was refused, and the work of preaching the Gospel to the Hottentots was abandoned until 1792, when a band of Moravians set forth, and, singularly enough, pitched upon the very spot at

Bavian's Kloof where Schmidt had built his house, and named it "Gnadensthal," or Vale of Grace.

Here they found traces—faint, it is true, but still distinct traces, of the lessons Schmidt had taught the people during his residence among them. A succession of brave and good men belonging to the United Brethren continued the work; and when, in 1848, Bishop Gray made his primary visitation, he records in his diary how he went to the various Moravian Mission Stations. At Genadendal he found "there were nearly three thousand souls in the place, and more than six hundred children in the schools." And he adds, "Would to God the Church in this colony could point to a work of equal importance with this as the result of her own labours in the cause of Christ among the heathen." On visiting another station (Shiloh) he says, "There is a vast superiority in the Moravian establishments, so far as civilisation and improvement are concerned, over all other institutions in the colony."

One incident, to show the nature of some of the personal adventures of these brave men, may be narrated here. The Mission Station at Grunckloof, about forty miles from Cape Town, was in a neighbourhood infested by wolves, which entered the yards of the people, and made havoc among their cattle. One day, Bonatz and Schmitt, two of the Brethren, set out with about thirty Hottentots to hunt and destroy the wolves. When about an hour's ride from the settlements, they discovered and wounded a wolf, but the animal made its escape among the bushes. They pursued it for some time, but not being able to trace its hiding-place, the two missionaries resolved to return home.

They had already left the Hottentots a short distance, when the latter cried out that they had discovered the wolf in a thicket near at hand. Schmitt immediately rode back to their assistance, but Bonatz remained behind, as he had not his gun with him. When they were in the midst of the thicket, the dog started the animal. Those within did not see what it was, but those without exclaimed it was a tiger,* and ran off, leaving the missionary and one of the Hottentots in the middle of the bushes, and perfectly at a loss by what side to make their escape, lest they should come directly upon it. They therefore proceeded slowly, with their guns pointed, designing to shoot the animal the moment it should make its appearance. On a sudden, the tiger sprang upon the Hottentot, pulled him down, and began to bite his face. The distance of the place from whence the animal made his spring to that on which the Hottentot stood, was full twenty feet, and over bushes from six to eight feet high the enraged animal flew like a bird through the air, with open jaw and lashing tail, and screaming with the greatest violence.

Schmitt, who was close at hand, prepared to shoot the tiger; but the motions of the Hottentot and of the animal in rolling about, and struggling together, were so rapid that he was afraid to fire, lest he should kill or injure him whom he sought to save. Immediately, however, the tiger let go the Hottentot, and made a spring at himself. His gun

* People were not so discriminating in those days as now, and there is no doubt that the animal really meant must have been a leopard. There are no "tigers," as we now understand the term, in Africa; but the word was formerly used in a more general sense.



SCHMITT ATTACKED BY A LEOPARD.

being of no use at such close quarters, he threw it down, and, in order to shield his face, held up his arm, which the animal instantly seized close to the elbow with his jaws. Schmitt, however, was still able with the same hand to lay hold of one of the tiger's fore-feet, while with the other paw the animal continued striking his breast and tearing his clothes. Happily, both fell in the struggle in such a position that the missionary's knee rested on the pit of the tiger's stomach. He, at the same time, grasped the animal's throat with his right hand, and kept him down with all his might. His face now lay directly over the tiger, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the windpipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, convulsive cries; while his starting eyes seemed, like live coals, to flash with fire. As his strength was fast failing, Schmitt called to his companions to come to his assistance; while, on the other hand, the rage and agony of the tiger supplied it with extraordinary energy. On hearing his cries, the Hottentots ran to his assistance, and one of them snatching up the loaded gun which lay on the ground, shot the tiger through the heart.*

Although for a long time seriously ill from his wounds, Schmitt, to the astonishment of his friends, at length completely recovered. An incident of this kind, common enough in those early days, and among such adventurous men as the Moravians, carried with it a lesson of great moral value. When the tiger had thrown down the Hottentot, Schmitt might easily have made his escape as his companions had done, but he had the heroism to remain, and not allow the poor man to lose his life without at least an effort to save him.

The first missionary to the Kaffirs was Dr. John Theodore Vanderkemp, an eccentric but very zealous man, who was sent out in 1798 by the London Missionary Society. It was a hazardous undertaking; the Kaffirs were then but little known, and the country was in an extremely unsettled state. Vanderkemp was not successful in establishing a mission, although he sowed good seed in the land, and prepared the way for future labourers.

In 1808, Cape Town became British territory. When the troops landed, in the midst of a violent cannonade, there was present a young man on his way to take up missionary work in India—the Rev. Henry Martyn, who was with the British fleet. In his journal he describes the landing of the troops and the horrors he witnessed on the field of battle, and he adds, “At length I lay down on the border of a clump of bushes, with the battle-field in view, and there lifted up my soul to God. May the remembrance of this day ever excite me to pray and labour more for the propagation of the Gospel of Peace! The blue mountains to the eastward were a cheering contrast to what was immediately before me, for there I conceived my beloved and honoured fellow-servants,† companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, to be passing the days of their pilgrimage, far from the world, imparting the blessed Gospel to benighted souls. May I receive grace to be a follower of their faith and patience!”

After that period, missionaries of all societies came into the country, and spread themselves over it in every direction. We shall see John Campbell, a man constitutionally timid, yet, as a travelling companion said of him, “whether encountering

* Moravian Periodical Accounts.

† The Moravian missionaries

lions in the path, nine of which once stood in the line of his caravan in a single day, or crossing swollen rivers on crazy crafts, with some of the company holding on to the tails of oxen, or negotiating with blood-stained chiefs, or panting over burning sands, enduring intensest thirst, his joyousness drove all shadows away." After Campbell come Threlfall, Links, and Jagger, who penetrated into the Danara country, where no missionary had heretofore gone, setting their faces like flints despite the opposition of friends and the warnings of enemies. All were ruthlessly murdered, through the treachery of their guide. After their decease a document was found, given to a chief through whose territory they had to pass. It ran thus:—

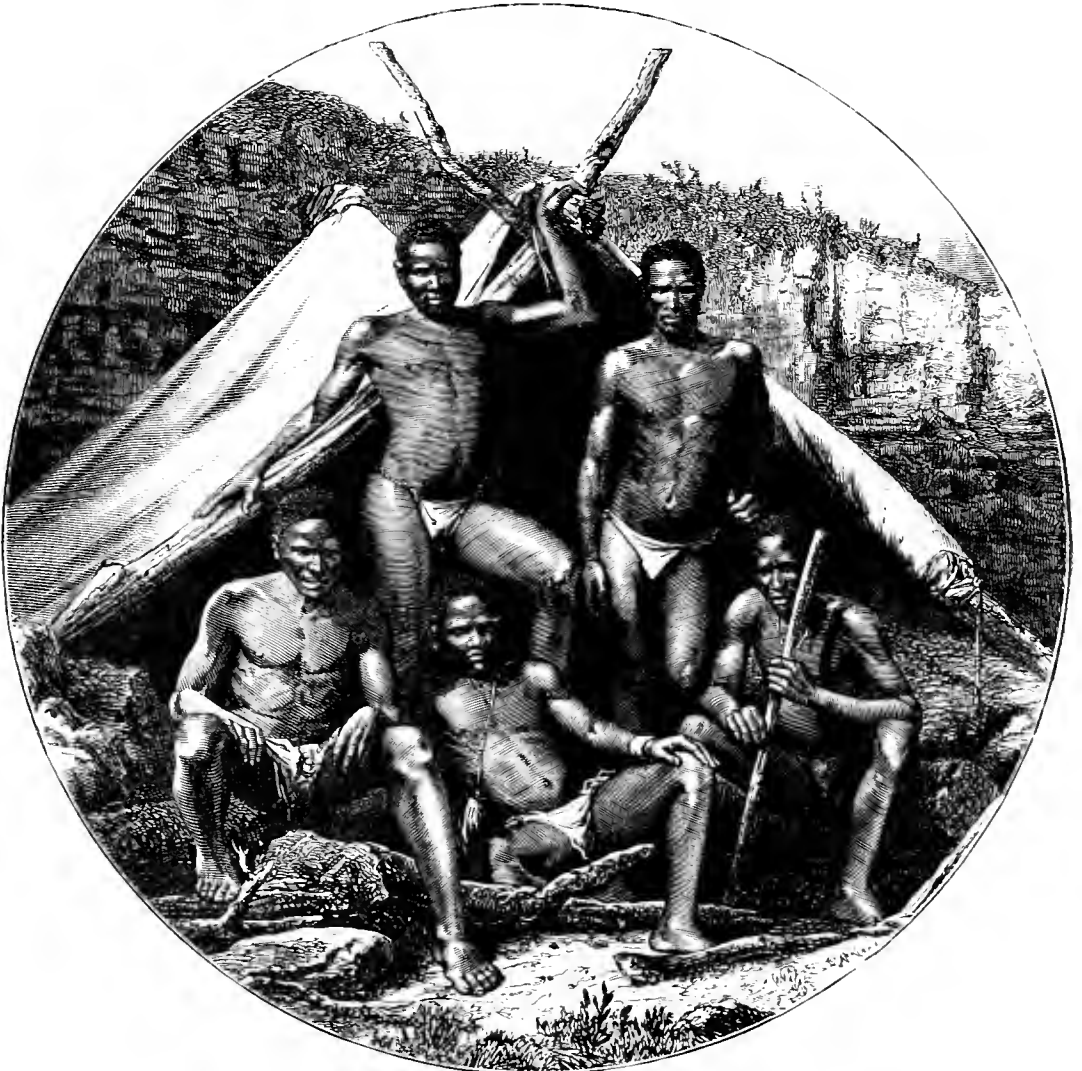
"We, William Threlfall, Jacob Links, and Joannes Jagger, do by this writing make it known that if we never return from the Fish River, or the nations and tribes to the north of it, no unpleasant reflection ought to be cast on the chief and tribe called the *Bondle Zwaarts*, because they have permitted us to pass through their country into the dangers before us, from which they say we shall never escape with our lives. They have faithfully warned us, but being disposed to proceed in what we all think our duty to God and our fellow-men, should we never return, we acquit them from all guilt in our misfortune." The spirit prompting that document was every whit as heroic as that of St. Paul, who said, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Following these were Barnabas Shaw and his noble wife, travelling to Namaqualand in a waggon, in which they slept for months together; and William Shaw, on the Eastern frontier, who, at the time of a Kaffir rising, was about to yield to the entreaties of his friends and turn back, when his wife said, "If these people are so bad as to be guilty of these atrocities, there is all the more need that we should go forward and teach them better."

Among the men who troop before us in this review is good Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg, sending out in the *Candace* simple, homely Christian peasants to dwell among naked savages, and open up new fields of industry, while at the same time they should exhibit the beauty of home life and the influence of Christianity on character and conduct—a wondrous mission, organised by a plain country clergyman labouring among secluded country people, yet influencing with a strange and a new power the Natal Kaffirs, the Zulus, the Banangwatows, the Bechuanas, the Basutos, and other tribes.

Here, too, we shall meet with Allen Gardiner, Robert Moffat, and David Livingstone, in whose lives the romance of South African missions centres. These, and others, will bring us into contact with many curious customs and habits of native tribes, and with many hairbreadth escapes and adventures, as we trace the progress of young churches cradled in the midst of tribal wars and conflicts, and see men go forward single-handed into perilous places, where to meet a body of natives was as perilous as to visit the lion in his lair. It will be interesting to tell of peoples—such as the Bechuana tribes—among whom there was no vestige of religion, who had no idols, no altars, no symbols or signs of any form of worship, to whom, therefore, the missionaries could at first make no appeal, and for years laboured on without being

able to impress upon them a religious idea, or arouse a religious sentiment. Meanwhile, however, civilising processes were going on. Personal habits and social usages were reformed, the smearing of their bodies with grease gave place to cleanliness; the scramble for food on the floor of their hovels was succeeded by orderly meals in decent



BASUTOS.

fashion, until, in course of time, they desired to know the principles which governed the lives of the people who brought to them these changes and improvements in their habits.

In Kaffirland we shall mingle with witch-doctors, and perchance witness one of those horrible scenes which haunt the imagination—a witch dance. A mighty chief wishes to “eat up” an enemy, or a man who has acquired wealth. He feigns sickness,

and calls the witch-doctor to his aid. Into his ear the poison is poured. A witch dance is appointed; the whole kraal is present. The dancers dance in a circle round the doctor, who stands naked in their midst. Suddenly he is "moved," he pretends to be under occult influence, and by magic power singles out the man who has brought calamity to the great chief. At once the victim is seized and hurried away. Should he, in his dread of death, confess to the crime (of which he is innocent), it is probable that he may escape with the loss of his property; but should he not confess, there will await him cruel torture with red-hot stones, or worse still, he may be pegged down over a nest of black ants, and left there until he confesses or is stung to death.

In South-eastern Africa, customs horrible in the extreme were once indulged in almost universally by Hottentots and Bosjesmen (or Bushmen), which have since been abolished, such as that of wrapping up young children in sheepskins and burying them alive in the case of the mother's death, and of exposing aged parents, who were past work, to be devoured by wild beasts or to perish with hunger. One day Dr. Moffat found a poor old creature so exposed. She had been there for four days: her children had left her to die. "And why did they leave you?" he asked. Spreading out her hands she said, "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make a fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." He wondered that she had escaped the lions, whose traces he had just before seen near the spot. "She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers," he says, "and raising it up, as one would do a piece of loose linen, she said, 'I hear the lions, but there is nothing here for them to eat: I have no flesh for them to scent.'"

Turn now to Madagascar, the great island off the South-eastern Coast. In the early part of the present century, not a ray of Christian light had penetrated the darkness of heathendom there, until in 1818 two Welshmen went to the island, one of whom was cut down with fever, while the wives and children of both fell victims to the same disease. The survivor, however, with wonderful Christian heroism, remained at his post, gained the friendship of the king, and paved the way for the advent of other labourers. After the death of the king, darkness again fell over the land; the missionaries were expelled, and persecutions of the most terrible kind befell those who had given in their adherence to the Christian faith. Many were the confessors, and striking was their testimony. Calmly and heroically they were burnt at the stake, or hurled over the great precipice of Ampamarinana. For more than a quarter of a century the reign of terror lasted; but, on the death of the cruel queen under whose rule the persecutions were carried on, the banished missionaries were recalled, and the subsequent history of the progress of Christianity in Madagascar is a history of triumph.

On the West Coast of Africa, an unhealthy and unpromising region, the missionary pioneering work was undertaken by Germany. Here (as in India by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge) the Church Missionary Society, with plenty of

money but a scarcity of men, maintained a band of Lutheran missionaries, and the names of Renner, Hartwig, Nylander, and many others, stand out conspicuously on the bead-roll of fame. On the Pongas rivers, among the Soo-Soos, these noble fellows worked; but when, in 1807, the British slave-trade ceased, the liberated slaves flocked to Sierra Leone, and that unhealthy region became the centre of missionary operations. The heroism of those who fell martyrs to the pestilential climate is almost unexampled in history.

The Yoruban country, 1,300 miles to the eastward of Sierra Leone, and for generations the spoil of neighbouring tyrants—Kings of Dahomey and Mahomedan Fellatahs—yields quite a harvest of painfully interesting stories, none more so than that of the formation of a little society by a small company of Yorubans, who, hunted from place to place, took refuge in a cave. This they outgrew, and then they built villages and formed them into a colony, which they named Abbeokuta.

One of the most marvellous and thrilling narratives in connection with the mission to Abbeokuta is that of Mr. Crowther, who in his infancy was a slave-child, was kidnapped by a Moslem gang, and afterwards by some Portuguese, was rescued by a British man-of-war, was trained and educated as a Christian, and eventually became Bishop of the Niger—the first black man who had ever been consecrated to episcopal office in the Church of England. The marvels of his story do not end here. When he was on a missionary tour in the land where he was once a slave, he met with his mother and sisters, for whom he obtained redemption from their slavery and admission into the Christian Church.

If we turn to the north—to Egypt, and “the regions round about” that have from the earliest ages been associated with it—we shall find in the land of the Pharaohs written up, in English and Arabic characters, in the city of Cairo, the words “British Mission Schools.” An English lady, Miss Whately, in the face of opposition and of Muslim bigotry, founded this flourishing institution, and by patient continuance in her good work carried it on to success—the first British attempt to bring the Gospel to the Muslims, and to educate, and thus civilise and Christianise their children.

The labours of American and English missionaries to spread again the Gospel in the land where it was first preached, will bring us in contact with Druses and Maronites, with fanatical Mahomedans and fanatical Christians; and will introduce us to struggles between missionaries and ecclesiastical dignitaries, to terrible massacres in the Lebanon and at Damascus, to cruel treacheries and duplicities, and also to scenes of wonderful pathos in connection with the heroism of the persecuted Christians.

It is, perhaps, not invidious to say that the culminating point of interest in African civilisation will be in tracing the extraordinary career of David Livingstone, and the noble band of men who followed in his footsteps in Central Africa. In Livingstone we have the exact type of man we shall single out as much as possible to illustrate the purpose we have in view in these pages. He was a man thirsting for knowledge, loving adventure, intensely earnest in bearing the blessings of civilisation to the most oppressed and down-trodden of the sons of men—a man full of hope, ever looking on the brightest side of things with a broad, refreshing sympathy;

a man abhorring every kind of cruelty, and especially slavery, with which he grappled as with the coils of a deadly serpent, and which recognised in him in turn its most formidable foe. He went among the poor degraded Africans determined to see the best in them, and to make the best of them. "My practice," he said, "has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never to allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shades of sin's characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are traces of beauty, and to turn from those to ponder on deeds of sin cannot promote a healthy state." He did not patronise the blacks; he loved them, and recognised the common elements of humanity in them, shared alike by Christian and heathen. He felt, every year with growing intensity, that the real work required among heathen peoples was not so much the professional services of recognised missionaries, as the evangelisation that could be effected by the Christian trader, colonist, traveller, or legislator. He had little sympathy with sectarianism, and it would be well for the cause of Christian progress in non-Christian lands if a large majority of the evangelists could say, as he said, "I never as a missionary felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon in any way to love one denomination less than another."

Those were noble words uttered by Dean Stanley on the Sunday after the great Christian traveller was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. In summing up his life-work, he said:—"Such deeds as these are the Alpine summits and passes of life; these are the safety-valves even of our insular eccentricities. And when we consider the ends for which his life was given—the advancement of knowledge to the uttermost parts of the earth, the redemption of a whole continent and race of mankind from the curse of barbarism and heathenism, and from the curse of the wickedness of civilised man more hateful than any savagery or idolatry—then from his grave there arises, not only to us as individuals, but to our whole nation (I will even say to all the nations of the civilised world), the last prophetic words which, in the fulness of his vigour, he addressed to that English university which paid special honour to his labour: 'I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work that I have begun. I leave it for you.' He leaves it to you, statesmen and merchants, explorers and missionaries," continued the Dean, "to work out the wise fulfilment of these designs. He leaves it to you, adventurous spirits of the rising generation, to spend your energies in enterprises as noble as his—not less noble because they were useful; not less chivalrous and courageous because they were undertaken for the glory of God and the good of man."

Now, for a moment, let us glance here and there at one or two of the places on the vast continent of America, where by-and-bye we may find some of our most interesting material. It is difficult to know what incidents to select in our cursory review. But we turn in thought to John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, although

it was so far back as the year 1631 that, on the comparatively barren shores of New England, he plunged into the dark forests in which the American Indians dwelt, to carry to them the message of the Gospel. It took him twelve years to master their language, but with untiring energy he applied himself to his task, and succeeded in completing a translation of the Scriptures into their tongue. It was not as a preacher only, but as a social leader and civiliser, that his great influence was felt, and his enormous capacity to conquer difficulties and carry on his organisations throughout a period of fifty years, under the most trying circumstances, is a marvellous record of Christian zeal and untiring enthusiasm.

Fifty years later, young David Brainerd, upon whom the mantle of John Eliot had fallen, buried himself in the wilderness—a solitary white man among wild tribes whose most coveted trophies were the scalps of their victims. We shall see him now in a log hut gathering the ignorant Red-men around him, now wandering through the forests and sleeping in the open air by a pine-wood fire, kindled not only to keep off the damp, but to scare away the wolves that prowl around his bed; then up and away, to tell in some wigwam the story of the Cross, or to seek to arrest the progress of some savage with words of prayer. A wild, brave, wonderful life was David Brainerd's, and fatigue, exposure, and consuming zeal soon wore it out. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-nine, but not before six other men were ready to take up the work as soon as he laid it down. It was the perusal of the "Life of David Brainerd" that decided Henry Martyn to devote himself to missionary work in India.

Nowhere in the world has change worked such magic wonders as in the regions where Eliot and Brainerd laboured. Now, by various agencies, they are brought under the influence of the Gospel, and where the wild Red Indian once hunted through pathless forests there are populous towns and cities, with every kind of representative of the one Catholic Church.

Some interesting chapters will be found in the description of the labours of the Danish Lutherans, early in the last century, in the icy regions of Greenland, at the very time that they were braving the opposition of the old East India Company in Hindustan. There is the story of Hans Egede going out, "not knowing whither he went," begging his way from house to house in Bergen, bearing the sneers and taunts of relatives and friends as well as of strangers and foes, but intent upon finding the "lost Colonists" of whom he had read in an ancient parchment, until at last he succeeded in reaching Greenland, and mastering the language and gathering the people around him. Here he was joined by three of the Moravian Brethren—Stach, Boehmsch, and Beck—untutored but noble-hearted men, who, on hearing of Egede's perils and disappointments, determined to go out, begging their way if necessary, to lend him succour and help him to carry on his work.

From Greenland, in process of time, the Moravians extended their operations to the coast of Labrador. In 1819 a boat's crew of shipwrecked sailors drifted for eight hundred miles through snow and ice, and were at length washed ashore. Worn out and exhausted as they were, they dreaded the approach of the Eskimos, as they came towards them, more than they had dreaded the death that seemed day by day to have



ESCAPE OF RUDOLPH'S COMPANIONS. (See p. 30.)

been awaiting them. But instead of violence and death, they found kindness and care: they were carried by the natives to the mission-house of the Moravians, and found that practical Christianity was known and practised among them.

The narratives of some of the missionaries in these ice-bound regions are stranger than fiction. Take, for example, and almost at random, the case of Christian Rudolph and his wife, who, after twenty-six years of missionary labour in Greenland, bade farewell in 1804 to the scene of their successful efforts, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Copenhagen. For three weeks after going on board, the ice in the harbour prevented the captain from setting sail, but at length he got into the open, and steered

towards Nunarsoak, which was said to be free from ice. He had not been out for more than three days, however, when a storm from the south-west overtook them, and drove the ship into the very midst of fields and mountains of ice. It soon became clear that destruction would be inevitable: no ship could live in such a sea, no ship could resist those frozen masses which threatened to crush her to pieces. Soon there was a crash—planks were started, the water was pouring in, and there was a rush for the boats. One party after another succeeded in reaching a vast field of ice, and amongst them Rudolph and his wife, who had been the last to leave the ship. Then they tried to reach the shore, but there were too many for the boat, and they steered towards the nearest island, a mere rugged mass of naked rock. As they were trying to land the provisions they had taken from the wreck, a violent wind carried the boat away, with eight of the crew on board, and dashed it to pieces among the rocks.

The survivors found themselves in the horrible position of being on uninhabited land, cut off, apparently, from all succour, without food or covering, and in the midst of a terrific storm of blinding rain and sleet. For two days the captain and most of his crew remained upon the island. There was nothing but certain death before them if they continued there: there was, however, the chance of being saved if they could leap from block of ice to block of ice across the sea which divided them from the shore. They resolved to make the attempt: but Rudolph and his wife, and one other, had no strength left for such an effort: they could only beg that if the captain or any of his crew should reach a place of habitation alive, they would seek to have succour sent to them.

Day after day passed, and no help came: they had nothing whatever to support them but water, which they drank from holes in the rock. Hope began to die, and, as the days passed by, their fear that the captain and his men had perished in their hazardous attempt, settled down into a conviction. The end did not seem far off; they were exhausted with cold and hunger and watching, but they waited patiently the will of God, and passed the lonely hours in singing those hymns which they had loved to teach the Greenlanders.

At length eight days had passed, and on the evening of the ninth day, as Rudolph's wife rose up to take one last look round the horizon, she saw a sight which thrilled her with joy. Coming towards the island, and evidently in search of them, were two Greenlanders in their kajaks, or skin canoes. Almost too feeble to stand, she and her husband crawled to the top of the rock, and waved to their deliverers, and the signal was recognised. All that day the Greenlanders had been in search of them, but were on the point of giving them up as dead. They brought with them the intelligence that the captain and all the crew, save one, had reached the shore in safety, but were greatly enfeebled by the perils they had undergone. Two days afterwards, when Rudolph and his wife were on their way to Lichtenau, the Moravian missionary settlement, they were met by a boat sent out by the missionaries to convey their bodies for interment, all hope of their being found alive having been abandoned. For a year they tarried with the brethren at Lichtenau, and then, a favourable opportunity occurring, they set sail again for Copenhagen, where they arrived in safety.

In roaming over the vast missionary fields of America, let us look in at a Methodist camp-meeting, held in 1801, and see a man "getting religion," as the phrase went. Follow his movements, as he fords rivers waist-deep, or floats across them on rolling logs, or tears his way through backwoods and wildernesses, to carry the Gospel to any audience, from a single hearer to ten thousand. That man was Peter Cartwright, the earnest, if fanatical, backwoods preacher, the large-souled, humorous, and self-denying apostle of the prairies. A wonderful man was Peter Cartwright! His "parish" ranged over the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, and obliged him, in order to overtake his circuit, to cross the Ohio sixteen times in the course of the year, while almost every one of the perilous wilderness-journeys he took introduced him to incidents of thrilling adventure.

If, in the course of our narrative, an amusing anecdote comes in our way, and illustrates the subject in hand, we shall not hesitate to use it, for humour has a distinct province in the world, and is often a valuable auxiliary to Christianity. If we visit, say the south-western portion of the United States, we must come into contact with the negroes, and it would be losing an opportunity if we did not tarry to examine their religious organisations, and to cull a few specimens of negro preaching—very crude, very original, and very emotional. We might, for example, learn a lesson of earnestness from that preacher who, taking his text from the words "Redeeming the time because the days are evil," gave this as his preamble: "My beloved bredren, if I had de whole earth for my meetin'-house, all de children of Adam for my congregation, de heaven for my pulpit, and eternity for my Sunday mornin', de text I have chosen for dis mornin's reflection would be de one I would select on dat occasion."

Mexico presents a striking picture of a people, only a quarter of a century ago, freeing themselves from the religious tyranny of their Roman Catholic rulers, and obtaining a constitution legalising equality of religions. Then there poured into the country, from the British and Foreign Bible Society, many thousands of Spanish Bibles, and later on an American pastor, Henry Riley, settled in the city. Men banded themselves together to take the brave pastor's life; but this only inspired larger efforts. Multitudes flocked to the Reformed Churches which he planted, and the influence spread, until fifty congregations gathered in the neighbouring towns and villages. Again the slumbering spirit of persecution broke out against the Protestants. On a certain Sunday, as one of these congregations was engaged in worship, the doors were burst open, a furious mob rushed in, and over twenty people were ruthlessly slaughtered, while the cries of the widows and orphans of these Christian martyrs were answered by the joyous peals of bells from the Roman Catholic churches. But, despite persecution, the brave Henry Riley laboured on till he became Bishop of the Vale of Mexico, at the head of a church which numbered its thousands of members.

In British Guiana we shall note, among other things, the strange superstitions of the people: their good and evil deities haunting them everywhere, in forest and in glade, on mountain height or river-worn rock, "fitting in the gloom, creeping in the dark, howling in the wind"; their senseless traditions; their haunting fear of goblins and witchcraft, and their horror of the great Peaiman, whose judgments are hurled at the offending.

CATHOLIC RIOT IN MEXICO (*p. 30*).

In the extreme south of America, in Tierra del Fuego, among the Patagonians, there awaits us the pitiful story of the dauntless Allen Gardiner, who, hoping against hope, looked for supplies to be sent to him, but died, with all his companions, of starvation. When a search party reached the inhospitable shore, they found his remains, and, hard by, a rock on which there was painted a hand pointing to an inscription, "PSALM lxii. 5—8. My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

But in America there will be nothing of greater interest than to trace the progress of the vast mission carried on by Americans within their own territory, and to see how ample has been the provision in every town that has been planned, for Christian worship and Christian education; to watch their missionaries moving from State to State attending to their own people, and to the Red Indians, as well as to the negroes and the Chinese. And we shall not fail to call attention to the fact, that vast as are their home claims, they have carried forward with amazing energy and success, missions to the heathen and to non-Christian peoples in many parts of the world, notably in the Sandwich Islands, India, Japan, Constantinople, and Syria.

We must not linger on the threshold of our subject, and yet we cannot close

this fragmentary survey without glancing at the Isles of the Seas—a comprehensive term, which gives us scope to turn our eyes to the north, south, east, and west of both hemispheres. Let us, in imagination, mingle with the crowd on a hot day in August, 1796, and see a vessel clearing out of the Port of London. As she unfurls her flag (“three doves argent, on a purple field, bearing olive-branches in their bills”) the voices of a hundred men on deck sing lustily the hymn:

“Jesus, at Thy command,
We launch into the deep.”

It is the good ship *Duff*, the first ship ever fitted out for the express purpose of carrying the messengers of the Gospel to heathen lands. She is bound for Otaheite, or, as it is now called, Tahiti, the chief of the Society Islands. There are thirty missionaries on board; but the man of all others who engages our attention is the skipper, one Captain James Wilson, whose career is more full of exciting episodes than even that of another famous seaman of a different sort, Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald. It will do us good to look into the honest face of Captain Wilson, and hear his hearty words of Christian fervour, and to recall some of the strange incidents of his life—how he fought at Bunker’s Hill and Long Island in the American War; how, when supplies were cut off from the British troops who were hemmed in by Hyder Ali’s host, he sped in through the fleet with his vessel and saved the army from starvation; how he was captured by the French, made prisoner at Cuddalore, and escaped by jumping from the fort; how he fell upon a bank instead of into the river, but, injured though he was, succeeded in crossing four rivers, when, to his dismay, he fell in with some of Hyder Ali’s men, who stripped him naked, pinioned him, and with a rope dragged him back to Cuddalore; how for twenty months he was subjected to cruel tortures, under which one hundred and twenty-two out of his one hundred and fifty-three fellow-prisoners perished; and how at last Sir Eyre Coote brought Hyder Ali to terms, and the prisoners were set free. A brave man, in good truth, is this Captain James Wilson, commander of the *Duff*! Although the expedition, as far as the missionaries were concerned, did not realise the expectations that had been formed of it, still the publicity given to the undertaking was of incalculable value, as it excited a strong interest in the subject of foreign missions generally.

Wonderful have been the triumphs of the Gospel in the Isles of the Seas, and we must learn about John Williams in the islands of Rarotonga; the American Mission in the Sandwich Islands; Calvert in Fiji; Gill in New Guinea; Marsden among the Maoris in New Zealand. But we cannot here even enumerate the places much less particularise the societies or individuals, under whose guidance the people who sat in darkness have been brought to see the great light.

Only two groups of islands will we single out for mention in this place—the West Indies and New Zealand. The beginning of missions by the Moravians—the great pioneers of missionary enterprise in the Protestant Church—was on this wise. When Leonhard Dober, a potter, heard the tragical story of West India slavery, as told by a negro slave named Anthony, in the retinue of a nobleman in the

Danish Court, he applied to the Moravian congregation and begged to be sent out as a missionary to the West Indies (St. Thomas). "I determined," he wrote, "if only one brother would go with me, I would give myself up to be a slave, and would say to the slaves as much of the Saviour as I knew myself. I leave it in the hands of the congregation, and have no other reason for going than that there are souls in the island that cannot believe because they have not heard."

His request was granted, after a year's delay, and David Nitschman, a carpenter, was appointed as his companion. With nine shillings each in their purses, these two men set out on foot from Herrnhut, and walked the long road of six hundred miles by Wernigerode, Brunswick, and Hamburg, to Copenhagen, where, by dint of persevering entreaty, they obtained help to procure berths as working-men in a Dutch ship, as the West India Company would not give them a passage on any terms.

That was the beginning of missionary work among the negroes in the West Indies. Its early years were full of suffering, persecution, and martyr-deaths. Cruel laws were passed, prohibiting the slaves from attending meetings, and the fiercest opposition and persecution were brought to bear on the missionaries. "We were never a day secure of our life," said Count Zinzendorf, when describing his visit there; "they would have killed us if they had got the opportunity." Armed mobs broke in upon their assemblies, burnt their houses, and tortured the slaves in the presence of the missionaries through sheer wantonness. Still they persevered, living among the negroes, and suffering from the pestilential climate. In the course of eleven years thirty-five were stricken to death by illness. "And yet," said Spangenburg, "had I asked, 'Who will go into the haunt of the plague?' from twenty to thirty would at once have said, 'We are ready!'"

From that time forth they laboured on, joined in course of time by one society and another, until in 1834, after the Emancipation Act came into force, almost every denomination was represented in the islands, and a thousand beneficent organisations were introduced and successfully worked.

Samuel Marsden, in the streets of Sydney, New South Wales, was struck with the noble bearing of some New Zealand chiefs, and, like Gregory the Great when he saw the Anglo-Saxon youths, he longed to be able to give them the blessings of Christianity. Some years passed by, when he received as his guest a notorious Maori chief named Hongi, who pledged his word that, if missionaries were sent to New Zealand, they should be protected.

On Christmas morning, 1814, Samuel Marsden preached in New Zealand to the natives, and told them, for the first time, the wonderful story of the Cross. He chose for his text the words, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." For a time there was no visible effect as the result of his efforts, or those of the other missionaries who followed him, but after a lapse of about a dozen years there was an extraordinary religious enthusiasm among the people. Churches and schools were thronged, thousands sought for admission into the Church, and great and important changes were wrought in the habits of the people. So that when Bishop Selwyn arrived at his new diocese in 1842, he wrote: "We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to

the Faith. Where will you find throughout the Christian world more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the Kingdom of Christ?"

Happily there were many instances in which it could be said with safety that the people were "converted," but the glowing words of Bishop Selwyn were not true of the vast majority. They ran greedily in the way of European vices; they commenced and continued cruel and bitter wars; they threw down their Bibles to grasp their tomahawks, and cast aside their civilised costumes to smear their bodies with war-paint; they gave up their professed Christianity, to which they had never been faithful, but did not resume their old heathenism, to which they once had been true. At least, they did not for a long time resume it. But after the Taranaki war of 1860-61 there grew up and rapidly spread a new religion among the so-called "converted" Maoris. It was named the *Pai-Marire* (an almost, if not altogether, untranslatable term), and was propagated by a body of natives called *Hau-Haus*. Maori missionaries of this new faith traversed the length and breadth of the land; they pretended to work miracles, to speak with tongues, and to prophesy; they taught a strange compound of heathenism and Christianity, and claimed power to retain what they chose of both systems. Success went with them, and on a certain day there might have been witnessed the, happily, unprecedented sight of thousands of men being baptised out of Christianity back again into heathenism!

There are many lessons to be learnt from this singular episode in missionary history, which will be dwelt upon fully hereafter.

And now, having glanced rapidly at some of the lands we shall traverse, the men we shall meet, and the scenes we shall witness, it will be well to define, in other aspects, the scope of the work we have in hand and the principles it will advocate.

Wherever we shall find just and equitable laws being framed for the governance of the peoples; freedom of speech and press; humanity to children and to aged persons, to the stranger, the needy, and even to the brute; respect for women, for personal purity, and the sacredness of marriage; equality of political and social privileges; the progress of education; the amelioration of the condition of the oppressed; regard for the interests of the poorest and weakest; efforts to promote peace among the nations; the opening up of countries by colonists, explorers, and men of commerce; the introduction of appliances to lighten labour—in all these practices, principles, and ideals we shall see man working for the good of man, and there we shall trace the product of the great law of Love embodied in Christianity, working consciously or unconsciously, but working potently.

In examining the causes which have led to the mighty changes that have been wrought among the peoples of the world—such as the sudden and unparalleled rapidity of communication, by which all the ends of the earth have been brought together, and the thoughts that stir one nation soon become the property of all—we shall seek to show how, among the varied representatives of the great human family, with their manifold histories, their unequal degrees of culture, their violently contrasted prospects

—some dying out as rapidly as others are increasing—the great need of the world, and the only means of staunching and healing the deep wounds of human nature, is the blessed Gospel of the Grace of God—in its broadest and most comprehensive sense.

To this end we shall regard all missionaries, travellers, colonists, traders, and others who have had at heart “the good of man and the glory of God,” as workers in this great scheme of moral and spiritual redemption. In many places the real progress of Christianity began among the children of the countries, in the vernacular schools—education undermining and exploding heathenism.

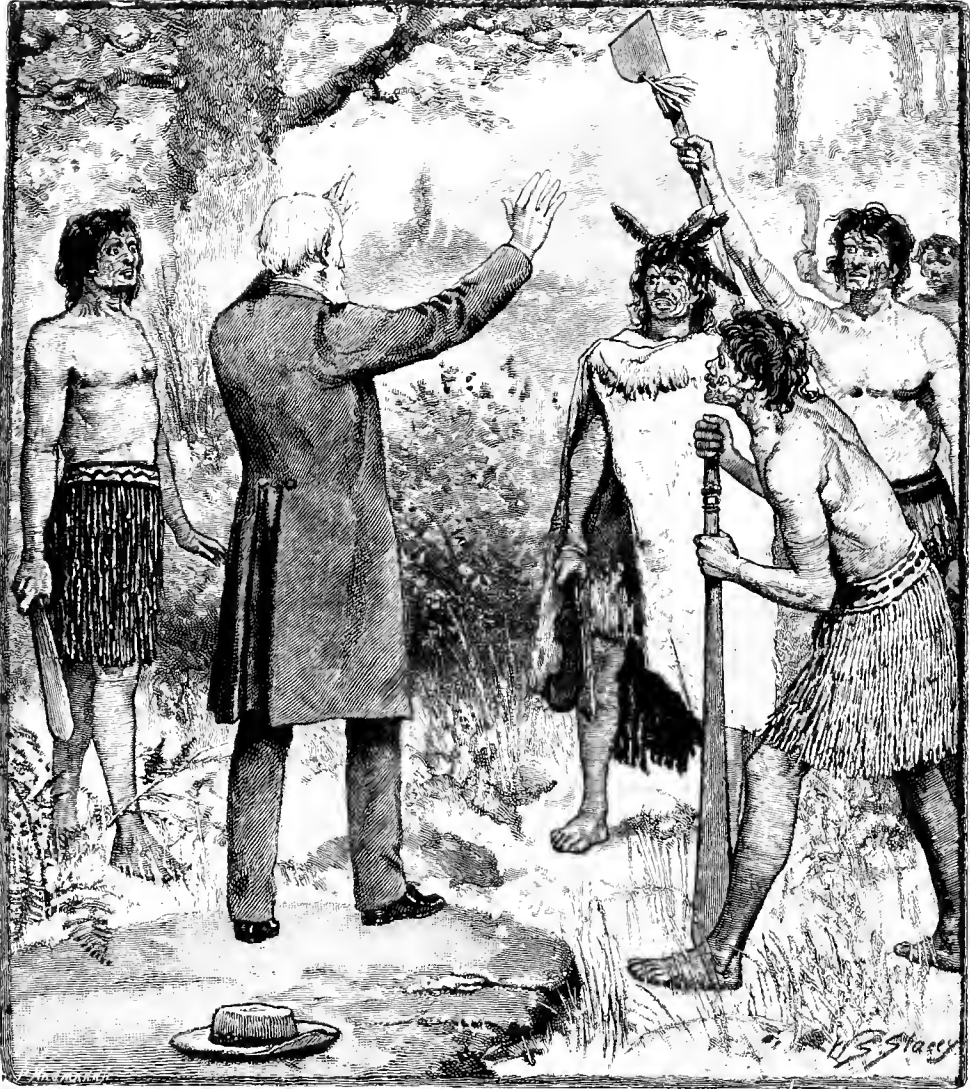
We do not propose to trace in detail the origin and progress of the various missionary societies, but rather to look at the individuals sent out by these societies, and examine their characteristics and their work.

There are almost innumerable instances in which respect for the personality of the individual, whether Christian minister or Christian man, has had an extraordinary influence upon men in heathen lands who have had no regard whatever for Christianity. For example: At Morley, a mission-station near the Umtata River, in Kaffirland, a missionary was resident who had obtained considerable influence over a heathen chief, Faku. One night that chief, at the head of an army of a thousand men of his tribe, was on his way to avenge himself on another tribe for stealing the cattle of his people. He must needs pass through Morley to reach his destination, but he did not wish to alarm the missionary or his people. He sent a messenger, therefore, in advance to say that, although he was on the war-path, “no mischief shall fall on any one at Morley, nor shall any one take aught that you possess:” and the chief went forward, faithful to his word to “the Christian man,” but at the same time to avenge himself in bloody, ruthless, and desolating war upon his enemies.

Not less striking is the story of a good and holy man who, when the Taranaki war was raging in New Zealand, stood out in the path of the advancing Maoris; and despite the fact that their bodies were painted for war, their arrows sharpened for blood, and every muscle of each man was quivering with the excitement of approaching battle—the attitude of that white-haired man to whose voice they had often listened in hours of peace and prayer, turned their purpose, and they retreated to their villages awed into reason and submission by the very sight of the man of God.

When Schwartz was in India, the fort of Tanjore was about to be besieged, and a famine was imminent—the people in its neighbourhood refusing to supply it with grain, from the fear, grounded on experience, that they never would be paid for what they sent. But Schwartz pledged his word for the payment, and abundant supplies were forthcoming.

So with William Burns in China. When a proposal was made to him by Lord Panmure that he should take the office of Chaplain to the British Forces in the quarter where he was, with the usual rank and salary of a major in the army, he declined, on the ground that “his connection with the invading army would be remembered by the Chinese, and prove prejudicial to the higher ministry to which he had devoted his life.” Consistency like this was felt by men who could not comprehend the doctrines of his religion, and it had its effect. His enthusiasm and self-denial were exhibited in many other ways, notably in this, that “he limited his own wants to



MAORI WAR EXPEDITION STOPPED BY THE MISSIONARY.

barest necessaries, and gave up all his means for the sake of China, on one occasion sending home a whole year's salary (£250) to send out another missionary." Even the "heathen Chinee" was sensitive to the influence of a man whose purity of motive was so transparent, and whose actions spoke the words of St. Paul—"I seek not yours, but you."

There will be much to say in the course of this narrative upon individual influence resulting from personal consecration. "No one," said Dr. Livingstone, "ever gains much influence in Africa without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinised by both old and young. I have heard women speaking in

admiration of a white man, because he was pure and was never guilty of secret immorality. Had he been they would have known it, and, untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him everywhere."

Those were wise words of Lord Lawrence, written in a letter to the *Times* in 1873, in which he bore witness to the good being done by missionaries in India. "Apart from the higher interests of religion," he said, "it is most important in the interests of the Empire, that there should be a special class of men of holy lives and disinterested labours, living amongst the people, and seeking at all times their best good."

Secular knowledge also wields an important influence in the missionary's work. In North Ceylon there was an aged Brahmin, Vesuvenathan, who had the reputation of being the most learned native astronomer. He had given forth his calculations as to an approaching eclipse of the moon, in which certain American missionaries discovered three important errors, relative to its commencement, duration, and extent. They therefore publicly questioned the astronomer's calculations, to which he unwisely adhered. A trusty pandaram was elected as an umpire, and the whole country waited for his verdict. It was given against Vesuvenathan and in favour of the missionaries on all three points, and from that day forth they had a hold upon the people they had never before obtained.

Upon two branches of our subject special stress will be laid. One will be the enormous value of the services which have been rendered to missionary work by women, and abundant proof will be given that in hardly any other sphere has Christianity drawn forth the womanliness of woman, with all her abounding wealth of influence, and all the depths of her heroism, more than in the missionary life. The other will be the invaluable services rendered to the progress of Christianity and civilisation by medical missions. Perhaps there is no one branch of mission work more distinctly Scriptural than that of medical missions. Our Lord never gave to any one class of men the commission simply to preach, and to another class the commission to heal. The duty of preaching and healing was given to one and the same individual, and this also was the work of the Master Himself, who was the greatest medical missionary. Seeking to minister to the sick by the relief of their physical sufferings, the medicine-man comes in contact with them at times when they are most ready, as a rule, to think about the great truths of religion. He can penetrate into places inaccessible to others: doors are flung open wide to him which are closed against others: words spoken by him carry weight, which from others would be disregarded: and we do not hesitate to say that the man who goes into the huts and hovels of the afflicted poor with a packet of drugs in one hand and a Bible in the other, possesses an influence for good which no other being can wield in a like degree.

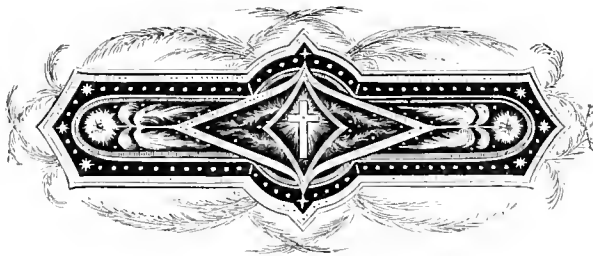
In prosecuting our task, we shall have to consider some Protestant missions which have been failures, and others that have been conducted on wrong principles: of some that have had as their object "pulling down" without any compensating regard for "building up;" of others that have sought simply to proselytise from one form of

religion to another, instead of seeking first to draw the miserable and the ignorant into the Kingdom of God: of others that have had as their chief concern the propagation of some particular "ism," instead of essential Christian doctrine.

Finally, we shall endeavour, in writing of the spiritual history of men, to do so in the spirit of charity. The term *heathen* has been much too freely and indiscriminately used. Many have assumed that all non-Christian peoples are necessarily heathen, forgetting that in the religion of many of them lie embedded grand, fundamental, and Divine truths. Every phase of the world's religion is entitled to respectful consideration, for it is that which has been the only source of comfort and light to countless men and women amidst their sufferings and sorrows, their fears, and their dim hopes.

One who has written wisely and well on this subject says: "No form of religion which has taken a firm hold upon thousands of human beings can have been wholly evil and false. . . . All good must come from God; and wherever we find men seeking and doing that which is good according to the light within them, then we are sure that they were enlightened by a spark of true religion, however faint, and however much mingled with errors and defects. Who can read of such men as Socrates, as Confucius, as the gentle Guadama Buddha (who taught forgiveness of injuries as a necessary virtue), and not feel that the spirit of God was working in them for good? 'In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him!'"

While seeking, therefore, to love, honour, and admire whatever is good and generous and true of itself, wherever we find it, even in such as in all things else we think most wrong, we shall never lose sight of this fact, that in the Gospel of Christ *alone* do all the religious instincts of mankind find their full answer; that in Him, who is the Desire of all Nations, and in Him alone, do the peoples find their longings for a divine and human Ideal and Deliverer realised.



I.—EARLY MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

ZIEGENBALG AND THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSION.

Dr. Lütkens Originates the First Protestant Mission in India—Early History of Ziegenbalg—Plütschau—Their Arrival in India—Friendless Condition—Learning the Language—Ziegenbalg Translates the Scriptures—Public Preaching—Opposition from the Brahmins—More formidable Opposition from the Danish Governor—Ziegenbalg arrested—Release and Return of Plütschau to Denmark—The King Sides with the Missionaries—Death of Dr. Lütkens—Ziegenbalg's Illness and Return to Denmark—His Marriage—Sympathy with the Mission in England—Return to India, and Death in 1719.

DR. LÜTKENS, the chaplain of his Most Christian Majesty Frederick IV. of Denmark, was a good man about whom little is known, but whose name ought to live in everlasting memory, for through his instrumentality the Danes had the honour of inaugurating the first Protestant Mission to India. It came about on this wise. In 1621, Denmark had purchased from the Rajah of Tanjore the comparatively small tract of land on which stood the city of Tranquebar and about fifteen densely peopled towns. Pounds, shillings, and pence was the "head and front" of their enterprise, and for eighty years the Danes were content with buying and selling and getting gain—all save one man, and that solitary one was Dr. Lütkens. It seemed to him to be an evil and a cruel thing that there should be living under the flag of his country, heathen populations in India in Greenland, and in St. Thomas, and no step be taken to tell to them the story of the Gospel.

Once arrested by this thought, it gave him no peace. He turned to the Church of Denmark, but, like all the churches of Christendom, it was in a sound sleep, from which no human voice could awaken it. Then he turned to the King, and, with all the passion of an awakened conscience, and all the wisdom and skill of a Court chaplain, laid before his royal master the claims of his non-Christian subjects. The King was a good man at heart; he listened patiently to the pleader, listened until his conscience smote him; and at length he gave, not only his permission, but added his earnest entreaty that missionaries might be sent out to India forthwith. There was the rub! Who would go forth on such a dangerous, difficult, and unheard-of expedition?

In the days of old, the voice of the King of Kings came to the ear of a prophet, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—and the prophet answered, "Here am I, send me." Dr. Lütkens seemed to hear that same Voice ringing through the words of the King of Denmark, and he answered in the same words, "Send me." But self-denial has not been the prevailing characteristic of monarchs at any time, and it was not that of Frederick IV. He could not spare his chaplain; there were troubles in his own kingdom; he was at war with Charles XII. of Sweden, and Dr. Lütkens was his personal friend as well as counsellor. All he could do was to give his chaplain *carte blanche* to get the best substitutes he could find. It was not an easy task; there was no one in Denmark to whom he could turn; and so he wrote to Dr. Francke, the founder of the celebrated Orphan House of Halle, and Professor in the University.



The hour had come, and the men were ready. Two students, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plüt-schau, men of learning and ability, were called upon by Dr. Francke to undertake the enterprise, and, without shrinking, they were ready to obey the call. Already the career of Ziegenbalg had been remarkable. At the age of six years an

REMOVAL OF ZIEGENBALG'S FATHER. (See p. 42.)

event occurred in his history which he never forgot, and which was, perhaps, the cause of his occasional seasons of sadness and depression. One day, in the little Saxon town of Pullnitz, where he dwelt, a fire broke out, threatening the row of wooden cottages, in one of which lay his dying father. It was not uncommon in those days for a devout

man to keep in his room the coffin for his burial: this was the case with old Ziegenbalg, and, as the fire swept along, the neighbours placed him in the empty coffin, and carried him to the market-place, where during the night he died.

It was a sore grief to the little child, and the memory of that sad scene haunted his young imagination, and made him brood over thoughts of death and heaven and hell. While yet a child he lost his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, and her dying words, "Seek in the Bible the great treasure laid up for you," were words to ring in his ears. As he grew up, and passed from the village school to one of a higher grade in Camenz, and finally to the High School of Görlitz, he was still an unusual boy, meditative and fond of solitude: so that when, at length, a fellow-student spoke to him seriously upon personal religion, he found a ready response from the heart of Ziegenbalg. The friends became inseparable: they were both lovers of music, and together they walked, prayed, and studied the Word of God. The friend passed out of sight, but his influence remained, and in the heart of Ziegenbalg there grew a great purpose—he would dedicate himself to the preaching of Christ, and seek to take his share in overcoming the sin and evil in the world.

He studied the Bible, philosophy, and theology: made great progress in languages, and qualified himself for admission to the University of Halle. This period of his life was one of constant struggle against poverty and sickness: almost every hour of every day he was in pain, and suffering from that malady which is worse than pain—depression of spirits. It appeared at times a hopeless task to labour on for a position in the Christian Church, the burden of which it was improbable he could ever bear: but, after the one session which constituted his university career, a tutorship was offered him in Merseburg. It seemed to be the answer to his prayers and longings: he found himself in a position where he could organise Bible-readings and prayer-meetings, and where the youths of the whole district gathered round him for religious instruction. Just as he was in the midst of congenial work, however, his health broke down, and for a long time he lay on the border-land of death in his little cottage-home at Pullnitz, where his sisters dwelt. Recovering from his malady, he went from place to place teaching and preaching, and occupying all his leisure moments in study, still cherishing the hope that he might return to the University.

In the town of Werder, about twenty miles from Berlin, he filled a vacant pulpit for two months, and, while he was there, the call came to him to undertake, at the request of the King of Denmark, and in company with his old fellow-student Plütschau, missionary work among the heathen. At first the call startled and alarmed him, but, when he interpreted it into a call from God, he yielded without a moment's further hesitation. It had not been stated whither they were to go, and it was not until the two friends arrived in Copenhagen that they ascertained their destination was Tranquebar.

Although they were received kindly by the King and Dr. Lütkens, every one else regarded them as visionaries and enthusiasts. The clergy sneered at them: the East India Company opposed their start: not a soul was there in Denmark to cheer them with hope: they were young and inexperienced, and missionary work was then a new

thing under the sun; but, strong in the Lord, though weak in themselves, they went forward with their enterprise, and on the 29th of November, 1705, embarked for India.

A voyage to India in those days was a serious undertaking, and it was more than seven months before they reached their destination—months full of discomfort, for no sooner were they out to sea, than the captain became hostile to them, while the chaplain was ingenious in his persecutions. Thus the two young men were thrown almost exclusively together, and every hour of calm weather was used for study, for worship, and for praise. Even the storms, which were frequent, seemed to contribute to their preparation for their work. “The more the stormy and roaring seas broke in upon us, the more were the joy and praise of God increased in our mouths, seeing we had so mighty a Lord for our Father, whom we daily approach, and, as confiding children, put up our prayers to Him.”

At length the harbour of Tranquebar was reached, and, when the young missionaries saw the natives assembled on the shore, their hearts beat high, and they longed to be amongst them to commence the great work of their lives. But there were boats sent out for all the ship’s passengers and company except for them, and for days they were left on board, until the captain of a small vessel in the harbour took pity upon them and rowed them ashore.

Every one else who had travelled in the ship which bore out those messengers of God, received some welcome on his arrival, but Ziegenbalg and Plütsehau stood on that foreign strand friendless and unwelcome. The Governor interviewed them, but refused to recognise the credentials given them by the King; there was no place ready for them, nor were arrangements of any kind made for their reception. The residents treated them with indifference or contempt; the natives stared at them in wonder; and when their first day on the mission-field closed, they found themselves out in the street alone, friendless, and shelterless.

But God had not “left Himself without witness,” even in Tranquebar. While they were standing thus in the market-square, a young man came up to them, and invited them to a shelter in the house of his father-in-law. It was a token for good, and it compensated them for the trials they had undergone.

Some time afterwards, in a little house upon the wall of the town, the two young missionaries found settled quarters, and here they at once set to work to study the Tamil language, and put themselves in a position to hold intercourse with the natives. On the voyage they had studied Portuguese, and so were able to converse with the Europeans in the Danish settlement; but it offered little attraction to them. Bearing the name of Christian, the majority of the Europeans had given themselves up wholly to drinking and debauchery, to gambling and cruelty, and, hitherto, this was all that Western “Christians” had taught the heathen world. Of the Tamil language, the vernacular of Tranquebar, the missionaries knew absolutely nothing, nor had they grammar, dictionary, book, or alphabet that could assist them; but, ready-witted as they were, and sustained by a large hope, they succeeded, through the instrumentality of one Modaliapa, who was moved with compassion for their state to induce an old dominie to transfer his little school to their house on the wall. Then, sitting

cross-legged, and taking their places amongst the little children. Ziegenbalg and Plütschan drew their A B C upon the sand of the floor. Later on they fell in with a man named Aleppa, who, having acquired a little knowledge of European tongues, was of such assistance to Ziegenbalg, that within eight months he was able to speak the Tamil language with tolerable fluency.

A day of twenty-four hours seemed all too short for the labours of this devoted man. Reading, writing—and writing, moreover, not with pen and ink, but with a stylus upon palmyra leaves—he worked on from morning till night, until not only could he speak like a native, but he acquired such a mastery of the language that he drew up a grammar and two lexicons, one of prose, containing forty thousand words, the other of poetry, containing seventeen thousand words. Before he had been two years in Tranquebar, he commenced the translation of the New Testament, and in three years it was finished, while later on he commenced the translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, and composed, in the native language, over thirty books, consisting of hymns, catechisms, manuals, and sermons.

When the Brahmins saw that the missionaries were in earnest, the spirit of persecution—old as the world—arose within them. By false accusation they procured the banishment of a man who had assisted Ziegenbalg to a knowledge of the literature of the country, and, huring him away from the protection of the Danish flag, branded him as a traitor to the sacred mysteries of Hinduism. They cast him into prison, loaded him with chains, and subjected him to indignities, from which he shortly after died—not a professed Christian, but a martyr for Christianity. In many other ways petty persecution followed the missionaries, but they had become formidable foes, for the people were with them. They went into the highways and byways, as well as into the public market-places, and outside heathen temples, and preached the Word of Life; they discussed, for hours at a time, questions with the pundits, or learned natives, arising out of the discourse; little children gathered round them in the schools, and learned to sing the sweet hymns which Ziegenbalg had composed, and which, to this day, are sung in Christian assemblies; and everywhere the influence of their pure and unselfish lives, their earnest and sympathetic words, won their way to the hearts of the people.

Nor did they confine their labours to the towns, but, starting off on evangelistic journeys, they scattered right and left the good seed of the Kingdom. Men loved to question them, for they answered with kindness and patience; women loved to listen, for their words awakened slumbering hopes, and satisfied the longings of their hearts; little children clustered round them, enthralled by the beauty and tenderness of the “sweet story of old.” A bright and prosperous future seemed to be opening up to the missionaries. They had built in a broad street, and in the midst of the heathen, a substantial stone church, to which they gave the name of New Jerusalem, and where thousands had assembled at the opening services; they had established a successful school; they had baptised nine of their Malabar converts. Everywhere the people heard them gladly.

But a storm was gathering, and from time to time they were made conscious of

its mutterings. One day, dressed in his white robe and turban and red slippers, Ziegenbalg went out to a town near Madras, where a great heathen festival was being held, and for five days wandered up and down fearlessly preaching the Gospel. Tired and depressed, he lay down one night to rest in a covered place, but his footsteps had been dogged by a Brahmin, who thought he would do his god service by putting the missionary to death. A small boy from one of the native schools had, however, watched



ARREST OF ZIEGENBALG. (See p. 46.)

the priest, and, rushing into the place where the missionary lay, aroused him in time to escape the uplifted dagger.

There was another enemy, more subtle than that priest, who was working for the destruction of this first Mission to India. The Governor of Tranquebar, Hassius by name, felt himself aggrieved by the encroachment of the King of Denmark upon his rights. The Governor represented the "Christianity" of the Europeans, to whom the purity, self-denial, and goodness of the missionaries were a standing reproach, and, upon the pretext that the Mission would breed sedition and was antagonistic to native ideas, this "Christian" Governor nursed his determination to crush the missionaries and stamp out their influence.

One day, when Ziegenbalg was sitting in his study, his attention was arrested by

a detachment of soldiers, with loaded muskets, under the command of a lieutenant, standing before his door. Ere he had time to realise his position, he found himself, upon a frivolous and unwarrantable pretext, under arrest. Although he begged for a moment's respite for prayer, he was brutally seized, and hurried, just as he was, in dressing-gown and slippers, through the crowded streets, where not a few who had listened to his teaching wept as they witnessed the indignity to which he was subjected, while others jeered and taunted the man who had brought strange things to pass in their native city.

On arriving at the fortress, Ziegenbalg was placed in a close and stifling cell, where the heat was almost unendurable. Paper, pens, and books were denied to him, and for four months he remained a prisoner. The position of the Mission seemed at that time in a perilous case. Plütschau was under the ban of the Governor; a guard was placed before the mission-house; the German services came to an end; and Ziegenbalg, the life and soul of the whole undertaking, was at the mercy of an unscrupulous Commandant. But "the end was not yet." Plütschau managed to convey food to his colleague, and one of the German guards, touched by his loneliness, smuggled into his cell a pencil and paper. From that moment the prison became a palace to his soul, and, during the remaining period of his incarceration, he wrote two bulky volumes, one entitled "The Christian Life," and the other "The Christian Teacher."

While Ziegenbalg was thus employed, Hassius, the Governor, was in no very happy frame of mind. Day by day the people of the town had demanded the release of the prisoner; natives who had shown no leaning to Christianity had cried "Shame" upon him as he passed through the streets; funds, and other offers of help to sustain the Mission, had poured in upon Plütschau; and, in view of these things, and of a possible appeal to the King of Denmark, Hassius found himself in great perplexity. He had hoped that Ziegenbalg would have pleaded for release, and, perchance, have offered to return to Europe; but, finding him calm and haughty, and still prosecuting his work, he caused an intimation to be sent to him that, if he would write to the Governor, asking to be released, the request would be granted. So, for the sake of his congregation, Ziegenbalg wrote, and ended by saying, "I bear to you no ill-will, but you may see that I do not fear you in the least."

Great was the rejoicing in Tranquebar on the day when Ziegenbalg once more appeared amongst his congregation, who wept for joy, and crowded around him to seize his hand. Those four months, however, had been full of peril to the Mission. Plütschau, though a good and amiable man, lacked entirely the power which characterised Ziegenbalg; many of the little community had been scattered, while some had been cast into prison or banished, for expressing sympathy with the Mission, and others were hiding from persecution.

When Ziegenbalg obtained his release, he wrote in his Journal, "I, Thine unworthy servant, acknowledge myself bound to love, honour, and serve Thee more and more, to walk after Thy Commandments, to glorify Thy Name, and so, in all fidelity, to use Thy gifts among Christian and heathen men as to secure the spread of Thy Kingdom, the propagation of Thy Truth, and the salvation of my neighbours, and, for this end, I dedicate myself and all my powers to Thee."

The spirit for all this was willing, but the flesh was weak, and Ziegenbalg fell seriously ill. On his recovery the position of affairs seemed hopelessly bad. Three years had passed, and no letter had come from Denmark. "It seemed as if not a soul in Europe thought upon us, and we were forsaken of all men." The funds had been so low that, although the orphanage he had founded was crowded, there was often not a groschen in the house for its support. At last news came of supplies. Four thousand crowns had been sent out to the Mission from Denmark in two ships. One ship was wrecked, but the money was recovered and taken back to Copenhagen; the other ship reached Tranquebar safely, but the boat which was conveying to shore the sadly-needed supply for the Mission, was manned by drunken sailors, who managed to upset it, and the money was all lost. Not long after, however, a fresh supply was received, and at the same time three new missionaries, Gründler, Jordan, and Bövingh, came out to join the Mission. It was not in all respects a fortunate circumstance that these men arrived. Jordan soon dropped into insignificance: Bövingh developed so bad a spirit, that he ultimately sided with the Governor against the Mission; Gründler alone was a true work-fellow in the Gospel. Their arrival, however, gave an impetus to the work, and the operations of the Mission extended in all directions.

On the other hand, persecutions increased; every plan was more or less thwarted, every obstruction put in their way, and at length the situation had become so intolerable, that arrangements were made for Plütschau to go to Copenhagen, and represent the whole position of affairs to the King. Bövingh returned to Europe at the same time on the pretext of illness, but really to plead with the King on behalf of Governor Hassius and himself, and to thwart the plans of the missionaries.

Plütschau had counted upon the hearty co-operation of Dr. Lütkens, the chaplain of the King, and the founder of the Mission—the only man in all Denmark to whom he could look as the tried and trusty friend of the cause he had so much at heart. But only two days before Plütschau landed, Dr. Lütkens had died, occupying his dying hours in prayers for the Mission. News of the persecutions to which Ziegenbalg had been subjected had reached Denmark, and at the same time the joyful news of the success of his work. The last words that were ever read to Lütkens were a royal edict ordering £300 a year to be paid out of the revenue in aid of the Mission. Tears of joy poured down the cheeks of the old man as he uttered his last words, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Both emissaries reached the King when in camp with his army. After their respective interviews, Bövingh tramped away on foot through the deep mud of a camp in rainy weather; Plütschau was sent back in a royal carriage and with the assurance of £300 a year for the Mission from the royal bounty. It was arranged that for the future regular reports of the work should be sent to the King, who, with the princes and princesses, was earnestly interested in the work, insomuch that the latter kept up a correspondence with Ziegenbalg.

From that time forth the Mission in Tranquebar entered upon a wider and more prosperous career. In Germany, the story of Ziegenbalg's heroism, and his letters,

were published, and sold with such rapidity that edition after edition was demanded. A copy of the book fell into the hands of a clergyman in the suite of Prince George of Denmark (the husband of our Queen Anne), who translated it into English. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts took up the cause, and sent a contribution of £20; while the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge opened at the same time a special fund for the Danish Mission at Tranquebar, thus commencing the co-operation of England in the pioneer efforts for the evangelisation of India.

Plütschau did not return to Tranquebar, but settled down to a quiet country charge. Ziegenbalg, meanwhile, was bearing the burden and heat of the day almost single-handed, still under the fire of persecution, less open but not less trying, and suffering almost constantly in bodily health. His heart was hot within him; he looked out to the fields ripening for harvest: his schools were flourishing, converts were increasing, the New Testament Scriptures, and other books he had written or translated in the Tamil tongue, were in circulation: doors of usefulness in other parts of India were opening, and the realisation of the dream of his youth, that the Gospel might be preached throughout India, seemed to be coming within the range of possibility.

But there was borne in upon his heart the consciousness that others must enter into his labours; day by day he was fighting against the inroads of disease; he felt that his own days were numbered, and that the night was coming, when he could no longer work. In Tranquebar his hands were tied: if he could only get to Denmark and see the King, and lay before him the whole story of the past and present, and cause him to see some streaks of the glory of the vision of the future, then he could die in peace.

On the day when Ziegenbalg left the harbour of Tranquebar, crowds assembled to beg his parting blessing. Converts, other natives, and Europeans joined together in a common grief; like those good people at Ephesus in the days of St. Paul, they sorrowed most of all lest they should see his face no more. It was just ten years since Ziegenbalg had entered upon his perilous, and, as many thought, fanatical and visionary work, that he once more found himself in Denmark.

The nations of Europe were absorbed in war, and the King of Denmark was besieging Stralsund, taking his share in the great struggle to restrain the towering ambition of Charles XII. of Sweden. Ziegenbalg made his way forthwith into the camp, and for hours was closeted with the King, who entered warmly and sympathetically into the plans that were laid before him—plans that secured the permanent success of the Mission.

Ziegenbalg took heart of grace; fresh hope brought fresh courage. He visited the little Saxon town that gave him birth, and, tarrying awhile in Merseburg, the scene of his first labours, he fell in love with one of his old pupils, a woman of sweet disposition and Christian heroism, to whom he was shortly after married. Then he went to England, where George I., the Prince of Wales, Archbishop Wake of Canterbury, and many others, received him with enthusiasm, and loaded him with evidence of their sympathy and goodwill. But Ziegenbalg could not linger at ease: there was work to be done, and the time was short. He set sail with his heroic wife, and, after a passage of five months,

was back again at Tranquebar, where he was received with a welcome that touched him to the heart. Many changes had taken place. Gründler had worked nobly in his absence, notwithstanding the fact that he, too, had got married. A paper-mill had come into existence, and Christian literature in the Tamil tongue was soon to be in free circulation; Hassius, the Governor, who had so long embittered Ziegenbalg's life, and thwarted his labours, had been recalled and disgraced, and in his place, as Governor of Tranquebar, was a man whose heart delighted itself in missionary work.



ZIEGENBALG LEAVING TRANQUEBAR.

It was not all sunshine, however; the horizon was filling with gathering clouds. But Ziegenbalg's work was done. On New Year's Day, 1719, with trembling voice and shaking hand, he stood up to speak for the last time. A few weeks later, on the last Sunday he spent on earth, the native congregation stood around his bed, and he exhorted them to be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Then came a day when the weary man asked to be placed in an arm-chair, and begged that his friends would sing him a favourite hymn, "Jesus meine Zuversicht" ("Jesus my Saviour"). As he sat drinking-in the sounds with a smile of heavenly satisfaction, and clasping the hand of his faithful wife, God called his spirit home at the early age of thirty-six.

Thus ended the life and labours of the first Protestant missionary in India. When Ziegenbalg died, there were four hundred converts and catechumens who mourned the loss of their great-hearted pastor; and from that day till now the work which he began has never ceased growing. God buried the workman, but He carried on his work.

Gründler only survived his leader a few months, and then it seemed that everything must collapse; but there followed a succession of earnest men—Schültze, Dahl, Keistemacher, Sartorius, Kiernander, Fabricius—through whose instrumentality the work spread north, south, east and west. The religious societies of England, Denmark, and Prussia, vied with each other in upholding the hands of the labourers. Schültze completed the translation of the Scriptures begun by Ziegenbalg, and these, together with other books of Christian literature, spread from Bombay in one direction to Ceylon in another, while, under his auspices, a flourishing mission sprang up in Madras. We need not tell in detail of the labours of each individual missionary, but would rather fix our gaze now upon one figure that towers above all others in the mission-field of Southern India during the last half of the eighteenth century—Christian Friedrich Schwartz.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ AND THE TANJORE MISSION.

Birth and Parentage of Schwartz—Influence upon him of Francke and Schültze—Ordination. Visit to England, and Departure for Tranquebar—Marvellous Gift of Learning Languages—Instances—After Sixteen Years at Tranquebar Schwartz Leaves for Trichinopoly—Meets the Rajah of Tanjore—Appointed Ambassador to Hyder Ali—Influence and Power of Schwartz's Character—A Free Passage Everywhere for the Missionary—The Rajah Serfojee—Illness and Death—Serfojee's Monument and Epitaph in English upon His Spiritual "Father."

THERE was grief in the comfortable and well-to-do home of Father Schwartz, of Sonnenburg, in the electorate of Brandenburg. His wife lay a-dying. By her side was a little child who had been born to her in 1726, only a year or two before. At the bedside stood her Lutheran pastor and her sorrowing husband; and it came to pass that as her soul was in departing, she gathered up all her remaining strength, and, pointing to the babe, said, in the spirit of the words of Hannah, the Old Testament saint, "For this child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord: as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." "Take him," said the dying woman; "I have dedicated him to the Lord: and, if he shows any aptitude for the Christian ministry, I charge you to foster it. This is my last wish."

From his earliest years Father Schwartz inured the child to habits of self-denial and simplicity; told him the story of his consecration, and trained him in the principles of the Lutheran faith. At the age of eight he was sent to the grammar-school at Sonnenburg, where masters of varying temperament seem to have first excited and then chilled his

religious emotions. He made good use of his time, acquired a fair knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and, at the age of sixteen, was removed to a higher school at Cüstrin. Here he was away from his father's eye and influence, and, left to himself, was drawn into the dissipations of student life, though happily preserved from open sin. To have seen him at this time, no one would have thought that he could ever become what eventually he became. But Divinity was shaping his ends, however much he might rough-hew them. A daughter of one of the syndics took an interest in the lad. It was not a romantic love affair, or a sentimental attachment of any kind, but simply the desire of an earnest Christian girl to save a young life from frivolity—which is often only another word for ruin. Her father had been educated at Halle, Schwartz was preparing for that university; and she wanted to interest him in Dr. Francke, the excellent and eminent professor—the man who, it will be remembered, recommended Ziegenbalg and Plütschau for the mission work at Tranquebar.

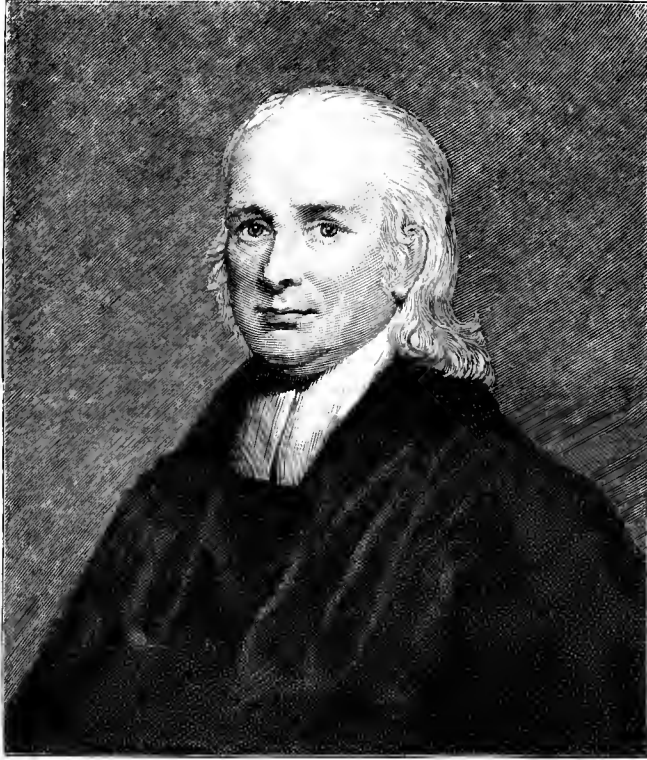
The syndic's daughter lent young Schwartz a history of Francke's famous Orphan House, and so interested did he become in the perusal that he determined to finish his studies at Halle. The kind-hearted Francke took him in hand at once, lodged the lad at his new Orphan House, gave him a Latin class to teach, and evening devotions of the household to superintend. But, more than this, he introduced him to the veteran Schültze, who, after twenty years' labour in India, was at Halle superintending the printing of the Tamil version of the Bible, which Ziegenbalg and he had translated.

No one could be brought under the influence of Schültze, and remain unimpressed with the fervour of his Christian zeal. Young Schwartz caught the enthusiasm of this old hero of the Cross, and before long there was borne in upon his mind the conviction that for him, too, India was the appointed field of service. At length he went back to Sonnenburg, laid the matter before his father, and told him what had then become the great desire of his heart. The good old man asked for three days to consider, and spent those days alone in prayer; then he tranquilly bade his son "go forth with a father's blessing, and win many souls for Christ in the far-off land to which God had called him."

Schwartz completed his course of studies at Halle, gave up to his brothers and sisters all his claims on the family property, and then went to Copenhagen to be accredited to the Danish Mission at Tranquebar. In company with two other young Germans, Poltzenheigen and Huttenan, he was duly ordained, and the three proceeded to England, where they were entertained by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and preached on Christmas Day in the Chapel Royal. As in some previous cases, a free passage was granted to them in an East India Company's ship, and they set sail in January, 1750, for Tranquebar, where they arrived in October of the same year.

Schwartz had a marvellous gift for acquiring languages. During the voyage he studied English, and obtained such a mastery over the language that, on his arrival in Tranquebar, he was able to preach in English to the troops. (There were three English regiments in Hindustan at that time, and not a single chaplain to minister to them.) Immediately after landing, he commenced to conquer the Tamil tongue, and in four

months he was able to preach fluently to the natives in their own language. In course of time he acquired the Persian language, which gave him access to the courts of Mohammedan princes; he obtained a complete mastery over Hindustani, and this was one of the reasons why he was employed by the British Government for difficult embassies; he conquered the Indo-Portuguese, in order to do good to the mixed race descended from Portuguese and Hindus. Not less remarkable was his success in mastering



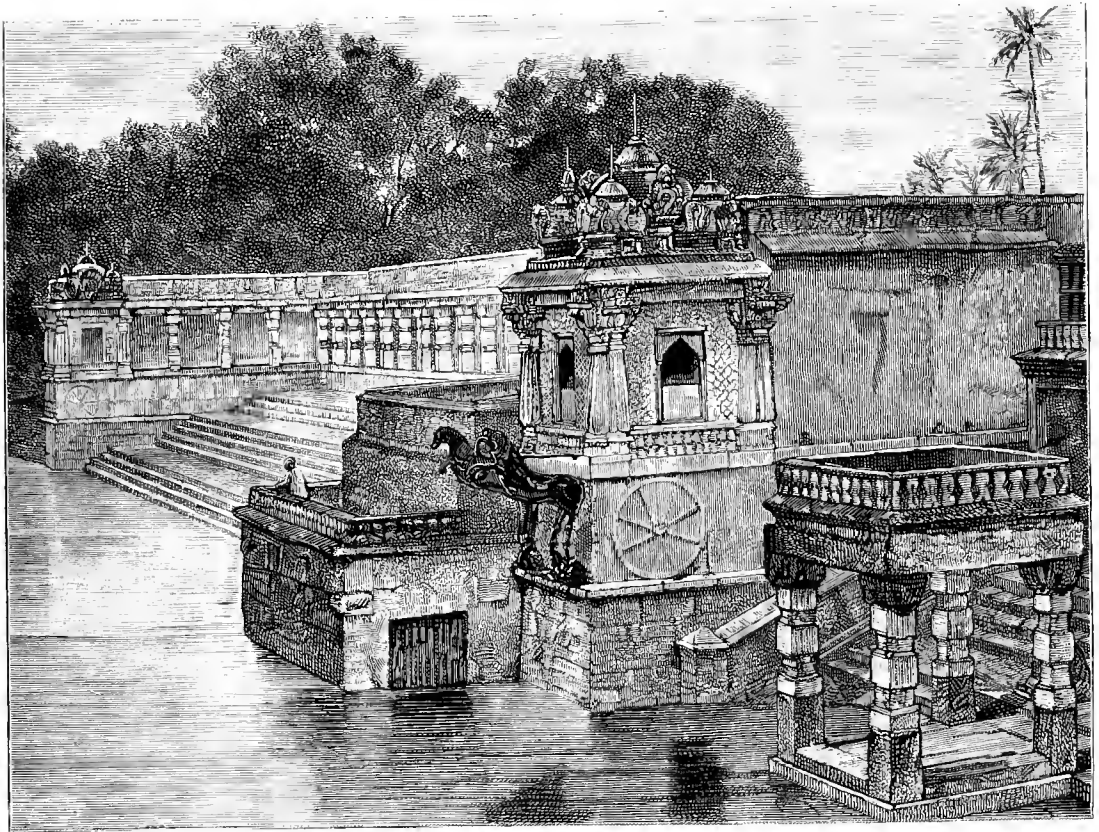
CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ.

the intricate mythology of the natives, their habits and customs and modes of thought—in short, everything which could help to thoroughly furnish him for his life-task, he took in hand and speedily accomplished.

Many changes had taken place in Tranquebar since Ziegenbalg ministered there. Eight missionaries in all were now dwelling at the mission-station, who, besides attending to the schools and services, and privately labouring with catechumens, used to visit, singly or in couples, the neighbouring towns and villages, and by conversation with the natives excite their curiosity to hear more of Christianity. The difficulty in arranging for converts (who of course became outcasts from their people) to get a living, was a serious hindrance. But a yet more appalling obstacle was the evil lives of

Europeans. "If nothing unholy can enter your heaven, your countrymen can never go there," said the acute observers to whom the missionaries preached purity of life. Still the work prospered. The country round became dotted with village congregations, and in 1754 Schwartz was made superintendent of all those south of the river Caveri.

A singularly devoted and unselfish man was Schwartz. He toiled on day by day and year by year with the most dogged and persistent energy. Everything he did he



BATHING PLACE AT TRICHINOPOLY.

did thoroughly. He would take as much pains over the preparation of a sermon for the natives, as if he had been called upon to preach it before all the crowned heads of Europe. He had no notion of sparing himself, and from early morning till late at night every hour had its apportioned toil.

In ceaseless labours, not even intermitted when war was ravaging the Carnatic, sixteen years of the life of Schwartz passed away, and he was forty years old when the series of events occurred which made his career one of the most remarkable in the history of missionary enterprise. Sundry encouraging visits had from time to time been paid to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, when, in 1766, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge

determined to found a permanent mission at the latter place, and it was decided that the right man to go and superintend it was Christian Schwartz. His personal appearance at this time is plainly put before us in a letter written by his attached friend William Chambers, an exemplary English merchant, who had himself rendered effective service to the missionary cause by translating one of the Gospels into Persian. He says that at his first meeting with Schwartz he had been expecting to see a very straitlaced, austere person, "but the first sight of him made a complete revolution on this point. His garb, indeed, which was pretty well worn, seemed foreign and old-fashioned, but in every other respect his appearance was the reverse of all that could be called forbidding or morose. Figure to yourself a stout, well-made man, somewhat above the middle size, erect in his carriage and address, with a complexion rather dark, though healthy, black curled hair, and a manly, engaging countenance, expressive of unaffected candour, ingenuousness, and benevolence, and you will have an idea of what Mr. Schwartz appeared to be at first sight."

Less than £50 a year was Schwartz's whole allowance at Trichinopoly; a small, low-roofed room, which he and his bed almost filled, was assigned him by the officer commanding the garrison, and here, by the light of the same little brass lamp that had been his companion at Halle University, he often studied far into the night. He lived on rice and vegetables, and dressed in black dinnity. He found neither church nor chaplain at this important military station, but he was soon able to read the English Church Service to the soldiers, and before very long he was preaching to them extempore in their own language. A church was built capable of holding 2,000 persons, and the Madras Government granted him a salary of £100 a year, half of which he devoted to the service of his flock. But he took care that the garrison should not interrupt his labours with the natives. Every spare moment he was among them—reading, teaching, arguing. Many of the Brahmins highly appreciated his conversation. So far as argument went, they were often convinced of the truth of his assertions, but they shrank from following up their conviction by taking any practical step towards becoming Christians.

Schwartz was often at Tanjore, and in 1769 he was accorded an interview with the Rajah Tuljajee, a courteous and cultivated Hindoo prince, with whom he had a long conversation. The prince was greatly interested when his visitor expounded to him the doctrines of Christianity, and was much impressed by noticing that Schwartz gave thanks to his invisible God before partaking of refreshments. When he heard that the missionary had left Tanjore, he expressed so much regret, that Schwartz was induced to return, and for several days consecutively addressed large crowds of the Rajah's subjects, who declared that they would all become Christians if their prince would but first set them the example. The mind of the Rajah was evidently favourably affected towards Christianity, and he would probably have taken the decisive step but for the opposition of his courtiers and Ministers, who had their own reasons for fighting against all change, and especially one made in the interests of light and truth. Henceforth, however, Schwartz, whom Tuljajee called his "Padre," was free to come and go in Tanjore, and preach and teach as he pleased. Those who rejected his teachings, revered his holy life. "Till you came among us," said a young Nabob, "we always thought that Europeans were ungodly men who did not know the use of prayers."

Schwartz had a little success among the Mohammedans, but he found them harder to reach than Hindus. He went to and fro for a few years between Tanjore and Trichinopoly, nursing at each place his little band of catechumens, till Christian Pohlé was sent out to Trichinopoly, and Schwartz could then give himself up more completely to the work at Tanjore. The Rajah still wavered, sometimes "almost persuaded" by the ministrations of his "Padre," and again led back by the influence of his Brahmin counsellors, or disgusted by the scandals that arose amongst the nominal Christians of the European garrison.

Meanwhile a yet wider sphere of influence was opening up to Schwartz. It became needful for the East India Company to send an envoy to the redoubtable Hyder Ali of Mysore, to ascertain the real nature of his intentions towards the English, and, on account of his perfect acquaintance with the Hindustani language, and various other qualifications, Schwartz was looked upon as the most trustworthy and suitable person that could be despatched on this delicate errand. In reporting to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he stated that he accepted this mission as one tending to the preservation of peace, and likely to afford fresh opportunities for the spread of the Gospel. He was also glad to show his gratitude to the Company for kindnesses received at their hands. "But at the same time," he writes, "I resolved to keep my hands undefiled from any presents, by which determination the Lord enabled me to abide, so that I have not accepted a single farthing save my travelling expenses."

A six days' journey in a palanquin brought Schwartz, accompanied by Sattianadem (one of his catechists) to Caroor, on the frontier of Mysore. Here they preached in the streets whilst waiting a month for permission to go forward. By admirable roads and bridges they then journeyed on to Seringapatam, where they beheld much evidence of the tyrannic power, as well as of the wealth and splendour, of Hyder Ali. The interviews with the terrible prince took place in a large hall, between the marble columns of which were visible the fountains and trees of a pleasant garden. When the missionary was seated by Hyder on the rich carpets that covered the floor of the hall, the prince declared that he wanted peace, but that the British had broken their engagements, and had tried to march troops across his territory without leave. He was very gracious in his conversation, but the letter he gave to Schwartz to carry back, recounted various acts which he considered aggressive, and was couched in a very threatening tone. For the missionary's honour Hyder Ali entertained a great regard. His truth and candour, his plain matter-of-fact honesty, and his firm but courteous demeanour, won the respect and admiration of the tyrant.

"Do not send to me," he said on another occasion, "any of your agents, for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary—him I will trust and receive. Send me the Christian!"

The Mission at Tanjore and Trichinopoly received substantial aid from the Madras Government, through the persistent refusal of Schwartz to receive any personal recompense. Meanwhile, feeling sure that war was imminent, Schwartz laid in a stock of 12,000 bags of rice in case of emergencies. The summer of 1780 saw Hyder crossing the Ghauts with 100,000 soldiers, to plunder and ravage up to the very gates of Madras. The scattered English garrisons could not easily be collected, and the numbers of the



SCHWARTZ AND HYDER ALI. (See p. 55.)

invaders were so vast, that the several successive defeats by Sir Eyre Coote only temporarily checked their progress. Tanjore was laid waste, the irrigation destroyed, and for three years there was neither sowing of seed nor gathering of crops. Crowded into the towns, or beside the roads that led to them, the unhappy peasantry perished by thousands of starvation. The people refused to bring in provisions, as they had been so often deceived and plundered by the officers. The Rajah was in perplexity bordering on despair. "We all—you and I," he said to them—"have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz." A *carte blanche* was sent to the missionary to make what arrangements he could; and in two days a thousand oxen, and eighty thousand measures of rice, were at his disposal for the starving garrison. Schwartz and his catechists laboured incessantly among the heaps of dead, ministering to the wants of those in whom life still lingered. They fed 120 daily by means of subscriptions from the English. All this time Schwartz held three successive services of two hours each every Sunday, one in English, one in Tamil, and one in Portuguese. During the famine a hundred converts were added to his congregation, but their mental powers were so weakened by exhaustion, that he had to teach them very slowly. As a rule, Schwartz never gave any assistance to persons under preparation for baptism; but in this time of cruel hardship, all who needed succour received it.

The missionaries were in no danger all through the war, and the good "Padre," especially, was so revered that he passed, in his well-known black dimity suit, through the enemy's camp, or where he pleased, without molestation or hindrance. In 1782, when the population of Tanjore and Trichinopoly consisted mainly of living skeletons, Hyder Ali died. Tippoo Sahib succeeded, and for a time continued the war, but Hyder's French allies had made peace with England, and in 1784 the fierce Sultan of Mysore was induced to make a treaty with the Company. Schwartz, whose health had begun to fail, seized the opportunity to make a journey to Tinnevely, where Christianity had been planted by native converts. But of the Tinnevely Mission, afterwards the great stronghold of Christianity in Southern India, we shall have more to say in a succeeding chapter.

The Rajah Tuljajee, almost ruined by the invasion, and afflicted by incurable disease, took to hoarding in his palace all the treasure he could lay hands on, and left the government of the country to his tyrannical minister, Baba. This man fleeced the people so unmercifully, that they refused to sow their lands without some security that the crops should be their own, and, failing this, they left the province in thousands. Tuljajee would not dismiss his minister, in spite of remonstrances from Madras, so the English appointed a committee, of which Schwartz was made a member, to watch over Tanjorean affairs. He consented, and, at his invitation, 7,000 fugitives at once returned, and worked night and day on their lands to make up for lost time.

Over his own flock Schwartz was patriarch and law-giver as well as pastor. When cases came before him in which he thought a little "kind severity" would meet all that was required, he was wont to say, "Will you go to the royal court, or be punished by me?" "O, Padre, you punish me!" was the invariable reply. "Give

him twenty strokes," the Padre would say, and it was done; but never a delinquent spoke a word against him, or entertained a hard thought of him, for they knew he was just as ready to help them and sympathise with them as if they had been the most exemplary of his flock.

Soon after Hyder Ali's invasion, the Rajah, who had recently lost by death his son, daughter, and grandson, adopted as his heir a child of ten, named Serfojee, the son of a relative. He wished Schwartz to accept the sole guardianship of this child, but the "Padre," dreading the political cabals that would inevitably arise, persuaded Tuljajee to appoint his brother, Rama Swamey, afterwards known as the Ameer Singh. In 1787 the Rajah died, a zealous protector, though never a confessor, of Christianity, and, through the influence of Schwartz, there was no suttee at his funeral.

The Ameer Singh complained that his brother was not of sound mind when he adopted Serfojee, and he induced the Company to acknowledge him as Rajah, promising to protect the child. The promise was not kept. He kept the lad shut up in semi-darkness, and in complete ignorance, and was so implacable towards him and the widows of Tuljajee, that Schwartz induced the Government to remove the child and the ladies to Madras. Here Serfojee was educated, but, strangely enough, considering his love and reverence for Schwartz, he never became a Christian. He led an exemplary life, and when, subsequently, the Company deposed Ameer Singh, and placed Serfojee on the throne of Tanjore, he ruled justly and well, promoted education, favoured the Christians, and liberally relieved his subjects in time of distress. It is supposed that Schwartz was hindered by sentiments of honour from attempting to proselytise in this case. He knew, of course, that as a Christian Serfojee would have lost his prospect of becoming Rajah of Tanjore—so scrupulous was the Company in the avoidance of any appearance of tampering with Hindu religion.

In all the changing scenes and circumstances through which Schwartz was called to pass, his life was saintly and self-denying in the extreme. His house was scantily furnished, and he shared it with one of the younger missionaries. Their five minutes' breakfast was some tea made in a jug, and dry bread broken into it; broth or curry sufficed for the one o'clock dinner, and meal or gruel for the evening repast. Each morning he prayed with his native catechists, and sent them to their work amongst the families and villages, and at four in the afternoon met them again to receive their reports. Then they all went together to some public place, and Schwartz expounded the Scriptures or conversed on religious topics with inquirers. We must not forget that, besides his missionary labours, he was still working as a member of the Board which really wielded authority in Tanjore in the name of Ameer Singh. Order was re-established in troubled localities, and all classes joined in praising his administrative skill, his disinterestedness, and his honesty.

Schwartz, as the patriarch of the missionaries was still moving about with joy among the churches he had founded, where his own spiritual children were to be counted by hundreds, when a complaint in one of his feet, which for years had been more or less painful, assumed a dangerous character. For three months he lingered, and, as he neared his close he loved to have the children read and sing to him, while his colleagues, Gerické

and Kohloff, cheered him with their ministrations. Almost at the very last Schwartz, in a clear voice, joined in the hymn

“Only to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,”

and two hours afterwards gently passed away, after nearly half a century devoted to the temporal and spiritual well-being of the people of India. He died on February 13th, 1798.

Not only his converts, but the poor generally, mourned for the good “Padre,” and all classes seemed to feel his death as a personal loss. Serfojee, in defiance of Hindu custom, attended his funeral, and wept bitterly as he laid a gold cloth on the bier: the funeral hymn was drowned in the cries and wailings of the poor.

Three years later, Serfojee raised, at his own expense, a marble monument to his beloved friend and “father.” It was executed by Flaxman, and represented very graphically the death of Schwartz. The epitaph carved upon the stone which covers the ashes of the missionary was written by the young prince, and is said to be the first instance of English verse ever written by a Hindu:—

“Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
 Honest, pure, free from disguise;
 Father of orphans, the widow’s support,
 Comfort in sorrow of every sort.
 To the benighted, dispenser of light,
 Doing and pointing to that which is right,
 Blessing to princes, to people, to me.
 May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
 Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee.”

Five years before Christian Friedrich Schwartz, who was “by birth a German, by ordination a Danish clergyman, and by long connection with the Christian Knowledge Society a labourer for the Church of England,” passed away, William Carey, the Northampton cobbler, had landed in Calcutta, and the story of his marvellous career will form the subject of our next chapter on India. But it is convenient here to turn aside for a while from the torrid regions of India to the Arctic circle, in order to trace the romantic beginning of a mission to Greenland, which was also of Danish origin.

II.—IN DANISH NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

HANS EGEDE AND GREENLAND.

Hans Egede—A Strange old Chronicle of Early Colonists in Greenland—A Lost People—Egede's Project—Opposition from Wife and People—How the Opposition was Overcome—Appeal to the King of Denmark—Long Disappointments—At Last Hans Egede sails for Greenland—No Sign of the Colonists—The Eskimos—Hardships and Difficulties—Left Alone—Egede a Poor Teacher—Introduction of Small-pox into Greenland, and Terrible Results—The People's Hearts Softened by Calamity—Egede Prostrated by the Loss of his Wife—Returns to Denmark—Death in 1758.

IN the Lofoden Islands, separated from the mainland of Norway by narrow straits, pierced by long, deep fiords, and surrounded by rocks and mountains, there nestles the little village of Vaagen. In the year 1707, Hans Egede, a young Dane, fresh from the University of Copenhagen, took up his abode in Vaagen as the village pastor. He was only twenty-one when he entered upon his new duties, but he soon became popular with the simple fisher folk, and entered heartily into the joys and sorrows of their quiet lives. He loved the place, with its wild scenery, its ice and snow, its lofty peaks and precipitous rocks; and he loved the little church, where, in quaint costumes, the villagers would assemble to hear from his lips the Word of Life. Moreover, he loved one of his congregation, and he had not been long in Vaagen before Gertrude Rask became his wife.

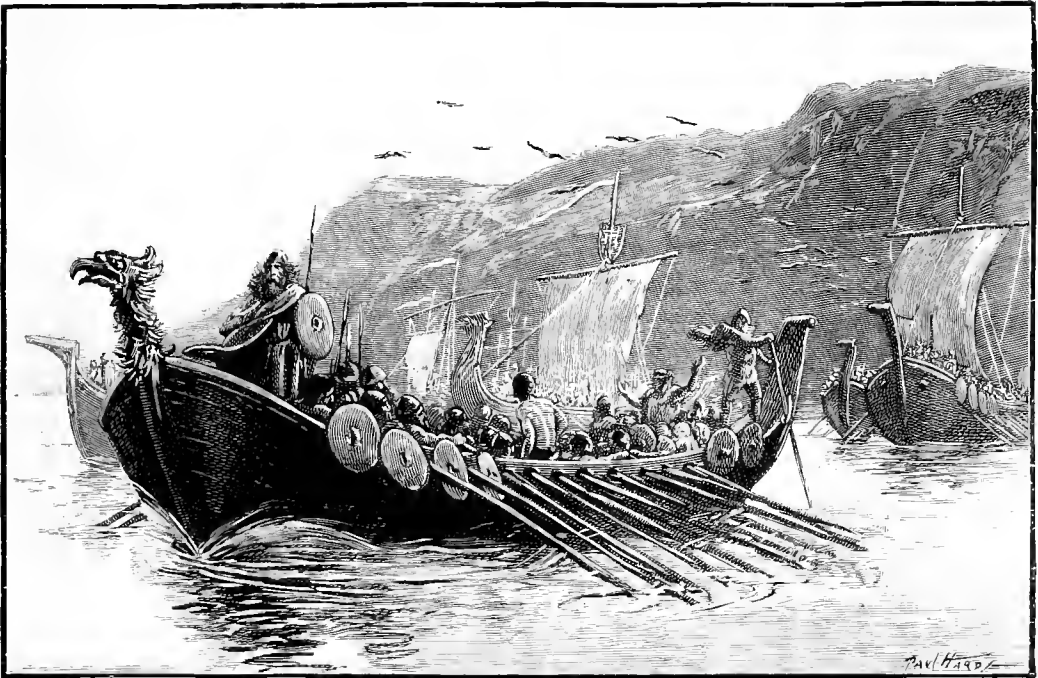
Very calm and pleasant was the home-life of Hans Egede. His wife was in full sympathy with him; he had gained the affection of the villagers for miles round, and there seemed to lie before him nothing but a peaceful and happy future among the people to whom he ministered. But, when a few years had passed away, those who knew him best observed a change in his manner—a moodiness and a reserve altogether unusual to him, as if some burden oppressed his mind. In the long winter evenings he would shut himself up in his little study, and pore for hours over certain old books and papers that had come into his possession.

When his fourth son was born he named him Paul, and, taking the child in his arms, he said, "I give thee this name in honour of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles." There was something so solemn in his utterance and so sad in his manner, that his wife, who had long watched with anxiety the change that had come over him, begged him not to hide from her the cause of his trouble. At first he sought to evade her questioning, but at length he told her everything.

Three years before, an ancient chronicle had fallen into his hands, and in it he had read how, in the tenth century, an Icelander, Erik Rauthi, or Eric the Red-haired, had slain a fellow Viking, and for his misdeed had been sentenced by the Thormes, or High Court of Justice, to three years' banishment. Erik fitted up a ship, and, with a band of followers, set sail northwards to seek out a new land which, tradition said, a fellow-countryman had once seen when driven out of his course on a marauding excursion.

When the period of banishment had elapsed, Erik returned and announced the discovery of a new land, a *Green Land* of grassy valleys and pleasant woods, a land far greener than his own beloved Iceland—a land where “the rivers were thick with fish and the grass dropped butter.”

The news spread like wildfire, and in a short time twenty-five vessels full of colonists sailed with Erik to Greenland to found a colony. That was in the year 985. In the year 1000, Erik’s son, Leife, when on a visit to Norway, at the court of the famous King Olaf Tryggveson, was brought under the influence of Christianity, and returned to Greenland with a priest, who baptised all the inhabitants, including Erik the Red-haired. Not



THE FIRST GREENLAND COLONISTS.

long after this, the Archbishop of Trondhjem consecrated a priest, named Arnold, as first Bishop of Greenland. The settlers increased and multiplied, Christianity spread amongst them, towns and villages sprang up, a cathedral, churches, and convents were built. Historical records gave particulars of seventeen bishops as presiding over the see; regular communication was kept up with the mother country, and a letter, preserved in the Vatican Library, relates “that the colonists paid their Peter’s pence regularly in walrus hides and ivory.” In 1406 another bishop was sent out, but whether he reached his destination no one ever knew.

From that year, all communication with Greenland was broken off, and the fate of Erik’s flourishing colonies remains a secret to this day. Whether the ice closed round, so that no one could enter or depart; whether the black pest, which was

desolating Europe, found its way there: whether a hostile fleet destroyed the colonies; or whether all these causes combined, there is no history to tell.

When Hans Egede, the pastor of the hamlet of Vaagen, read these chronicles, his heart grew hot and restless. He pictured to himself the poor Greenlanders, dwelling behind those barriers of ice, cut off for three hundred years from civilisation, and sinking back into the black night of heathenism. The vision haunted him night and day; he seemed to be constantly hearing their cry, "Come over and help us," and he longed to be their deliverer.

This was the subject which had been preying on his mind, and which hitherto he had not breathed to either his wife or to any member of his congregation. There were many reasons for his reticence. He was greatly attached to the people among whom he ministered, and was successful in his labours: the duty of providing for his wife and growing family was binding upon him; the difficulties and dangers of the attempt were appalling, and he could not satisfy himself that it was the will of God he should abandon everything to embark in so perilous an undertaking. Moreover, he felt certain that from all quarters he would meet with the most strenuous opposition, and be branded as an enthusiast or a madman. More than once he had resolved to abandon all thought of the matter, but this he found impossible; and, as a relief to his mind, pending the time that he should feel constrained to finally decide, he addressed a memorial on the subject to the King of Denmark, in the hope that some steps might be taken, even if he were not selected, to search for the "lost colonies," and to carry the blessings of Christianity and civilisation to the Greenlanders. Copies of the memorial were sent to the Bishops of Bergen and Trondhjem, who promised to have the matter brought under the notice of the king.

When Hans Egede "made a clean breast" to his wife, and told her of all the dreams and hopes and fears which he had hitherto kept secret, and thus explained the cause of his moodiness and gloom, she was filled with dismay and horror. To go to Greenland, and face innumerable perils, if not certain death, in the vague hope of finding colonies which had been abandoned for hundreds of years; to give up a settled income and a useful position, and the certain means of doing good, for merely visionary dreams, seemed to her like folly bordering on insanity. Not only his wife, but his own and his wife's mother entreated him to forego his rash project, which, they urged, would plunge himself and his family into ruin.

Hans was in sore perplexity. He hesitated, irresolute what to do. Constantly there rang in his ears the words of his Master, "He that loveth father or mother or wife or child more than Me, is not worthy of Me," and he loathed himself for his want of faith and courage. Meanwhile the news spread through the village that he had a visit to Greenland in contemplation, and forthwith a deputation of the most influential men among his congregation waited upon him, to say that the whole parish was in grief, and to urge him, by many cogent arguments, not to abandon a post to which they were sure God had called him, for one of his own seeking. "Wait and see what the will of the Lord is," urged a faithful old friend who headed the deputation. "If it is His will, He will give you a sign that none of us shall be able to gainsay."

Hans Egede yielded to these solicitations, and, moreover, made a promise to his wife

that he would take no further step in the matter without consulting her. But there came no peace or rest to him in consequence of this decision; on the contrary, his mind was distracted, his conscience smote him, and, during a whole year, he suffered more mental agony than he had thought it possible any one could endure and live. At the end of that time, circumstances were at work which produced a complete change in himself and in his projects. The tongue of slander had been heard in the village; certain cruel and untruthful calumnies against the character of the home-life of the pastor had been circulated by evilly-disposed persons; old friends and neighbours grew cold and suspicious, and Mrs. Egede declared that she could never again find happiness in Vaagen.

Then Hans questioned with himself, and asked his wife, whether it might not be that this was the sign the Lord was giving them, to conquer their unwillingness to go to Greenland as bearers of His truth to the heathen. He begged her to give herself to prayer for guidance, while he also would seek to know what the Lord would have him to do. A few days later, his wife came to him, with tears in her eyes, not of sorrow, but of joy, and, flinging her arms around his neck, begged him to forgive her for her past selfishness in seeking to thwart his plans, and expressing her readiness to go, that very day if need be, to Greenland. As she hung upon his neck, she repeated those words, so full of tenderness, "Where thou goest, I will go; and where thou dwellest, I will dwell; and there will I be buried. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

That day Hans wrote to the Bishop of Bergen and the Bishop of Trondhjem, urging them to assist him in his plans, but their replies were unsatisfactory. They stated that the disturbed state of the country was a drawback to the enterprise, that the merchants showed an unwillingness to take up the matter, and that he must wait patiently until the war with Sweden was over, when they would again bring the subject before the King.

Wearily passed the months, and the prospect of the return of peace seemed further off than ever. So, urged by his wife, Hans determined to resign his living at Vaagen, and to go to Bergen and prosecute the object of his memorial in person. It was a bitter day in the history of the little Norwegian village when Hans Egede bade farewell to his flock. All the old coldness had passed away, the slanderous reports had been disproved and forgotten, and every man and woman and child felt his departure as a personal loss. On the day when he sailed away from the hamlet he loved so well, and where ten of the best years of his life had been spent, the people gathered round him with tearful eyes, and wrung his hand, and uttered, with choking voices, their words of farewell. Had Hans Egede been a superstitious man, he would have regarded as an evil augury the intelligence he received on the eve of his departure, namely, that a ship from Bergen had recently been wrecked off the Greenland coast, and that the crew, who had escaped to land, had not only been murdered, but devoured, by the savage natives. This was fresh ground for the relatives and friends of Hans to urge him to reconsider the step he proposed, and to charge him with being willing to wantonly sacrifice the lives of his wife and family to a mania for notoriety.

But Hans was not to be moved. He had put his hand to the plough, and he would not look back. Arrived in Bergen, however, he had more than enough to try the strongest faith. Everything seemed against him. Many people to whom he told the object of his

visit, regarded him as mad: others alleged that he was a victim to religious delusion. Not a soul seemed inclined to render him any assistance. Some urged him to wait until the war with Sweden was concluded, and the fall of Charles XII. at the siege of Frederikshald led him to hope that peace would not be long delayed. To forward his plans, he visited Copenhagen, explained his scheme to the College of Missions, and was fortunate enough to obtain an audience of the King (Frederick IV.), who took great interest in spreading the Gospel among the heathen. The result of this visit was, that the King sent to the magistrates at Bergen to inquire whether the people of that port would be disposed to commence trade-relations with the Greenlanders. The Councillors met, and summoned before them the captains and pilots who had been engaged in the whale-fishery; but their testimony was so unanimous as to the dangers of those seas—of ships being crushed in the ice, of crews starved to death, and of murders by the savages—that the Councillors determined not to take any part in the attempt to open up trade with Greenland.

Depressed, but not in despair, Hans Egede then set to work to try what his own personal influence could do, and, to this end, he visited the Councillors one by one, and laid his plans before every man of wealth and position in Bergen, with the result that he at length saw his way to start a trading company: but, at the last moment, the largest investor, a gentleman from Hamburg, withdrew from his engagements, the Crown declined to grant the privileges sought by the Company, and the whole scheme collapsed.

This was but one of many disappointments. For four long years he had to wait, and during that weary time he left no stone unturned that could further his ends. He pleaded as a beggar at the doors of wealthy merchants: he told the story of Erik the Red-haired, and of the "lost colonies," to many a wondering crew, and offered to go in any ship that would take him out, but in vain. "Altogether, it is a singular and heroic spectacle, of which that busy Norway port was, for the most part, unconscious. There are not many narratives in Missions so touching as the story of those four years, through which we see the figure of young Egede haunting the streets and quays, till everybody gets to know and wonder at him; till the merchants shun him as a bore, and the sailors marvel with a kind of reverence as they see him gazing wistfully after the departing ships, and at the corners men whisper that he has seen strange visions of the Lord, and tell how he left his parish and gave up everything to get to Greenland; and how they have watched him go down to the forge with his little son, and take the hammer and blow the bellows with the smith, 'for they say a man must learn to do for himself in those far countries.'"*

Throughout these years the courage of his wife never for a moment failed her, nor did she waver in her resolution. Many a time, when his heart grew sick by reason of hope deferred, she urged him on to renewed efforts, and bravely and cheerfully bore her full share of the discomforts and anxieties of that long period of suspense.

At length, by means of subscriptions raised among pious people throughout the country, a ship was purchased to convey them to Greenland; two other vessels—one for the whale-fishery, and the other for colonists, who had determined to accompany the

* Quoted in a paper on "Greenland: its Missions and its Men," by Dr. Robert Brown.

heroic missionary—were freighted, the king's consent to the enterprise was obtained, as well as the guarantee of a subscription of £45 a year to the missionary; and, on the 3rd of May, 1721—just thirteen years after he had read for the first time the chronicles of Erik the Red-haired, and had determined in his mind to go out in search of the



BERGEN.

lost colonies—Hans Egede, with his wife and family and a band of colonists, sailed out of Bergen. Merrily the little fleet of three boats sped on: the *Hope*, in which Egede and his family were, taking the lead. But as they neared the Greenland coast a dense fog enveloped them, masses of loose ice encompassed the ship, a leak was sprung, and the captain in despair called upon the passengers to prepare for death, as escape was impossible. Presently a great storm arose, which threatened the immediate destruction of them all. But Providence “rode upon the storm:” the wind not only cleared away the fog, but drove back the ice, and, on the 3rd of July, with the loss of one ship, but

with all lives spared, the voyagers landed at Ball's River, on the west coast of Greenland.

A terrible disappointment awaited Hans Egede. Instead of the Green Land of grassy valleys and pleasant woods, described by Erik the Red-haired, there was nothing but unmitigated wastes of dreariness and desolation, and, instead of being surrounded on his arrival by stalwart Norsemen, his long-lost countrymen, he found himself in the midst of miserable and savage Eskimos. Without losing heart, however, the travellers set to work to build a house of stone and turf on an island now known as Hope Island, and were at first assisted by the Eskimos; but when these realised that the voyagers intended to settle amongst them, they intimated by signs that the ice and the snow would soon destroy them all, and that it would be wise for them to make good their retreat as fast as possible.

When the thought was borne fully into the mind of Hans that the original object of his search was in vain; that the early Christian colonists had indeed died out, or had, as tradition said, been murdered by the Greenlanders, a feeling of uncertainty arose. Was he justified in risking the lives of so many by remaining on that inhospitable shore? He took counsel with his wife, and they gave themselves to prayer. Then their resolution was taken: they would settle down among these poor degraded pagan people, they would learn their language, and would devote themselves to the task of raising them to a higher life.

That was a task of amazing difficulty. The people, unable to imagine any motive for this invasion of their land, unless it were to avenge the murdered Norsemen, were at first very shy of the missionary and his band, and not only fled at their approach, but eventually fled from the miserable huts in which they dwelt. In course of time, however, this shyness wore away, and Egede availed himself of every opportunity to find out what manner of people they were among whom his lot was cast.

The people themselves were anything but prepossessing. Little tawny-coloured men, seldom reaching five feet in height, with broad bodies, wide and beardless faces, ridiculously small and unintelligent eyes, thick lips, and noses more or less depressed and broad at the base, with somewhat distended nostrils; the women, so singularly like the men that at first sight they were only distinguished from them by a top-knot of hair, save and except the old women, who were easily recognised by their extreme ugliness, a total absence of teeth, and a bald place where in girlhood the top-knot used to be. The habits of the people were altogether repulsive. They dwelt in miserable huts dug in the earth, approached by narrow passages, where the atmosphere was stifling, and filth and dirt and every offensive thing abounded. They seemed to revel in personal uncleanness, their only ablution consisting of moistening the fingers with saliva, and rubbing the salt spray from their faces, while the mothers used their tongues, like cats, to clean and polish their children!

As to their religion—which Egede could not of course understand until he had been some time among them—it was pagan of a very low type, although in their sacred rites there was nothing cruel or bloodthirsty. They had no temples, and no idols, but they believed in the existence of two great spirits and a large number of inferior

spirits. Tongarsuk, the great spirit, was supposed to communicate with the people through the agency of "Angekoks" (priests or wizards). This great spirit was wont to assume many forms—sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a bear—but, whether represented in tangible form or as purely spirit, he was regarded with fear and reverence. The other great spirit, represented as a female, was supposed to typify the principle of evil, while the lesser deities presided over all the forces of nature, controlling the different elements, acting as guardians of the wild animals, and presiding over hunts. Some of these lesser spirits were believed to be vicious; the spirit of the air, for example, was so capricious that the Eskimos were afraid to stir out after dark for fear of offending him.

The "Angekoks" were the interpreters of the wills of these spirits to the people. They professed, by means of their familiar spirit, to charm away bad luck from the hunter, to change the weather, and to heal the sick. They also spread among the people certain traditions or beliefs, some of which may be summarised here:—That matter is eternal; that the sun and moon are brother and sister, who having quarrelled, the sun bit off one of his sister's breasts, and the maimed appearance presented by the moon is caused by her turning her wounded side to the earth; that the Aurora Borealis is the game of "hockey" played by the departed spirits of friends and relatives—and so forth.

It was not long before Hans Egede was brought into contact with the "Angekoks." As soon as the natives found that he was determined to settle among them, they called upon the "Angekoks" to destroy him by their arts and incantations. They tried, and failed, and thereupon, after the manner of conjurers and necromancers generally, they made the best of their defeat, declaring that Egede was himself a wizard.

Matters did not present a very promising appearance. Egede found it extremely difficult to acquire the language, and, as he was burning to communicate the truths of the Gospel, he employed his son to draw illustrations of Scripture facts, which to the extent of his ability he explained, although it must be confessed this mode of teaching was soon destined to failure, as it only provoked the merriment of the Eskimos.

Meanwhile, the colonists had been growing uneasy: there seemed to be very little prospect of trade; the ship that had been promised with stock of provisions had failed. Under these circumstances they resolved to leave the country, and urged Hans to do the same. But he was loth to relinquish a position he had laboured so hard to obtain, although he was in doubt as to the moral right of remaining alone among the savages, and running the risk of losing wife and children by starvation or treachery. In his dilemma his heroic wife came to the rescue. "Wait a while," she said; "it may be that while we are giving way to doubt and fear, God's providence is working some good plan for us. Wait but a week or two and see." To give emphasis to her words, she declined to make any arrangements whatever for leaving as the others had done.

Three weeks passed away: the colonists mocked at the fanaticism of their leader and his wife, and the Eskimos scoffed at them; but they waited on until it seemed that there was nothing before them but retreat or starvation, when one day a sail was seen in the horizon, and soon after another. They were the promised vessels, laden with

ample provisions and necessaries, and, in addition, their captains brought the welcome news that the Bergen merchantmen were not only determined to open up a wider trade with Greenland, but that the king had pledged himself to continue his support to the Mission.

We shall not follow in detail the history of the next few years, further than to say that Egede made progress with the language, at first by visiting the Greenlanders in their filthy huts, and afterwards by inducing some of them to take up



ESKIMO HUTS.

their abode with him; that he made several visits into the interior, in the course of which he came upon some traces of the "lost colonies," in the shape of ruined houses and farms, and pieces of metal which he believed to be portions of church bells; and that every year the hardships and struggles for life grew more and more severe. Never did soil appear more unfruitful than that on which he sought to east the "seed of the Word." It was in vain that he offered a fish-hook for every letter in the language a Greenlander would learn: and it seemed in vain to tell them the story of the Gospel. For every story of the Bible, they would tell a legend of their country; for every miracle of the Scripture they would relate a wonder performed, or alleged to have been performed, by their "Angekoks;" everything the missionary taught they turned into ridicule, in which they were aided and abetted by the wizards. Only



ESKIMOS HUNTING SEALS.

one subject ever seemed to make the least impression upon them, and that was the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and a heaven without night, without sickness, and without separation.

Although Hans Egede had all the requisite qualifications of a pioneer, in the shape of zeal, courage, and devotion, he was not an ideal teacher, and he resorted to means which were unworthy of him; as, for instance, in threatening the natives that if they forgot what they had been taught, the king of his country would send ships

and carry them all away and compel them to learn, or else send soldiers to punish, and, if need be, slay them. Threats are poor weapons at the best, and generally turn against the user. But Egede did not confine himself to threats—he proceeded to blows, and was wont to inflict corporal punishment of a somewhat severe kind upon “Angekoks” and the common people alike, when they over-taxed his patience.

On more than one occasion the colonists were brought to the very verge of starvation. For long periods they lived entirely on seal's-flesh, without bread or meal, and many times Egede went on long and perilous voyages in the hope of falling in with Dutch whalers, from whom he might obtain temporary assistance. Discouraging reports, sometimes greatly exaggerated, travelled from time to time to Bergen; the Greenland trade did not yield the returns that had been anticipated, and, in 1728, the Society which had been formed to support the Mission and the colonists was dissolved. This step did not produce the effect that was anticipated, for the interest of the king (Frederick IV.) revived in both the trade and the Mission. He sent out ships and soldiers, artificers and workmen, colonists and missionaries, and ample provisions; but the expedition was not a success. Scarcely had the winter set in before sickness broke out among the new-comers; forty of them died, and the remainder revolted, and visited poor Hans Egede with their maledictions as the author of all their misery.

Still, to be surrounded even by malcontents in that desolate and awful country, in a climate so rigorous that “water placed on the fire to boil will sometimes freeze before the heat can get the upper hand,” was better than to be left to bear its hardships alone; and yet this was the fate that, in the near future, was awaiting Hans Egede. Soon after the accession of Christian VI. to the throne of Denmark, his Ministers advised that, as there appeared to be little or no chance that the Greenland trade would ever be a source of revenue, the colonies established there should be abandoned, and the colonists ordered to return within a year, unless, at their own risk, any of them should wish to remain. In 1731 this order was sent, and at first it seemed to Egede that all the labour and anxiety of his life had been in vain. But again his faithful wife came, with her strong heroic spirit, to his aid, and bade him not to entertain the thought of abandoning his mission, while to her entreaties the Greenlanders added theirs, and implored him to stay amongst them. With the exception of eight or ten men, who were left to guard the property of the colonists, which could not be taken away at once, the whole of the settlers in Greenland took their departure, and Hans Egede, with his wife and family, were left alone in that desolate and dreary land.

Partly owing to the heroism of this action, partly to a strong appeal for assistance, and partly to a revival in the blubber trade, the king relaxed the stringency of his order, and at the end of a year sent out further supplies. Hope once more revived. But it was short-lived.

When the colonists left Greenland, they took with them to Denmark a curiosity in the shape of an Eskimo boy. In 1733 he was sent back, but had not been long in his native country—where he was treated as the “lion” of the season, and welcomed in every hut in the place to tell of his travels—than he fell ill; and the illness proved

to be that horrible scourge of civilisation, small-pox, a disease that had never before been known in Greenland. With wonderful promptitude, Egede, immediately he discovered the nature of the disease, sent word everywhere to warn the Greenlanders, and to urge them to remain in their own huts and to take all possible precautions. His advice was disregarded. Already the mischief had begun, and the consequences that ensued were most disastrous. Far and wide the disease spread, and the Greenlanders were panic-stricken as they saw its swift and terrible ravages; many committing suicide as soon as they were attacked, as, in almost every instance—so malignant was the form of the disease—death rapidly ensued, attended with fearful suffering.

It was an awful experience for Hans Egede; but, happily, he had not to bear it alone. There had recently arrived in Greenland some Moravian missionaries—of whom we shall have more to say presently—and these devoted men threw themselves fearlessly into the work of ministering to the sick; while young Paul Egede showed that he had inherited not only his father's faith, but also his self-denying heroism. The story of that terrible time has been told at length,* and it is one of the most appalling in the history of missions. Here, there, and everywhere the devoted Hans and his son were visiting the wretched huts, seeking to solace the agonising hours of the dying. In many places they found groups of empty houses with the dead lying outside in the snow; and the houses of the missionaries were turned into hospitals, where all who fled to them were tended with the utmost care. For a whole year the plague raged, and it turned the land into a great charnel-house. In the immediate neighbourhood of the colony, upwards of two thousand persons perished, while, for forty leagues north and south, the disease wrought terrible havoc, and traders who afterwards visited the country declared that for thirty leagues north of the colony every house was empty.

There was little to mitigate the horror of that year of pestilence, and yet Egede was not without some reward. Many of the Greenlanders to whom he had ministered, clung to him in the time of their trial, and gave him tokens of their appreciation of what he had done for them. One, in particular, who had been wont at other times to turn into ridicule everything the missionary said, changed completely in his demeanour, and as he lay dying said to him, "You have done for us what our countrymen would not do. You have fed us when we were starving, you have buried our dead, who would otherwise have been left for the dogs and the foxes, and you have told us of the true God and of the life to come."

The strain of this terrible time told materially upon the health and spirits of Hans Egede, and he felt he could no longer carry on active work with his old vigour. Moreover, he felt it necessary that new colonies should be opened up, and a larger body of workers be induced to enter the field. His son Paul, who had studied at the Mission College at Copenhagen, had been appointed, with two others, to a station in Disco Bay, where they were to found a new colony. But the resources at their disposal were altogether inadequate, and Egede determined to return to Norway, and, by exertions in his own country, continue to sustain and develop the Missions. To this proposition his wife made no opposition.

* Crantz's 'History of Greenland.' Egede (Hans) "Nachricht der Grönlandischen Mission."

Proofs had been abundant that they had not laboured in vain, and neither of them doubted that the good seed which had been sown would yet yield its harvest.

But a sore trial awaited him. On the 21st of December, 1735, his wife, who had so nobly aided him in all his efforts, cheering him when depressed and nerving him when his courage failed, was called to her rest. It was the heaviest blow that could fall on him and for some time he seemed stunned by the force of it. His strength gave way, and for



EGEDE'S MINDE (EGEDE'S MEMORY) IN WINTER.

some months he was in a state of bodily prostration and great mental suffering. He thought that God had forsaken him, and so great was his despondency that he states "he hated the Word of God, and dared not face public worship." In August, 1736, he preached his farewell sermon from the words of Isaiah, "I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." A few days later, in company with his youngest son and two daughters, and bearing with him, all that was mortal of his beloved wife for interment in her own land, he embarked for Copenhagen, after having laboured in Greenland for fifteen years.

Soon after his arrival in Copenhagen he had an audience of the king, who, on hearing of the state of the Mission in Greenland, acquiesced in Egede's suggestion that a seminary should be instituted for the education of students for the work, and that a knowledge of the language should be acquired, in order that they might at once on arrival proceed to

their work of instruction. When the seminary was opened, Hans Egede was appointed the superintendent, and for some years, until 1747, he continued to hold the office, in which he rendered important services. But in that year, in consequence of failing strength, he retired to the little village of Stubbek-Jöping, where the remaining years of his life were spent. One day, in November, 1758, he called his children to him, and told them that "in the night, one of the blessed dead had seemed to beckon to him;" then, begging that his body might rest beside that of his wife in Copenhagen, the old man fell asleep, in the seventy-third year of his age.

If the reader should chance to go to Greenland, he will not fail to pay a visit to Egede's Minde ("Egede's Memory"), the capital of the trading district of the same name. There is not much to see. There is a harbour and jetty, the official residence of the Governor and his assistant, storehouses for the produce of the hunt and fishery, a house for unmarried white men employed in the settlement, and, scattered around, the huts of the natives. But this is only one of many settlements, and all the settlements throughout Greenland are now Christian, the last professed pagan having died at Proven nearly forty years ago. It will be remembered that some Moravians had joined Hans Egede in 1733, and that when he left Greenland, his son Paul was carrying on missionary work among the natives. How that work spread and prospered under Danes and Moravians, until the whole land became Christian, we will now narrate. It is a stirring sequel to the story of Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland, of whom the Eskimos speak to-day with gratitude and reverence, and say, "He was our more than father."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORAVIANS IN GREENLAND.

Origin and Growth of the Moravian Brethren—They Early Commence Mission Work in the West Indies—Stach and Boehnisch—Stach and Two Companions Start for Greenland without Funds—Religious Discord between the Moravians and Egede—The Breach Healed by Common Service in Calamity—Fresh Arrivals of Moravians—Stach, Boehnisch, and John Beck—On the Verge of Starvation—The Work of a Little Child—At last John Beck Hears Kayarnak ask the Way of Salvation—Character of the First Greenland Convert—A New Era in the Mission—The Missionaries Learn from Kayarnak what to Preach—Change in the Greenland Eskimos—Terrible Privations—New Settlements—Death of the Apostolic Trio, and their Character—All Greenland now Christian—Greenland at the Present Day—Depopulation of the Country.

THE Church of the United Brethren, or *Unitas Fratrum* (commonly called in this country "the Moravian Church," from Moravia, one of its ancient homes), claims to have descended from the Slavonian branch of the Greek or Eastern Church. In the ninth century two Greek ecclesiastics, Cyrillus and Methodius, introduced Christianity into Moravia and Bohemia, and, soon after, there followed the long and bitter struggle between the Eastern and Western Churches. During this period, the infant Church was eradled in storms and beset by cruel persecutions, but, in common with the Waldenses of France and Italy, the Bohemians and Moravians resisted the power of the Papal See, and adhered to the simplicity of their original faith.



MAP OF MORAVIA AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

In 1457, sixty years before the Reformation, the Church of the United Brethren was commenced in Bohemia out of the remnants of the ancient Bohemian Church. Some of the earnest followers of John Huss united together "on Scriptural principles of faith and practice," and adopted the name of *Unitus Fratrum*, or the Unity of the Brethren, with "the Bible as their creed, and the Law of Christ as their rule." They soon became organised as a Church, and claiming, like all the old Eastern Churches, to have practically maintained a succession of bishops from apostolic times, they had their episcopal orders, synodal and episcopal government, and a strict discipline.

Fiercely trials and persecutions surrounded them, but the Church stood its ground in Bohemia and Moravia, and increased in extent and influence, until it embraced among its adherents a large proportion of the population, and many of the noblest families of those countries. Subsequently they found themselves unable to bear up against their

persecutors, who beset them on every hand, banishing their ministers, and sending their leading men to imprisonment and death.

A little band—the remnant of the flock—fled to Poland, with one Amos Comenius, a learned and zealous brother, who was consecrated bishop, and set himself to the task of rebuilding his church. He was so far successful that, on his appeal “to all the Protestant princes of Europe” for help, he obtained the sympathy of England, which was shown by the issue of an Order in Council, in 1715, “for the relief and for the preserving the Episcopal Churches in Great Poland and Polish Russia.”

In its original seats, the Church of the United Brethren had become almost extinct. But the light which had been kindled, although it had long been burning dimly, never died out, and in 1722 a singular “awakening” took place in some villages of Moravia among the descendants of members of the Church, who, in secret, still adhered to the tenets of their fathers. For conscience sake these “Moravians” emigrated into Saxony, where, on the estate of Nicholas Lewis, the noble and gifted young Count of Zinzendorf, they founded a small settlement, and named it Herrnhut (The Watch of the Lord). Here they were joined by like-minded persons from the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the Continent, by Count Zinzendorf himself, and many of his friends, and by fresh detachments from Moravia.

“In the course of a few years these settlers formed themselves, under the leadership of Zinzendorf, into a distinct religious *Society*, as a close spiritual brotherhood in the bosom of the Protestant National Church. They also gradually adopted the ecclesiastical forms, discipline, and orders of the Ancient Church of the United Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia, and then, as the *Renewed Unitas Fratrum*, took up their position as a distinct Protestant Church in the midst of the other Reformed Churches, maintaining, however, also their character as a select *Society* (or *ecclesiola*—a little church) within the outward Church, as seen in the National Churches of Christendom. In this sense they have been joined by many persons, even clergymen, in other churches, who, whilst belonging to ‘the Brethren,’ at the same time retain their membership and office in their own church.”*

In the course of ten years the little settlement at Herrnhut numbered about 600 souls, and by that time the distinctive work of that Church—the spread of the Gospel among the heathen in foreign lands—had commenced. In all the history of Missions there is nothing more beautiful, or of more thrilling interest, than the labours of the “ignorant and unlearned men,” who, without scrip or purse, and dependent upon their own labour for their maintenance, started on the most hazardous and difficult journeys; to carry the light of the Gospel into the most inclement regions and the most unpromising spheres.

The first to go forth were Leonard Dober and David Nitschman, to establish a mission among the negro slaves in the West Indies; and in the following year two other brethren set out for Greenland. In narrating what befell these latter two, and in our further descriptions of the progress of Moravian Missions, we shall continue

* “The Moravians: Who and What are They?” (Moravian publication). [We gladly also acknowledge in this place the kind aid generously rendered by the Moravian Society in London, in placing relics, illustrations, and documents at our disposal for the preparation of this work.—ED.]

the history of that Church of the United Brethren, whose origin we have now briefly sketched.

It fell upon a day in 1731, that two young men were at work together levelling some ground for a cemetery on the Hutberg, in Upper Lusatia, a portion of the estate of Count Zinzendorf which he had given to the oppressed Christians of Moravia, to dwell upon, and to rear what was soon to become the famous Herrnhut, or Watch of the Lord. Pausing awhile in their work, they began to talk about Greenland and the self-denying labours of Hans Egede and his wife, of whom Count Zinzendorf had given them some particulars on his return from Copenhagen four years before.

Matthew Stach, the younger of the two speakers, was only twenty years of age, and had spent his boyhood in tending cattle, and his youth in domestic service. His father was a small farmer, and, in course of time, Matthew would have come in for the inheritance, which would have given him a definite place and prospect in life. But, from a child, his mind had received religious impressions, and when the persecutions in Moravia drove the Christian confessors to seek an asylum in Lusatia, he cast in his lot with his kindred, and determined to brave the poverty, hardships, and distress with which the emigrants had to struggle. On his arrival at Herrnhut, he performed the most menial offices of domestic work in connection with the Orphan School, varying his employment by spinning wool, until at length he took up with the outdoor work in which we find him engaged.

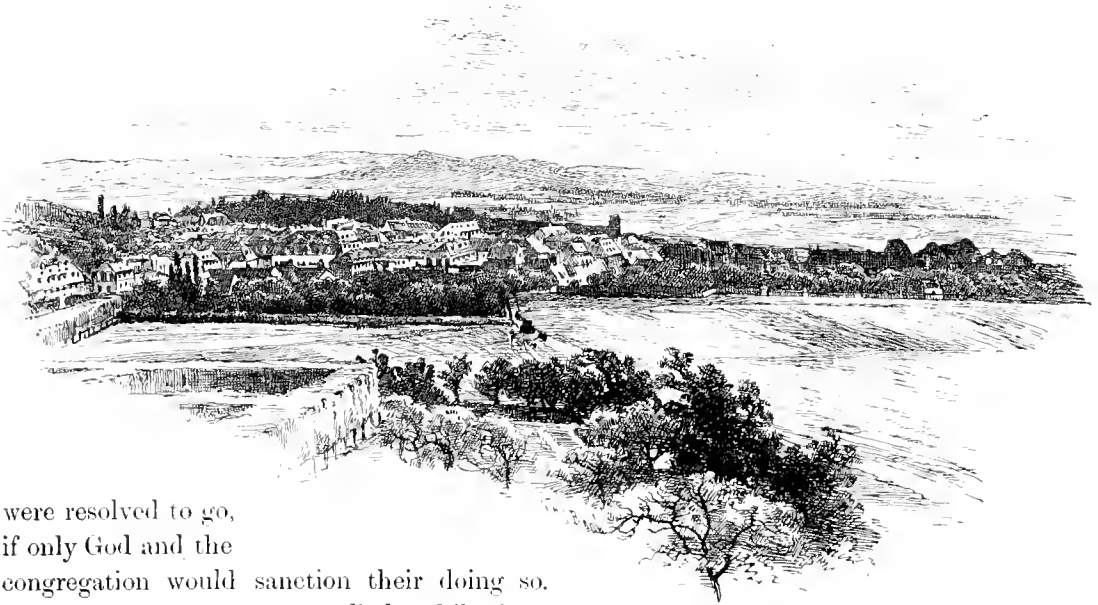


COUNT ZINZENDORF.

His companion, Frederick Boehmisch, the son of a miller, was his senior by one year, and older still as regarded his religious life. When quite a child, he was wont to go with a friend into a quiet corner of his father's garden, where, kneeling down, "with their hands stretched out towards Saxony," they would pray that they might be delivered from their persecutors, and find their way to the new colony. He was still a boy, only just turned fifteen, when the desire to join the emigrants in Saxony became irresistible, and, having obtained the consent of his father, he left his home one night in company with others like-minded, and, breaking through the cordon of soldiery and watchers drawn about the homes of the "heretics," made his way under cover of the night into forest thicknesses, and by circuitous routes, until he succeeded in crossing the frontier, and eventually in finding his way to Herrnhut, where, at that time, only two or three small houses had been erected. Boehmisch was at first employed in weaving, and then as assistant in the school: but neither of these occupations suited his health, and it was no little relief to him when he was relegated to outdoor work, where he was brought more in contact with his friend Matthew Stach.

As the two friends paused in their work and talked together that day, they discovered that each had been cherishing a similar thought and wish. They had been told that the King of Denmark had determined to withdraw his support from the Mission of Egede in Greenland; each had deplored the probability of so good a work being abandoned; and each had been turning over in his mind whether it would be possible for him to go out and assist in the work there, as three of their brethren had gone to break up new ground in the West Indies.

It was a daring desire, but they believed it was God-implanted, and though they were ignorant and unlearned men, and rich in nothing but love to God and man, they



HERRNHUT.

were resolved to go, if only God and the congregation would sanction their doing so. Then they withdrew for a little while from the bare hill-side where they were levelling the ground for the cemetery, and committed

their thoughts and plans to God. "As we were both of one mind," says Matthew Stach, "and believed that our Saviour would keep His promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth,' &c., therefore we retired to the wood just at hand, kneeled down before Him, and asked Him to clear our minds in this important matter, and to lead us in the right way. Our hearts were filled with an uncommon joy, and we omitted not to lay our minds before the congregation of Herrnhut in writing, and then waited a long time in tranquillity."

It was two years before their wish was gratified, and during that time Count Zinzendorf fully warned them of the dangers and difficulties of the task they proposed, of the almost unparalleled hardships which Egede had undergone, and of the hopelessness of success unless they could succeed in learning the language of the Eskimos. Nor did the congregation readily accede to their request; some of the older members shook their heads, fearing that the desire might spring from love of adventure and notoriety, or

from the mere love of imitation. And this view was strengthened from the fact that the wording of their application somewhat closely resembled that of others who were being sent forth on missionary work.

But the two friends remained perfectly true and steadfast to what they believed to be "the calling of God," and their courage and enthusiasm spread to others. At the end of a year after they had first spoken on the subject to Count Zinzendorf, he gave them hope that their wish might some day be realised; but another year was allowed to elapse before a mission to Greenland was formally sanctioned. Even then it was not as they had hoped and anticipated; for when the elder of the congregation—one Augustin Neisser—announced that some of the brethren would at once go out to join Hans Egede, Frederick Boehnisch was absent on a journey to some of the brethren at a distance from Herrnhut. In these circumstances, Christian Stach volunteered to go with Matthew Stach, his cousin; and Christian David, the first ordained elder of the congregation at Herrnhut, was appointed to accompany the missionaries to Greenland, and, after seeing them settled, to return.

"There was no need of much time or expense for our equipment," says Matthew Stach. "The congregation consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give us, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs. Being accustomed to make a shift with a little, we did not trouble our heads how we should get to Greenland, or how we should live in that country. Some money having come from a friend at Venice, the day before our departure, we received part of it to pay the expense of our journey to Copenhagen; and, as we considered ourselves as richly provided for, we would take nothing of any person on the road, believing that He, who had sent a supply for our journey at the critical moment, would care for everything that was necessary for carrying our purpose into execution as soon as we should want it. Neither could any one give us much information on the subject of our work, or any instruction how we should proceed, for the congregation had as yet no experience in the management of missions. It was, therefore, left to ourselves to act in all circumstances as the Lord should lead us. In short, we neither knew nor imagined how it would be with us."

They fared better than might have been expected under the circumstances. On their arrival in Copenhagen, they were met with discouragement, and were urged, by nearly all with whom they conversed, to abandon their wild scheme, and were told terrible stories of suffering in Arctic regions, and especially of the fate of a crew that had been ice-bound and every member frozen to death, one stiffened corpse having been found "with his hand on the log-book, where the date he had last written was grown thirteen years old." Still, they met with some encouragement. They heard that the king had resolved to send further supplies to Hans Egede, and also, what was to them a source of great satisfaction, that the Count von Pless, one of the Ministers of State, was much interested in Greenland missions, and had induced a merchant to send out a trading-vessel to Disco Bay. David Christian lost no time in obtaining an interview with Von Pless, and laying before him an account of the enterprise that had brought the Moravians thus far on their journey. The Count naturally asked them how, in the event of reaching Greenland, they thought of

supporting themselves, to which they replied, "With the blessing of God, we will work with our hands, and cultivate the earth, and we will build a house for ourselves, in order to be chargeable to no man."

"But," said the Count, "your scheme so far is impracticable. There is no soil to cultivate, neither is there wood in that country wherewith you can build."

"Then we will dig a hole in the ground, and live there," they answered. Von Pless was greatly charmed with the earnestness and simplicity of the men, and, feeling convinced that they were endowed with the first qualifications for the task they proposed to themselves, he warmly espoused their cause, obtained for them an interview with the King, set on foot a public subscription, to which he himself gave liberally, to equip them for their work, and assisted them in the purchase of materials for building, implements of husbandry, and other articles necessary for their new life and labour.

On the 10th of April, 1733, they sailed from Copenhagen, bearing with them a letter written by the king to Hans Egede, warmly commending the new missionaries to him, and, at the same time, announcing his intention to prosecute the evangelisation of Greenland with new vigour. After a voyage of six weeks, during which several gales and a terrible storm were encountered, the Brethren arrived at Ball's River, where they found Hans Egede and his noble wife, by whom they were warmly welcomed. Without loss of time, they set to work to build themselves a house, on a spot near the colony of Good Hope, and named their settlement New Herrnhut, to show that they were guided by the same spirit which ruled among the Brethren in Saxony.

But when this was done, they seemed to come to a standstill. They could not speak a word of Eskimo, and an unhappy difference had arisen between Egede and themselves, from no act of theirs, but consequent upon some letters which had been written to the Danish missionary, warning him against the Moravians as heretical in their doctrine. Egede called upon them to state their views in writing, and this widened the breach, as correspondence on disputed subjects too often does.

Before proceeding to show how the breach was healed, a few passages from one of the first letters written home by Matthew Stach may be given. He says: "What we sought for in this country we have found—that is, heathens who know not God, who care for nothing but catching seals, fish, and reindeer, and for that purpose are always moving about, living sometimes on the mainland, sometimes on one island and sometimes on another. We wish to tell these people that there is a God, a Saviour, a Holy Spirit; but we do not understand their language. We would visit them, but we do not know where they dwell. Their whole manner is so different from ours that we cannot even make them understand by signs. Thus, dear brethren, you see our situation in Greenland. It is in situations like these that we may say to ourselves, 'Lose thy way, but do not lose thy faith.' Yes, the way may be missed by us here, but we every day remember this word, 'Keep Thou our minds in peace.' . . . When we write next year, trim the torches of your faith, that the heat may warm us amid our ices."

There is no better remedy for the wounds inflicted in theological controversy than for the disputants to stand aside for a while from their debatable ground, and sally forth together on some work of mercy. This is what Hans Egede and the Moravians did, with

the result that they never again took up against each other what has so often proved to be "a carnal weapon"—the pen. It was while their controversy was at its height that small-pox broke out among the people, and spread with such rapidity, and was of so virulent a character, that it threatened to depopulate the whole country.* The poor victims, who had never before seen disease in this horrible form, were panic-stricken. They quenched their burning thirst with iced water; in their despair, many of them stabbed and drowned themselves; everywhere there resounded the cries of the dying, while the dead lay in the snow outside the huts, awaiting burial. How Hans Egede and his heroic wife laboured night and day for the sufferers, we have already told. Our Moravians were not one whit behind them in their self-denying zeal, although, being still ignorant of the language, they could not labour with the same effect.

There was no rivalry now, except who should do most to relieve the others and to minister to the dying. For nine months the plague raged, and the whole country around New Herrnhut became a desert. Then the Moravians fell ill with a scorbutic disorder which utterly prostrated them; but, happily, they were not all attacked at the same time, and were thus able to help one another, while Egede and his wife tended them with great care and loving-kindness.

At this time, Matthew Stach wrote home: "We are now in a school of faith, and our way is altogether in darkness. As yet, we see no signs of success among the heathen, nor can we perceive a trace of anything good among them. If we look to ourselves, we see nothing but misery within and without. We hardly know how to subsist in this country: nevertheless, we believe this is for the purifying of our souls, that we may be more strengthened for the service of the Lord. Our Lord Jesus will help us, as He helps all the wretched, and we would only be anxious about pleasing Him." And again: "We find not the bodily strength requisite to bear up in this land. Even our power to learn the language has fallen away; nothing but what grace has wrought abides with us; but here we will stay till Jesus helps us."

Help came in unexpected ways, as it usually does. Early in 1735, Matthew Stach had the gratification of welcoming his old friend and fellow-labourer Frederick Boehnisch, who, in spite of all the discouraging accounts that had been received, had never swerved for a moment in his desire to devote his life to the Greenland Mission. Accompanying him (for the Moravians, in their missionary work, generally followed the early example, and went forth "two and two") was John Beck, a few years older than Boehnisch and Stach, but full of ardour, and capable of any amount of self-sacrifice. It was later in life in his case than it had been with his colleagues, that he was brought to religious decision. When it became known that he was a follower of Christ, a charge of heresy was brought against him, and, for want of any better plea, the charge was based upon the fact that he no longer frequented the ale-house. "This is a strange thing, indeed," he replied. "When I lived as a heathen, no man minded; but now, as soon as I live like a Christian, you bring it against me as a crime." Nevertheless, he was brought to trial: evidence was adduced that, in addition to the first charge, he had been found at prayer-meetings, and had sought to take others there too, and he was convicted and thrust into prison. But John Beck was a man

* See page 71.

of mettle, and he thought that he could do better than waste the golden hours of his early manhood in a cell. He succeeded in getting out of his dungeon; he scaled the high walls of the prison-yard, and jumped, without injury, to the ground. Soon, however, he was missed, and bloodhounds were set upon his track; but he managed to escape his pursuers, and reached the colony of Herrnhut, in Lusatia, in safety.

Scarcely had he told his tale, than he witnessed a scene which took a strong hold of his imagination. It was the simple religious service in which Christian David and



MATTHEW STACH.

Matthew and Christian Stach were "set apart" for the Greenland Mission. He greatly admired the quiet heroism of those simple men, and longed that he might be some day counted worthy to join them. His wish was gratified. Both Stach and David had urged that he should be sent, and now the Greenland missionaries had the joy of counting him as a fellow-worker with them. Not long afterwards there arrived another important addition to the party—the widowed mother and the sisters of Matthew Stach—and by-and-bye their joy was full.

But there were dark days before this came to pass. In 1735, after the death of his wife, Hans Egede, worn out in mind and body, returned to Copenhagen; Paul Egede, his son, went north to superintend the Disco Mission; Christian David and Christian Stach had determined to return home as soon as possible. Thus the three

friends were left alone. What they were called upon to endure is as difficult to imagine as it is to describe. The natives shunned them and held them in aversion. "If the missionaries had not come to their land," they argued, "the Eskimo boy would never have gone to Copenhagen, and if he had not gone to Copenhagen they would never have had their houses and their land desolated by small-pox, therefore the missionaries were to blame for the introduction of that scourge."

In these circumstances, the relations between the missionaries and the natives were necessarily strained; and there was also another barrier to their intercourse which only time could overcome. This was the difficulty of language. Although the missionaries applied themselves to its study with all earnestness, they seemed to make anything but satisfactory progress. As a matter of fact, their education had been of the most limited nature; none of them had ever been instructed in grammar: the time that Egede was with them was short, and was interrupted by the constant demands of the sick and dying, and afterwards by the fatal illness of Mrs. Egede; and now the natives declined to give them any opportunity to practise conversation. They had, therefore, first to learn grammar, and this they could only do by mastering the Danish in which it was written, and the Latin definitions in which it abounded.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, they applied themselves with amazing diligence to acquire the language, and succeeded as far as words connected with the ordinary affairs of life were concerned. But when they sought to translate into this the figurative language of Scripture, its peculiar doctrines and its terms relating to experimental religion, they found they could not proceed; the language of the Greenlanders appeared to be destitute of words that could in any way express these ideas. It was not for some years that they were able to overcome this difficulty; and, as we shall find, success then resulted from the fact that when some of the natives embraced Christianity "they found words themselves to express the views and feelings of their hearts."

Those were weary years of waiting, and never did men persevere more nobly in spite of the worst discouragements. When the natives ceased to shun the missionaries, they commenced, and sustained for several years, a systematic course of annoyance. Everything the missionaries said, the natives turned into ridicule: everything they did, was made the subject of grotesque mimicry. They would apparently listen to their exhortations, and in the midst pretend to fall asleep; they would ask for hymns to be sung, and then drown them with drums or howling. Nor was this all. They pelted them with stones, besieged their huts and stole their manuscripts, broke their furniture, pilfered their food, and even attempted to spoil their boat (the gift of Egede), and drive it out to sea, in which case their last chance of subsistence would have gone. Nor were these annoyances merely practised for a little time, while their wrath lasted; they were systematically carried on for five long years, and were borne by the missionaries with unexampled patience, although, as Matthew Stach wrote, "My soul is often in a flame when they mock my God."

But there were other troubles they had to bear besides those brought upon them by the natives. On more than one occasion they were on the verge of starvation. Thus, in 1735, the supplies from Denmark failed, and they were reduced to the most

terrible straits, a barrel and a half of oatmeal being their only remaining provision for the ensuing year! They tried to catch seals and birds for themselves, but with little success, for there was a strange scarcity of fish and birds that year, and, moreover, the Greenlanders had damaged their boat so as to make it almost useless. Then they sought to buy of the natives, who had plenty, but they either asked exorbitant prices or refused to sell to them. Then they would row about in their rickety boat, vainly searching for food, until at last they were reduced to the necessity of living almost entirely on shell-fish, and raw seaweed, and such offal as the natives disdainfully threw to them. It was galling to them to know that the Greenlanders had more than ample provision, insomuch that at one meal the Brethren saw eleven seals devoured by them; but, although they entreated them to sell, the unfeeling monsters would not part with a single morsel.

One day, when it seemed that certain death was before them, the three friends got out their old boat, which was crusted with ice, and, despite the unsettled state of the weather, embarked on a voyage in search of food. As they neared the land they were making for, a squall came on, driving them back a couple of leagues, and drenching them in the breakers. They succeeded in getting on to an island, and there for four days, wet and hungry, they were obliged to remain until the stormy weather abated.

Again and again they were in the most extreme peril. Once, when they were in their boat, they became so exhausted that they could proceed no further, and tarried for the night in an uninhabited spot, where they lay down in a hole they had made in the snow; but even then they could not rest, for the drift closed them in, and they had to rise from their retreat, and to keep running to save themselves from being frozen. At another time they were driven by a contrary wind on to a desolate island, where they were forced to tarry for the night; but the ill wind blew them some good, for they chanced to spy an eagle on her nest, and shot her. To secure their prize they had to climb a steep and dangerous precipice; but they were so inured to hardships and perils that they took but little heed of this additional one.

At length their trials were greatly mitigated. A Greenlander, living forty leagues south of New Herrnhut, had somehow heard of the misfortunes of the Brethren, and was filled with compassion for them. He journeyed to them from time to time, bearing with him as much provision as he could afford to sell, and thus brought relief just when their strength was giving way.

A little later on (that is to say, in May, 1736), a gentleman in Holland, Mr. Le Long, anxious to make the experiment of sending stores to the missionaries from his own country, instead of *via* Denmark, despatched an ample stock of provisions, with the promise of more if the first arrived safely. His generous contribution, wholly unexpected, and arriving at a most critical time, seemed to the Brethren like a special interposition of Divine Providence. They thanked God, and took courage.

For five long years the missionaries persevered in their efforts to win the Greenlanders to Christianity and civilisation, but without success. It is difficult to conceive any position more trying than theirs. Not only had they to bear the horrible inclemency of that cruel climate—where the ice would sometimes fill the stove-pipe to

the fire, and where the outside of meat would be boiled before the inside could be pierced with a knife—but they had to contend against insufficient food, an unsuitable dwelling, and a constant and wearying opposition from the natives, as well as the



MEETING OF JOHN BECK AND KAYARNAK.

knowledge that in Europe, where the story of their trials had been told, they were branded as fanatics, or worse.

There were some mitigations, however, as there always are, even to the hardest lot. The first was when the mother of Matthew Stach arrived with her two daughters, Rosina and Anna. Very soon the huts of the missionaries, thanks to the aid of the women, began to look more home-like; and this increased as the years went on, for John Beck married Rosina Stach, and, in course of time, a little daughter was born to them. The Greenlanders, who could find no attraction in the story of the Gospel, took

great interest in watching the home-life of the missionaries; and when they saw the little German child making friends with their own children, and heard her lisping their language, their former coldness and rudeness of manner began to die away. Later on, as the little child grew, she showed great aptitude in learning the hymns which Beck and Boehnisch wrote for her in the Greenland tongue, and which she sang with remarkable sweetness. Then the Eskimo mothers wanted to hear their own children sing like her; and so it came to pass that they acquired, and learned to love, the simple Gospel hymns she taught them, although as yet there was no religious impression made upon their minds.

But a great and wonderful change was to come to pass, and proof abundant was



PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN BECK'S BIBLE.

to be given, that though the missionaries had toiled for five years without seeing any direct fruit for their pains, yet their labour had not been in vain. One day in 1738 as John Beck was sitting in his hut, busy translating the Gospels from his German Bible, his attention was arrested by the approach of a band of Greenlanders from the south part of the country. With characteristic inquisitiveness, they asked him what he was doing, and regarded it as nothing short of miraculous that words could be written on paper and made to speak. It was something quite novel for the missionary to excite interest of any kind in a Greenlanders; and as these strangers were evidently curious to know more, John Beck read to them from his manuscript. He read to them some of that "sweet story of old," which has a tenderness that can touch every heart. Then, in simple words, he told them of the love of God as manifested in the life of His Divine Son, and finally read to them the Gospel narrative of His sufferings and death. Then one of them, a man named Kayarnak, stepped up to the table, and anxiously looking into the face of Beck, said to him in an earnest manner, "How was that? Tell it me once more, for I too would be saved."

Those words thrilled John Beck to his very soul. For years he had toiled on in the

hope that some day he might hear such, but now he could "hardly believe them for joy." "Those words," he wrote, "kindled my soul into such an ardour, that I gave the Greenlanders an account of our Saviour's whole life and death, and of the counsel of God for our salvation, while tears ran down my cheeks." When Stach and Boehnisch, returning from some work abroad, entered the hut and saw John Beck surrounded by a group of strangers, who were drinking in his words, with their hands laid on their mouths, as was their custom when they heard strange and wonderful things, they were filled with surprise and joy, and joined their companion in telling more fully to the natives the way of life.

The impressions produced that day, were not evanescent. Kayarnak became a frequent visitor in the huts of the missionaries, who wrote: "When we speak to him, he is often so affected that the tears roll down his cheeks. He is, indeed, a very singular man. We cannot but wonder at him, when we consider that the Greenlanders in general are so extremely stupid, that they can comprehend almost nothing, except those things with which they are daily conversant. But this man scarcely hears a thing twice before he understands it, and retains it in his memory. He at the same time shows an uncommon attachment to us, and a constant desire for further instruction, a thing we never before observed in any Greenlander."

Kayarnak and about twenty of his company, remained throughout the winter with the missionaries at New Herrnhut, and rendered them very important service in their translation of the Gospels. On the following Easter Day, Kayarnak, his wife, and two children, were baptised in the presence of a large number of the natives. But with the return of spring, these southern Greenlanders, as well as those who lived nearer to the colony of New Herrnhut, had to start off on their long excursions in search of seals and whales, for "the sea is their corn-field and the seal-fishery their most plentiful harvest." The seal is, in fact, the Greenlander's staff of life. "His clothes, his food, the walls of his hut, the oil for his lamps, all come to him from the seal, and without the skin and the flesh of this one animal he would die of cold or starve of hunger."

The missionaries parted from the new converts with hope and fear. They were going into distant parts of the country, among their pagan fellows. If they remained firm and faithful to their convictions, they would carry the true light into many dark places; if they fell away into their old habits and beliefs, they would bring contempt upon the Great Master and His faithful followers. A year passed, and the missionaries were growing anxious, as they had not heard any news of Kayarnak. One day there was great rejoicing in the little colony of New Herrnhut, for Frederick Boehnisch had taken Anna Stach* to wife, and all the friends were making merry at the marriage feast, when unusual sounds were heard outside the house, and before they could rise to ascertain the cause, Kayarnak stood before them, bringing with him his brother and his family, to gain whom had been one of the causes of his long absence.

* Direct descendants of Anna Boehnisch have continued in Mission service without intermission down to the present day: a unique instance of members of one family throughout six generations—upwards of 150 years—being so engaged.

From that time forth a new era in the history of the Greenland Mission commenced. An earnest spirit of inquiry became manifest among the people, when they saw what effects had been produced upon their own countrymen, and, when they heard from their lips the teaching they had hitherto rejected, they no longer mocked and insulted the missionaries.

There was, however, one sorrow to overshadow their joy. Kayarnak had contracted an illness on his last fishing excursion, from which he never recovered, and at the end of a year, during which time he had borne the most consistent testimony to the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation," he entered into his rest. The following entry from the journal of the missionaries tells the simple and pathetic story of his end:—

"While we were addressing him, he grew so faint that he could neither hear nor see; but during a prayer which we offered up, he came to himself, and immediately joined us, in the midst of his acute pain, and with such fervour that we were all much amazed. When his family began to weep he said, 'Do not be grieved for me. Have you not heard that believers, when they die, go to our Saviour and partake of His eternal joy? If you are faithful to the end we shall see one another again before the throne of the Lamb.' As we were speaking to him of the goodness of the Lord, he breathed his last, having bowed his head upon his hands as if to sleep."

Kayarnak not only taught many things to his countrymen; he taught many things to the missionaries. They had, in their earlier ministrations, commenced to teach the natives about the Creation, the Fall, the Flood, the Dispersion, and so on; henceforth they determined to teach nothing save the simple Gospel. Formerly they had endeavoured to convince the Greenlanders by argument, while their conversational powers in the language were extremely limited.* They now worked harder than ever—seeing that they had full intercourse with the natives—to acquire a thorough mastery of the language, and very soon saw how equivocal some of their earlier teachings must have appeared.

Success followed success. The Greenlanders, who had been wont to stand aloof, or to oppose the Mission, now regularly attended the services, eagerly learned the hymns that were taught them, and never seemed to grow weary of the readings from the now completed Harmony of the Gospels which the Brethren had translated. Never was there a more marked and satisfactory change than in the demeanour of the natives, and the best proof of its reality was shown in its practical effects. Instead of treating foreigners with brutality, as formerly, they welcomed them: they begged forgiveness of those whom they had previously ill-treated: when they went away on their fishing excursions they adhered to their profession as when under the eyes of the missionaries, and carried with them to their pagan countrymen the lessons they had themselves received: they broke with the "Angekoks," and refused to hear their

* When they wished to convey the idea of "the Lamb of God," there were no words in the language that they could find to express it save "a young seal." No sheep or lambs had ever been seen in Greenland.

frivolous and ridiculous prophecies, or to tolerate their pretended witchcraft; in times of famine they shared their supplies with their brethren; they observed the most practical of Christian duties, which were utterly opposed to all their preconceived ideas. For example, they cared for the destitute and afflicted: the women nursed and suckled the infants deprived of their mothers, although there was nothing to which the Greenland females had so deep-rooted an aversion. Above all, they showed gratitude, a quality which it was hard to find a word in their language to express. It is recorded that at an early stage of their new life, a Greenlander said to his wife, "Hast thou no thought about giving our teachers something? They do so much for us. Make each of them a pair of shoes."



KAYARNAK.

(From an Oil Painting in the possession of the Moravian Missionary Society.)

Nor was proof wanting that the good seed sown by Hans Egede was springing up and bearing fruit. Some of the *Angekoks* who had opposed him now relented, and confessed that he had spoken words that they could not gainsay. One of them came to the missionaries and said, "For me, I might have learnt once; now I am too old to change, but here is my son, whom I have brought to you for instruction." And in many a lonely island and desolate region it was found that simple passages of the Word of God had been treasured in the memory of men and women, whose hearts were thereby made ready for the reception of a fuller knowledge.

When the news of this great change among the people became known to the Brethren in Lusatia, and to Hans Egede in Denmark, the rejoicing was very great, and

it took a practical form. Larger and more generous supplies were sent out, and, among them, the framework and boards for erecting a church, and material for the building of storehouses. In 1747, the first church in Greenland was erected, and there were usually not less than three hundred present at the ordinary services. Storehouses were built for keeping dried flesh and fish for times of scarcity; a school was opened for the education of the children; a singing-class was formed, at which Frederick Boehnisch "astonished the natives" by his accompaniments on the flute, an instrument

he played with great skill; and other improvements were made which exhibited the power of Christian civilisation. The very country, which once consisted of only bald rocks with streaks of sand, was brought under cultivation, and a neat and fruitful garden spread itself around the missionary house and chapel, and dreary wastes which had never before produced a blade of grass, were made to justify the name that Erik the Red-haired had given to the country—*Green-land*.



A SNOWSTORM IN GREENLAND.

Such was the outward appearance. Of the inner progress, the spiritual life of the people, one of the Brethren wrote:—"The Lord hath done more for us than we knew how to pray for. A stream of life is poured upon the people. They are so sensibly affected, at speaking or singing of the sufferings of Jesus, that tears of love and joy roll down their cheeks. If they chance to be from four to six leagues off almost all come to our meetings on Sunday. When the joyful message is carried to one of them that he is to be baptised, he has scarcely patience to await the happy

hour.* It is discernible in their countenances, that inwardly a greater change must have been wrought than can be conceived by us."

It must not be supposed that, because this great change had been brought about in the spiritual work of the missionaries, they henceforth settled down into a quiet and comfortable life. They had to endure as many trials, and to pass through perils as great or greater, than any they had hitherto encountered. Although, in a moral sense, "the desert was made to blossom as the rose," physically, the desert remained a desert still. Cold was as biting, famine was as imminent, storms were as prevalent as ever, and the experience of these hardships increased rather than lessened, for the Brethren felt it their duty to travel farther afield than heretofore, to carry to those at a distance a knowledge of the blessings that had been found at New Herrnhut. Thus we read that two of them went forth on one occasion for a distance of not more than six leagues, when they were overtaken by a terrific storm, and for eight days were detained on an uninhabited island, without any shelter whatever, and with nothing but shell-fish and raw seaweed for their food.

The winters of 1752 and 1753 were the worst that had ever been known in Greenland, and they brought famine with them in a terrible form. Not a kajak could stir in the waters; no birds were to be caught; to venture abroad was to court almost certain death. One poor fellow, anxious to do something to mitigate the horror of want, got into his kajak, intending to try and hunt, but he was carried away by the tempest, and three months afterwards was found half devoured by the ravens and foxes.

A comparatively recent traveller has described the nature of these tempests:—"In Greenland," he says, "the storms sometimes become so violent that they carry the spray from the water, like dust, into the air. The violence of the tempest is, however, not everywhere the same, there being localities protected by mountains, which deserve their Greenland appellation, signifying, 'places where there is no wind;' but, where there are deep lateral valleys, the storms come quite suddenly. When I was, on one occasion, near the entrance of a valley, a storm broke upon us in violent whirling blasts, like some ferocious beast springing on its prey. In such cases, the peril is much increased if the boat's crew lose their presence of mind, and particularly if their steersman does not understand how to guide the boat; and it may easily happen that a violent gust of wind seizes and overturns the boats, plunging those on board into the deep."

In addition to perils by land and water, perils of famine and cold, there were from time to time terrible epidemics that ravaged the country. A peculiarly hard winter, or a failure in the seal-fishery, almost always brought famine—in its train, and this would be followed by some serious outbreak of disease. Sometimes new diseases would be imported, as when the Eskimo boy, on his return from Copenhagen, brought small-pox with him, or, as in 1754, when some Dutch ships ran into Ball's River to avoid the ice, one of the ships had on board some men suffering from a contagious

* The Brethren were careful to hold back the people from baptism until they should have given good time-proved evidence of their steadfastness.

† Skin canoe for one person.

distemper, which spread among the people for at least fourteen leagues round the colony, and raged for more than three months. During that time fifty-seven of the Christian Greenlanders died; on one day four corpses—two brothers, their nephew, and a child—were laid together in the same grave, and scarcely a day passed without a funeral.

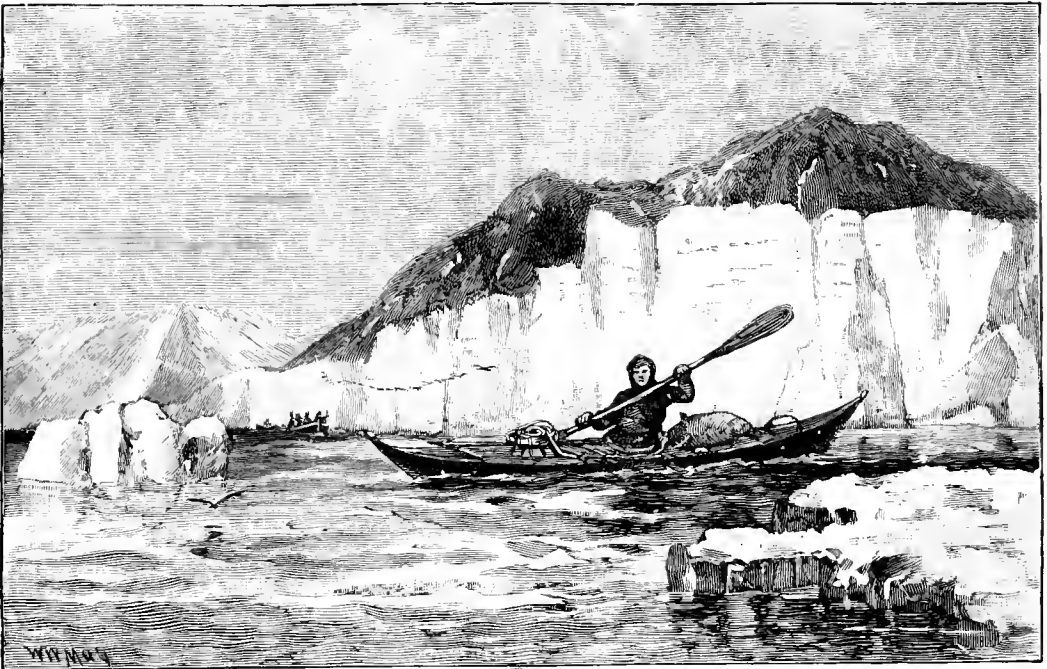
But these misfortunes had one good effect; they strengthened the hold of the missionaries upon the natives; they brought out the practical effects of their Christianity; they fostered patience and resignation to the will of God, and their faith enabled the poor people to face death—through fear of which, to a singular extent, they had been “all their lifetime subject to bondage”—with calmness and tranquillity.

It was a source of never-ending wonder and delight to the missionaries, to see how speedily and effectually the habits and feelings and sympathies of those, who were a short time before but brutish and degraded savages, developed. They followed the example of their teachers in tending the sick, in ministering to the afflicted, in rearing their children with tenderness and affection, in making their homes more habitable, and in striving to fulfil the command, “to do to others as they would that others should do to them.” A curious and interesting instance of this may be noted here. From time to time the Brethren received from the Moravian congregations in Europe, accounts of the wonderful work that was beginning among the heathen by means of their missions. The Greenlanders rejoiced to hear of their successes, were greatly interested in their strange adventures, and sympathised with their losses and discouragements. One day they heard an account of the destruction of the Indian settlement at Gnadenuettan, in Pennsylvania, by the savages, of the murder of most of the missionaries, and of the escape of the Christian Indians to the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, where they were in sore destitution. The intelligence greatly excited them. Many were moved to tears, and all were eager to do something for the sufferers. “I have a fine reindeer skin which I will give,” cried one: “I have a new pair of reindeer boots which I will send them,” said a second, “And I will send them a seal, that they may have something to eat and to burn,” said another, whose idea of the world was as of one vast Greenland.

From time to time one or other of the Brethren made a journey to the old country to tell of what was being done in Greenland, to hear of the labours of the Brethren in other lands, and to get a little rest from their incessant toil. Matthew Stach, whose health had suffered from his exhausting labours in Greenland, was resting thus for a while in Lusatia, when news came to him that the Brethren he had left behind were anxious to establish a second settlement, in response to the earnest wish of Greenlanders in the south. Although greatly needing rest, and lacking that bodily vigour which would enable him to bear the fatigue and exposure which embarking in such an undertaking would involve, no sooner did Matthew Stach learn that it was the wish and prayer of the Christian Greenlanders that he would become the leader in the movement, than he made preparations to return, and in May, 1758, accompanied by two other of the Brethren as his assistants, he set sail from Europe. Two months later, after visiting his old friends at New Herrhut, he sallied forth, with four of the Greenland families, in

quest of a site for the new settlement, and, on the anniversary of the day when, a quarter of a century before, he had first landed on those shores, he fixed upon a spot, and named it Lichtenfels, or Light of the Rock.

It was no easy work to build a house in Lichtenfels, for, although there was a harbour and abundance of fresh water, there was nothing around but bare rock; all the stones required had to be rolled from a distance, every grain of earth had to be carried in bags, and the sods collected from afar and brought in a boat; provisions, too, were scarce, and for two years the four families, consisting of thirty-four persons, suffered much from



A GREENLAND KAJAK OR "MAN-BOAT."

scarcity of food. Nevertheless, they persevered. At the end of two years, nine other families joined them; materials for a church, a dwelling-house, and storehouse were sent out from Europe; other missionaries came out to take part in the work, among them two sons of John Beck and one of Frederick Boehnisch—young men who inherited the piety and zeal of their fathers—and at the end of four years as much progress had been made as in fourteen years at New Herrnhut. As the years went on, other settlements were established. One, commenced in 1774, in the south of Greenland, about 400 miles from Lichtenfels, and within sight of Cape Farewell, was named Lichtenau, and here, in the course of a few years, a larger congregation was gathered than in either of the other settlements of the Brethren in Greenland.

We shall not tarry, however, to trace step by step the progress of these missions, but simply finish the personal history of the three friends, Matthew Stach, Frederick

Boehnisch, and John Beck, who, for thirty years, were spared to toil together hand to hand and heart to heart, and to see the fruit of their toil. "We three it was," wrote John Beck to Matthew Stach, "who made that solemn vow with one another wholly to follow our Lord in this land; to do all and bear all, as unto Him. He graciously accepted our desire to serve Him, and in His unspeakable condescension and mercy has crowned our work with blessing. He has kept His promise, though we often withstood Him. How many times we besought Him, weeping, to grant us even but *one* soul out of this nation. But He stayed not at *one*. Those congregations which we have seen grow up from the beginning, how far do they exceed all our early prayers, thoughts, and anticipations!"

It was only death that separated these heroic men, and Frederick Boehnisch was the first to be called to his rest. Three times he had visited Herrnhut, and, on the last occasion, had taken part in carrying the remains of Count Zinzendorf to the grave. In 1761 he returned to his old work in Greenland with love and zeal unabated, although his bodily strength was not as it had formerly been. His powers were tried to the utmost in 1762, when sickness was prevalent throughout the south of Greenland; and, feeling that the time was short for him to work, he went from island to island ministering to the sick and preaching the Gospel. One day he slipped upon a rock and fell heavily; that was the beginning of the end. For three weeks he lay ill, but his faith and hope grew brighter. "My Saviour often visits me," he said, "and will soon fetch me home." A few days later he sang one of the hymns he had often sung with his Greenland converts, and then, with the words "Now my Saviour has come for me," he "went home," in the twenty-ninth year of his ministry on those inclement shores.

John Beck was spared until 1777. He had never been so strong as Boehnisch and Stach, and for eighteen years had suffered from an incurable disease. This prevented him from travelling about as his companions had done, but it did not in any way interfere with the value of his work, for he left behind him the translation of the New Testament. When his last day came, his wife, clinging to the hope that he might yet be spared, spoke to him about the future. He turned to her with affection and said, "We have been many years together, and five-and-thirty years ago I seemed as near my end as now, yet the Lord spared me. But our time, you know, must soon come, and we shall meet again with Him." Then calling to his side one of the young missionaries, he breathed his last while in the very act of giving him a special charge to his flock.

Matthew Stach lived to the advanced age of seventy-six, and died in 1787. But he left Greenland before the death of his brother-in-law John Beck; not because his love had grown cold or his zeal for the good work had diminished, but because he had made a singularly unhappy marriage, and it was not for the good of the people that he should remain. This was the great trouble of his life, and he bore it heroically, without relinquishing his missionary work, although he had felt it expedient to change the sphere of it. To him the Greenland Mission owed even more than to his companions. It was he who, on six different occasions, journeyed to Europe to excite an interest in, and to raise funds for, the Mission; it was he who went far and near along the coast to carry

the Gospel to isolated groups of Eskimos; it was he who first urged upon the Brethren in Europe the necessity of a mission to Labrador; and it was he who, by his indomitable spirit, inspired so many others to do noble deeds. The last years of his life were spent in the backwoods of America, where, as teacher of a school for boys, he strove to kindle a missionary spirit in the young, and where, in age and infirmity and loneliness, he exhibited so sweet and chastened a spirit, that all who were round about him bore testimony to "the cheerfulness of his communion with his Saviour."

The story of Hans Egede, and of Boehmisch, Beck, and Stach, is the story of the Christianisation of Greenland by the Danes and the Moravians. The work that these brave men commenced was never allowed to drop, and is still carried on successfully. The trade of Greenland is now entirely in the hands of the Danish Government, and trade settlements are established from Cape Farewell up to 73° north latitude. Mission stations are scattered at intervals throughout the country, from the southern extremity to Upernavik, and there is not now one professed pagan in all Danish Greenland. The Moravians are confined entirely to South Greenland, while the Government Lutheran Missions are stationed through the whole extent of the west coast.

The Moravians, or, as they are universally called by the Danes, "the Herrnhutians," still prosecute their work as a labour of love only, and are content to remain very poor, and wholly dependent for their support on private contributions. They are not, as a rule, highly educated men, but there is an element of self-denial in their work which the Greenlanders greatly admire, and this may be regarded as a compensation. There is, however, an austerity in their presentation of Christianity, and in their religious discipline, which the Danes do not approve, and this has been one of the causes which have kept the two bodies of missionaries apart. It has been alleged, that insistence upon daily religious services has been incompatible with the necessary duties of life, and has tended to keep the Greenlanders who are under the care of the Moravians, in poorer circumstances than those under the Danes.

English travellers have from time to time visited these stations, and one of them writes of New Herrnhut as follows:—"We went into the school at New Herrnhut, and found about twenty children there, from four to sixteen years old. They read fluently their impossible-looking compound words, such as "Kasnerfigssakangitdlinnarnarysok." Fancy a row of the poorest-looking children, with bright, happy faces, and sharp, black eyes, reading a page or more of such words as these, almost without mistake, repeating together the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and singing hymns very beautifully, and you may have some idea of the toils and successes of the worthy people who count it their privilege to spend their lives among the Greenlanders." It was a special gratification to these visitors to "worship in the little chapel at Lichtenau, and see two hundred of the Eskimos sitting around the Lord's Table, partaking of the holy ordinance."

The Danish missionaries are, as a matter of fact, benefited ministers of the Lutheran Church, who have received their clerical appointments from the Government according to the grade in which they passed their examinations in the University of Copenhagen.

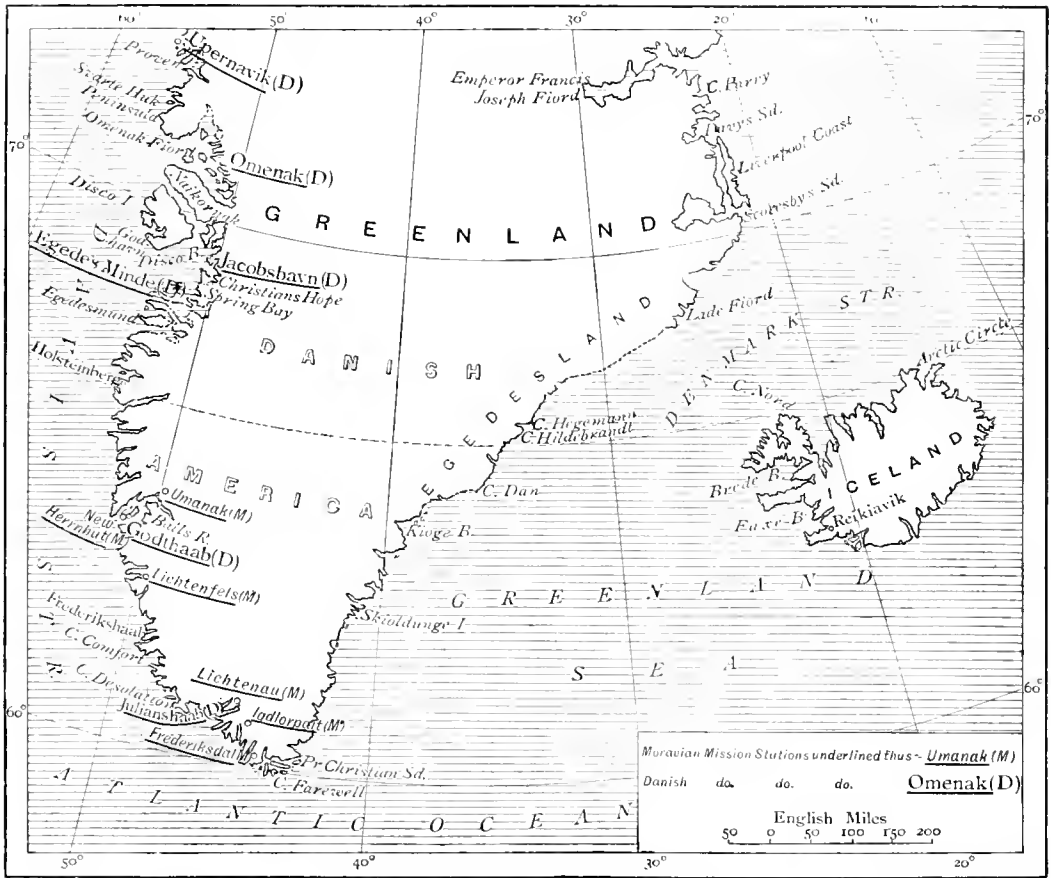
It is not, therefore, often that the brightest and most shining lights of the "Candidates in Theology" are sent to Greenland stations, although sometimes there have been men of mark among them. Otho Fabricius, for example, the learned author of a grammar and dictionary of the Eskimo language, and of the "Fauna Greenlandica," a model scientific treatise, was a Greenland missionary, though he died a professor in Copenhagen. The term of service is usually ten years, after which, on their return home, suitable employment is obtained for them by the Government, unless they elect, as is sometimes the case, to remain in Greenland.

The life of a Greenland missionary, or minister, is still a hard one, although luxurious in comparison with the lives of the missionaries a century ago. Native services are held every week, Danish services occasionally. Some of the parishes are 140 miles long; the visiting times are in the winter, when the Greenlanders are "at home," in consequence of the waters being frozen. The missionary has no carriage, or go-cart of any kind, but, instead, a dog and a sledge and a dog-driver. Sometimes he has to put up with great inconveniences, as did, for instance, the priest of Julianshaab, in South Greenland, who, when the wind began to blow from the south-west, found his house snowed up in the morning, and had to signal from an attic window for a squad of men to dig him out! Ample supplies are, however, sent out every year, from Denmark, of home and colonial produce, and there is no abject stint to the table; in every particular, a Greenland settlement is vastly superior in comfort and civilisation to what it was in the early days of Christian missions.

At Holsteinberg, one April day, not many years since, a traveller went on shore, as the sound of the church bell told that the time for service approached. "The little chapel, with its heaven-pointing turret," he says, "was buried on all sides in snow, the windows and doors being the only spots free from it: a deep pathway, with a four-feet bank of snow on either side, formed the approach to this House of God. . . . Groups of Eskimo men and women were walking quietly thither as I landed, and, when I reached it, it was almost full. Taking a seat close to the door, I felt a thrill of pleasure in worshipping God among these far-off children who also call Him Father. The minister, with his gown and frill, reminded me, by his dress and general appearance, of the pictures of Luther. As the organ began to sound, and the rich roll of the young voices swelled up to the rafters of the little sanctuary, a sympathetic chord was touched, and more than one English voice joined in the song of praise and thanksgiving. The pastor delivered a short address in Eskimo, and, after joining in a psalm, the little congregation dispersed. It did one good to hear the melody sung by the women and children, the men's voices giving solidity to the tune with their lower-octave notes. Of course, all sang in unison."

Since that was written, great improvements have been made. All the children in the settlements have been taught to sing, and many of them to play instruments; so that now, in not a few of the places of worship, harmonious singing may be heard, quite equal to that of many an English country church.

At each settlement in Danish Greenland, there is, in addition to the pastor, a school-master, who is employed by Government to give the young Eskimos the rudiments of a good general education. The amount of information possessed by these children has



MISSIONARY MAP OF GREENLAND.

Walker & Lothallsc.

surprised many an English visitor, and not less so, the pertinacity with which they put questions to draw out information from others. All the children of South Greenland can read and write, and have the elements of such an education as is given in ordinary English village schools. They are sharp, shrewd, and intelligent, ingenious in the manufacture of their own implements for hunting and fishing; they take a singular interest in, and have a practical and scientific knowledge of, the flora and fauna of their own country; and they excel in tale-telling. In most of the schools, natives are specially instructed as teachers and missionaries, and are sent to the outlying hunting and fishing posts of the Eskimos, to instruct them in their leisure hours, the salaries of these catechists being paid by the Government.

Such is the startling contrast between the Greenlanders of to-day and the Greenlanders described in the narratives of the Egedes, Saabye, and Crantz. There is, however, one melancholy aspect of the condition of the modern Greenlanders. In 1721, when Egede first went among them, he estimated that there were not fewer than 30,000 people in the country; in 1863, when a census was taken, the whole native

population of Danish Greenland was only 9,491, of whom more than one-half were of mixed blood; and since then they have materially decreased. From time to time epidemics break out among them, and sweep away vast numbers of the population. Thus, in the winter of 1866-7, as the result of an exceptionally cold season, nearly a fourth of the people to the north of New Herrnhut died of hunger and of the epidemic that followed in its train.



MODERN GREENLAND CHILDREN.

Some years ago an analysis was made of the causes of 4,770 deaths, and the following are some of the entries:—

Lost in their kajaks	415
Died of coughs and influenza	622
Fell from the cliffs	19
Drowned in various ways	59
Died of consumption	230

It may be that the Greenlander is destined for centuries still to hold his own in his desperate fight for life against the forces which surround him; but he can never become anything more than he is, and a series of hard winters might sweep him away from the nations of men, and leave his land to its ice and snow and darkness and death.

III.—CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE SCHMIDT, THE APOSTLE OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

Early Trials and Persecutions of Schmidt—The Dutch Colony of Cape Town—Its Political Vicissitudes—Indifference of the Dutch to the Welfare of the Natives—Schmidt's Early Preaching—Character and Personal Appearance of the Hottentots—Indignation of the Boers at Schmidt's Labours—His Return to Europe, and Death—Second Moravian Mission to the Hottentots—Renewed Opposition of the Boers—Final Success of the Mission under British Supremacy—Difficulties from Wild Animals—Spread of Moravian Missions in South Africa.

IN July, 1737, a solitary man, poor and uneducated, landed in Table Bay. There was nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the commonplace immigrants who from time to time came out from Holland to join the settlers at the Cape. No flourish of trumpets announced his arrival; no wealthy or influential society stood at his back with funds; no clerical garb marked him as a man set apart for a great mission; no deputation came to welcome him. A stranger in a strange land, George Schmidt landed in South Africa alone, and almost penniless. Had the motley crowd, gathered at the port, been told that he had come there with the fixed purpose of making South Africa a conquest of the Cross, there was not a man, woman, or child who would not have joined in a shout of derisive laughter, and have treated him forthwith as a lunatic. But George Schmidt had heard, as he believed, the voice of God speaking to his soul, and bidding him go forth to that distant part of the world to preach the Gospel, and he had obeyed the summons.

It had come about in this manner. In the previous year the earnest and devoted Count Zinzendorf, the great leader of the Moravian congregation, paid a visit to Holland, and, while there, was brought into contact with Christian men, who spoke to him of the importance of sending missionaries to the colonies belonging to the Dutch Government. At that time the Moravians were but a little flock; their congregation consisted for the most part of poor despised exiles, and numbered only about six hundred souls, and yet upon them *alone* in Christendom—at that time—had fallen the missionary spirit, and they had already sent forth pioneers to Greenland, to the West Indies, and to the American continent. On his return to Herrnhut, Zinzendorf received a letter from two pious gentlemen residing in Amsterdam, again urging the commencement of a mission to the Hottentots. The request came as a distinct call to action, and George Schmidt was the man selected for the hazardous post.

Although only twenty-seven years of age, Schmidt had already passed through fiery trials and persecutions for the Gospels sake. He was born at Kunewalde, in Moravia, and at the age of sixteen was "awakened," to use the expressive phrase of the Brethren. Three years afterwards he went on a journey with Melehor Nitschmann, one of the first elders of the congregation, to visit the scattered Brethren, who were at that time suffering great persecution. While in Bohemia they were seized and cast into prison, on the charge



LANGUAGE MAP
of
AFRICA

English Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100
Scale: 1:46,500,000

- The Languages of Africa and Madagascar divided into Families or Groups
- Semitic Family
 - Hamitic Group
 - Nuba-Fulah
 - Negro
 - Bantu Family
 - Hottentot-Bushman Group
 - Malay Family (Malagasy)

European Languages, as French in Algeria & English in Cape Colony not included.
From the Language Map of Africa, prepared by E. G. Ravenstein, to accompany Modern Languages of Africa by Robert Needham Cust

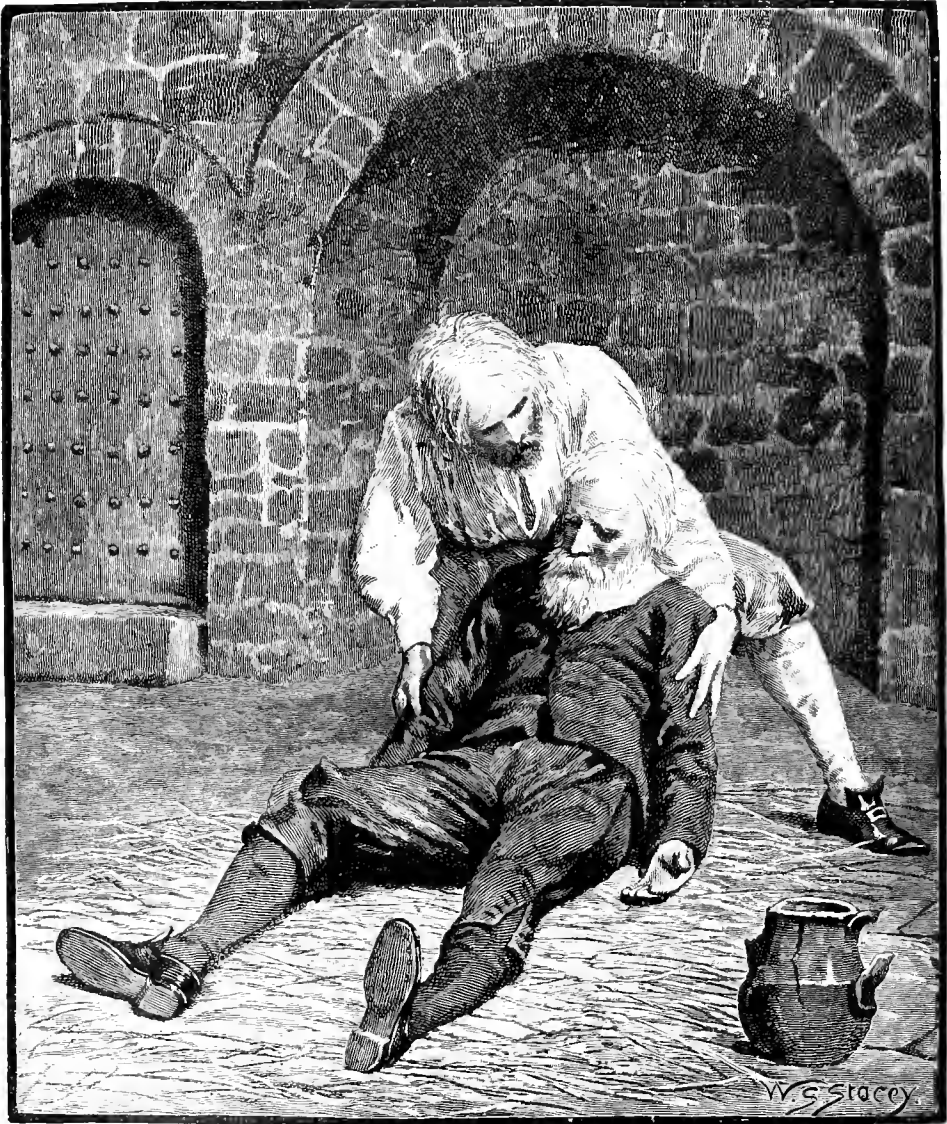
of attempting to make proselytes. The two men were taken to Schildberg, and confined in separate cells, their feet being placed in the stocks. Months rolled away, and a bitterly cold winter came. No provision was made for heating the damp cells, and Schmidt was brought to the point of death. But his persecutors, thinking that he was feigning illness, or, as he was unable to take food, was seeking to starve himself, removed him to another cell, warmer but without light. One night, as he lay there slowly recovering, his old friend and companion in tribulation, Melehior Nitschmann, was carried into his cell, and the irons were removed, as the man was in a dying condition. For four days he lingered, and then came a night when Schmidt, supporting him in his arms, asked him how he felt.

“I have hold of my Saviour,” answered the brave old man. “He does not leave me, nor I Him;” and then the head bowed down upon his breast, and his work on earth was done.

The next episode in Schmidt’s imprisonment was being marched in fetters through the town to be confronted with his accusers, the emissaries of the Pope, by whom sentence of excommunication was passed upon him. For six long years George Schmidt was a prisoner in irons, at the end of which time he found favour with an officer who, on his own responsibility, granted him release, and in 1734 he returned to Hermhut. But henceforth he could say with St. Paul, “I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus,” for his long confinement in the stocks during the frozen season had done a permanent injury to his feet.

Within a year Schmidt was again engaged upon the identical work that had cost him his freedom; but eighteen months had barely passed before the letter came from Amsterdam urging a mission to South Africa, and Schmidt was the man selected for the dangerous and difficult post. Seven days after its receipt he was on his way to Holland, and there he remained for a whole year, earning his bread as a day labourer, till a passage to the Cape could be secured. Such had been the history of the man who stood alone, that day in 1737, in the port of Table Bay: behind him a life of cruel torture; before him unknown difficulties and dangers; and at the time then present the sneers, scorn, and ridicule of almost every one with whom he came into contact in the colony.

Before proceeding to tell how Schmidt set to work amongst the Hottentots, we must briefly record how it had come to pass that the country had been opened up to foreigners. We need not tell of the discovery of Southern Africa by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese navigator, who flourished towards the end of the fifteenth century; nor how, when he passed the Cape, he proposed to call it the Cape of Storms, a name which King John II. of Portugal altered to that of the Cape of Good Hope; nor how Vasco de Gama, landing on the coast one Christmas Day a few years later, appropriately named the place Natal; nor how, in 1620, Shillinge and Fitz-Herbert took possession of the Cape in the name of James I. of England. Neither James I. nor John II. of Portugal was, however, the real possessor of the country, and it was reserved for the Dutch to become the first European settlers in Southern Africa. The event came about, as some would say, by accident. In 1648, a vessel belonging to the Dutch East India Company was driven ashore at Table Bay, where the crew remained several months waiting to be taken



DEATH OF MELCHIOR NITSCHMANN. (See p. 99.)

off by another ship. On their return to Amsterdam they represented to the Company the "services, advantages, and profit" which would arise from a permanent occupation, and in 1651 the Company, with the approval of the Dutch Government, despatched three vessels under the command of Van Riebeck. With characteristic caution, he carefully reconnoitred the coast before landing, to see that no hostile ship was already in possession, and having satisfied himself that there was no cause for apprehension on this ground, the anchors were let go, and the crews ventured ashore. No difficulty was made by the natives, who were won over by presents of toys, beads, tobacco, and brandy, and an agreement was entered into by which possession of a certain amount

of territory was ceded to the new-comers. But it was an unhappy beginning of the intercourse between the Dutch and the Hottentots that the latter were bribed by presents of ardent spirits, and that men who were nominally Christian should have encouraged them to drink intoxicants, which have proved so injurious to the physical and moral welfare of the natives of South Africa.

From the days of Van Riebeck to the occupation of Cape Town by the British in 1795, the Dutch extended their territory and their influence in South Africa. Fresh immigrants arrived from Holland, many of whom trekked up the country and occupied the more fertile districts as farmers; but only a small portion of the land was cultivated, and even at the present time not more than a hundredth part of the entire colony has been brought under the plough. In 1688, a large number of French Protestants, driven from their old homes by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled at the Cape, and contributed to the prosperity of the country. For some years the Dutch allowed them religious toleration, for there was little difference in the theological opinions of the French and Dutch colonists; but after a time the Dutch East India Company shut up the French church, and compelled the congregation to worship in the established churches. No theological creed other than that of the rulers was allowed to be taught, and no attempt to Christianise the native population would have been permitted. With our modern views, we may be inclined to censure this conduct; but we must remember that our own East India Company took the same course in India, and threw every obstacle in the way of missionaries anxious to devote themselves to the conversion of the teeming millions in that country. The Dutch settlers at the Cape were willing enough to trade with the natives, and usually succeeded in getting the best of the bargain, but they cared nothing for their moral well-being or their spiritual interests. Here, as in Europe,

"The great fault of the Dutch
Was in giving too little and asking too much."

George Schmidt was the first Protestant Christian who had made any attempt whatever to evangelise the Hottentots. When he went on shore, and saw for the first time these "images of God carved in ebony," his heart beat with a wild enthusiasm, which was increased when he found that some of those to whom he addressed a passing word could already reply to him in Dutch. Assured that in regard to language he could approach the natives, it mattered not to him that the people in the inn, where he sought a night's lodging, mocked "the parson" who had come to convert the Hottentots, or that before him lay perils and persecutions; he was strong in faith and of a good courage. Within ten days he was addressing the natives at the port in Dutch, and a few months only had passed before one of them, named Afriko, who could speak that language fluently, and had cast in his lot with the missionary, was acting as interpreter to Schmidt, who began to carry the message of the Gospel to the natives in the interior.

A strange and wonderful people were these Hottentots, and at Bavian's Kloof, about a hundred and twenty miles from Cape Town, where Schmidt settled, naming the place

Gnadenthal (the Vale of Grace), he had ample opportunity of studying their characteristics. Some of them were employed by the Dutch, and had been found capable of useful service, but the majority were wild, dirty, and degraded. They had scarcely any religious beliefs, though they followed many superstitious practices, resorted to witchcraft, and feared an evil spirit, whom they endeavoured to propitiate by sacrifice. At the time of the full moon they observed certain ceremonies—dancing, shouting, and singing in the fields for their own diversion. They exposed to the beasts of prey such of their newborn children as they did not wish to bring up, but children who were to be allowed to live were smeared all over with cow-dung immediately after birth, and then named by their mothers, frequently after favourite animals, as Hacqua (horse), Ghondie (sheep), Guacha (ass), or even Gamman (lion). Polygamy was common, but the men did not look for fortunes or great alliances, so much as for wit, beauty, or an agreeable disposition, and thus a poor man's daughter, possessing these qualifications, might become the wife of the head man of a kraal, or village, or of the chief of a tribe.

The Hottentots, and, indeed, most of the natives of Southern Africa, were great meat-eaters. Their cooking was peculiar, not to say disgusting. They cut up the carcases of the animals they killed for food into steaks, and the steaks into strips two or three yards long, which were laid on a fire of logs and just warmed through. Then each person took one of the strips in both hands, and without removing the ashes which adhered to it, consumed a yard or two of meat. When hunger was thus appeased, they cleaned (?) their hands by rubbing them over their well-greased bodies, and as they wore but little clothing, their after-dinner appearance was not prepossessing, and contact with them was by no means agreeable. Van Riebeeck has described in his journal how a suit of his best clothes was entirely spoiled by a party of friendly Hottentots, who insisted upon embracing him just after they had dined.

They were accustomed, before the arrival of the Dutch, to intoxicate themselves with a preparation of the dacha-plant, which has the effect of exciting to frenzy and then of stupefying those who use it; they had also another intoxicant made of honey and certain roots. But the Dutch gave them brandy, and, having once tasted it, they preferred that spirit to their own preparations, and soon learnt to distil it for themselves, or, if they could not manage to do this, they endeavoured to obtain it from the Dutch, who unfortunately were only too ready to give it in payment of wages, or in exchange for animals or services rendered.

The personal appearance of the Hottentots did not atone for their unpleasant habits. Angular faces, small eyes, flat noses, high cheek-bones, and pouting lips are not beautiful in themselves, and, when combined, do not approach the European idea of comeliness. Gibbon, after reading a description of them, concluded that they formed an intermediate link between men and monkeys, and the Dutch too often treated them as if they were animals rather than men. But missionary experience has proved that the Hottentots can be taught the truths of Christianity, and many of them have bravely endured persecution rather than give up their allegiance to the faith they have accepted and believed.

Such were the people among whom Schmidt laboured. Although he was single-

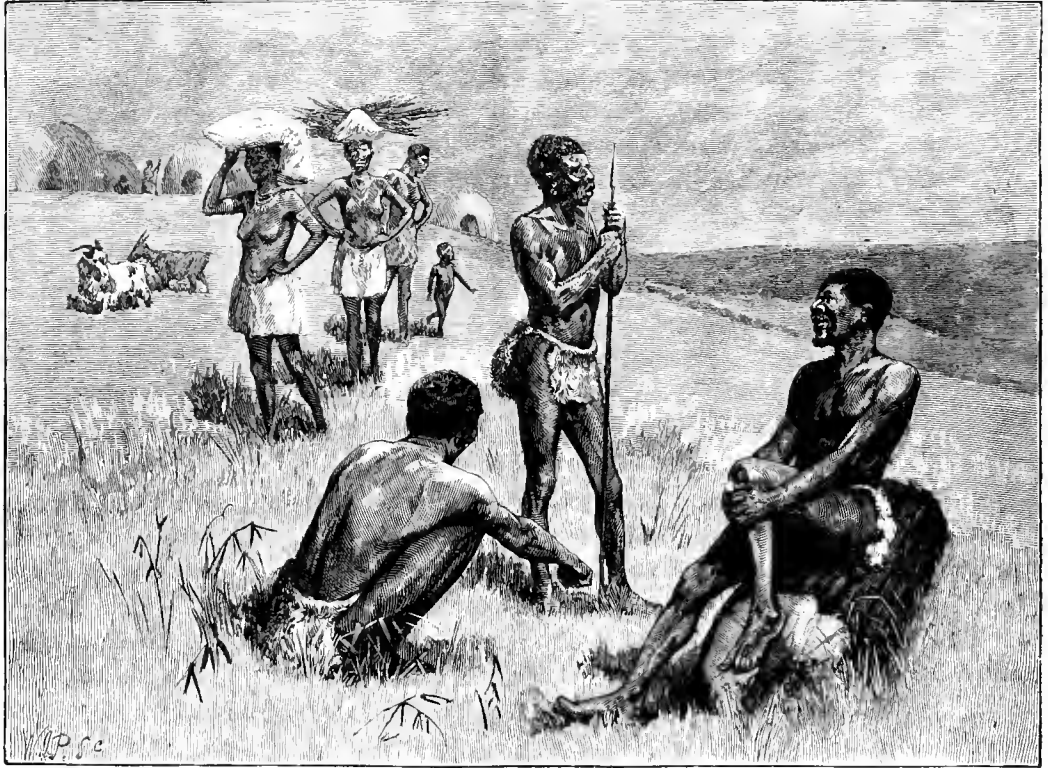
handed, he set diligently to work to make the best of his circumstances, building a house and planting a garden with the assistance of some of the natives. At first only a few came to him, and these he taught Dutch, as he had given up all hope of being able to acquire the Hottentot language. In his diary he was able to write: "By degrees the people came to me in greater numbers, and some left me their children to be taught to read Dutch, giving me a cow or two along with them, to supply them with milk. The number who attended the school and meetings varied from thirty to fifty. In the latter, Afriko, Kibbodo, and William bore a pleasing testimony to my doctrine, acknowledging that they were slaves of sin, and needed the Saviour's blood to free them from its power. On my asking William, on one of these occasions, about the state of his mind, he declared—'Though all my friends should leave our Saviour, I will not, for He has the words of eternal life. I am not yet what I ought to be, but I will pray to the Lord, and abide with Him, till I truly experience the merits of His death within my heart.'"

Very solitary was Schmidt's life in his hut at Bavian's Kloof, but after he had been there over a year, his joy was great to receive a visit from David Nitschmann and Dr. Eller, two of the Brethren who were on their way to Ceylon, and who tarried with him for a week or two. They brought with them a letter from Count Zinzendorf, in which, among many other kind and inspiring things he wrote to Schmidt, was the following: "Preserve, dear brother, the precious treasure which has been committed to you. Let our Jesus be your all. Labour to convince the Hottentots that they are sinners, and then bring them to His feet to seek for mercy. Oh! could I open my whole heart to you, and fill you with my burning desire after these souls—but I know that you have it already."

A year or two later, the work meantime having gone slowly but steadily forward, Schmidt wrote to Mr. Isaac Le Long, of Amsterdam—he who had previously come to the rescue of the Greenland pioneer missionaries—"You will see from my diary that I have baptised five Hottentots. . . . As to my circumstances here, you may represent me as one who has four years already been keeping solitary watch for his Lord without being relieved, and who has vowed fidelity to Him to the last drop of his blood. He knows that I desire naught but Him, and that I count not my life dear unto myself. I want no rest for myself so long as my feet will carry me, but gladly leave my resting-place to the end of my warfare. If I fall in the battle, so be it."

When it became known that Schmidt was baptising the Hottentots, it produced a great sensation, and kindled the wrath of the clergy, who wrote an angry letter to the Consistory in Amsterdam regarding his right to administer the Sacraments. To these clergy the faithful missionary was a perpetual reproach. They sided with the Boers, who did not look upon the mission as likely to advance their own interests, and opposed it on the pretext that the conversion of the Hottentots would be prejudicial to the welfare of the colony. They could not understand why any one should take an interest in the salvation of natives, of whom they were accustomed to speak as black wares, or black beasts, and to treat as mere articles of commerce. Nor did the clergy regard them in any better light: and while upon one church door there was posted up the notice,

“Hottentots and dogs are forbidden to enter.” * all looked upon the man, whose one aim in life was to preach the Gospel to them, as a visionary and a madman. So persistent and bitter was the opposition, that at length Schmidt found it quite impossible to continue his work unaided, and resolved to return to Europe for help. In 1744, after six years of painful toil, he bade farewell to the scene of his labours, and to the forty-seven



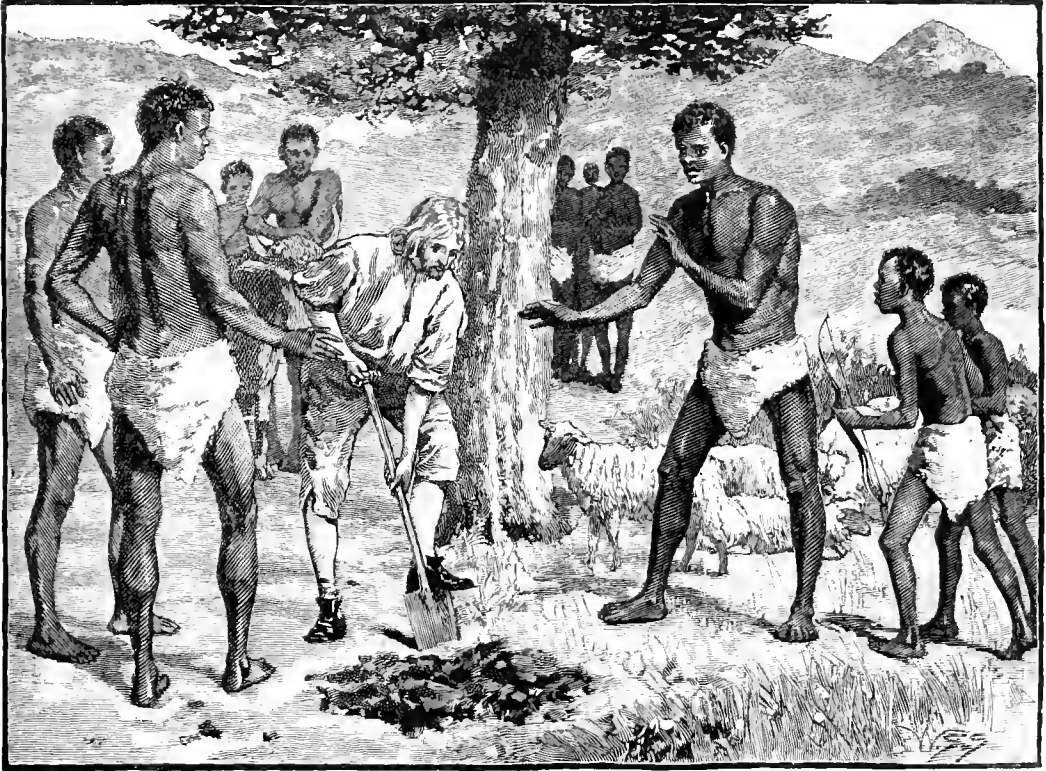
HOTTENTOTS.

Hottentots who at that time were under his care, and set sail for Amsterdam. He hoped soon to return to the work he loved so well, when negotiations should have cleared the way for missionary operations on a larger scale: but the hope was in vain. The Boers made such representations to the Dutch East India Company that, although repeated applications were made to the Government in Holland, none of the petitions availed. Schmidt never returned to Africa, and the small flock of converts, after keeping together for a time in the hope that their teacher would come back to them, gradually dispersed or died.

Schmidt meanwhile went back to the work he had given up in order to go to Africa, and did good service among the “awakened” in Silesia, on the Bohemian and Moravian frontiers, and ultimately filled various offices at Herrnhut, during the whole of which time he continued his humble calling as a day-labourer, so that he might not be a

* Philip's Researches, I. 58.

burden on the slender funds of the congregation. He lived to the age of seventy-six, but during the latter years of his life, his bodily infirmities, especially the pain and weakness in his feet—the consequence of his long imprisonment at Schildberg and Spielberg—became more and more burdensome. One day, in 1785, the old man was working in his garden, when the hour of prayer, allotted to him as a member of the



SCHMIDT TEACHING THE HOTTENTOTS AGRICULTURE.

(Altered from a Painting belonging to the Moravian Missionary Society.)

company of "intercessors," came round. He left his work, entered the house, and knelt in prayer. Who can doubt that his intercessions were for the ignorant, despised Hottentots—that light might shine upon their darkness, and that seeds, which he had sown in years gone by, might yet bring forth fruit? No one, however, knows what those prayers were. All we know is that when, some hours after he had left the garden, one of the Brethren entered his room, he found him kneeling with his hands clasped in prayer; but the spirit of the hero-missionary had gone home to God.

The Moravians made repeated applications to the Company for permission to send out more missionaries to South Africa, but for a long period their applications were so firmly refused that it seemed as if the conversion of the Hottentots must be for ever abandoned. In the year 1787, some of the Brethren happened to call at the Cape on

their way home from India, and met there an old Hottentot woman, who told them she was one of Schmidt's converts, and produced a Bible he had given her in support of her assertion.

At length the Dutch East India Company yielded to the constant solicitations of the Moravians, and in July, 1792, three Brethren, named Hendriek Marsveld, Daniel Schwinn, and John Kuehnel, were sent to the Cape. Once more Bavian's Kloof became the Vale of Grace. Traces of Schmidt's labours were still extant: some of the trees he had planted were yet growing, and a piece of the wall he built was standing. With the assistance of the Hottentots, the Brethren began to put up a house, but the Boers interfered and renewed their old policy of obstruction. The Hottentots had brought cattle into the neighbourhood, and it was represented to the authorities at Cape Town that the cattle trespassed and damaged the property of the farmers. The authorities were on the point of taking action, which would have resulted in the withdrawal of the missionaries, when a gentleman who had visited Gnadenthal interposed, and satisfied the Governor that the complaints which had reached him were unfounded, and the building was allowed to go on.

But the Boers still opposed the work, and told the Brethren that they should not live in the country and instruct the Hottentots, as it was not right to teach them when so many Christian inhabitants of the country were without instruction. The missionaries thought it best not to notice these injunctions, and proceeded with their work. The Boers then took up arms, and for many weeks an attack appeared imminent. At length a message was received from their commander, one Pissain, that the settlement must be abandoned without delay, but that the missionaries might go to Cape Town, or to some other part of the country inhabited by the Dutch. There was now no alternative but to comply: the missionaries packed up their property, and made their way sorrowfully to the capital.

Bavian's Kloof was thus abandoned for the second time, and the Brethren feared that once more their mission to the Hottentots would have to be given up. They informed the Governor of all that had befallen them, and he was not a little annoyed at the conduct of the Boers, but he could not quarrel with Pissain, since his help was sorely needed to repel a British force which had recently landed in the colony. Meantime the Brethren were directed to return to their station, and soon afterwards the surrender of the colony to the British authorities put an end for a time to their troubles. In the following year, however, another attack was threatened, but the British commander promptly interfered, and informed the Boers that they would be severely punished if they did not desist.

Gradually the opposition of the Boers died out, and the mission prospered. The settlement at Gnadenthal was often visited by travellers from Cape Town, who testified to the great improvement in the character and habits of the Hottentot converts. One traveller, who had arrived late on Saturday night and had camped out in the neighbourhood of the mission-station, was awakened the next day by the singing of a morning hymn by a group of neatly dressed Hottentot women—a sight very different from anything he had previously seen amongst that people. He conversed with the Brethren, whom he described as "the good fathers," and found them meek and humble

in their deportment, but intelligent and lively in conversation; zealous in the cause of their mission, yet free from bigotry or fanaticism. Everything about the place was neat and simple, including the church. The mill was the best in the colony, and the garden was well cultivated. Agreeably to the rules of the Society of which they were members, each of them had learned some useful business; one was skilled in every branch of smith's work, the second was a shoemaker, and the third a tailor. They had succeeded in bringing together more than six hundred Hottentots, who lived in small but comfortable huts, each of which had its garden. These Hottentots had learned various handicrafts, many were able to earn good wages as smiths, carpenters, or in similar employment; and their services were eagerly sought by the Boers, who found that natives under the influence of the missionaries were better behaved and more trustworthy than their own Hottentot servants. The Moravians had certainly succeeded in overcoming opposition, and when the colony was given up to the Dutch in 1802, in accordance with the conditions of the Treaty of Amiens, the missions were not interfered with, and the missionaries were allowed to continue their useful and beneficent labours. The Dutch did not, however, retain permanent possession of the territory they had recovered, which was taken a second time, in 1806, by the forces of Great Britain, under the command of Sir David Baird, and has belonged to this country ever since.

Two years after the second British occupation, the Moravians formed another settlement at Gruenekloof, about forty miles from Cape Town. Here, too, they experienced more of those troubles which ever accompany and beset the missionary. The slaves in the neighbourhood rose against their masters, whom they seized and imprisoned, and threatened to kill, and it was even alleged that they proposed to march upon Cape Town, burn the houses, and put to death all the white inhabitants, but Lord Caledon, the Governor, lost no time in putting down the rebellion, and for a while peace was restored to the colonists.

Another difficulty arose from the wild animals, more numerous here than at Gnadenthal. When the Dutch first took possession of the Cape, lions, hyenas, and jackals were common in the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Town itself—then, of course, but a small place—and Lion's Hill, which overlooks the city, derives its name from the presence of those animals in not very remote times. A curious story, illustrating at once the boldness and the timidity of the lion, is told of a trumpeter, who having drunk himself into a state of stupidity, fell asleep outside the fort at Cape Town, and was picked up by a prowling lion and carried off towards the mountain, much as a cat would carry away a mouse. The shaking he received had a sobering and an awakening effect upon the man, who on coming to his senses realised his terrible position. His presence of mind did not desert him in his extremity, and raising his trumpet to his lips—for his arms were free—he sounded a loud and thrilling note, which so alarmed the lion that he dropped his prey, and made off. The trumpeter was more frightened than hurt, and returned as quickly as he could to the fort, resolving never again to allow himself to be overcome by drink.

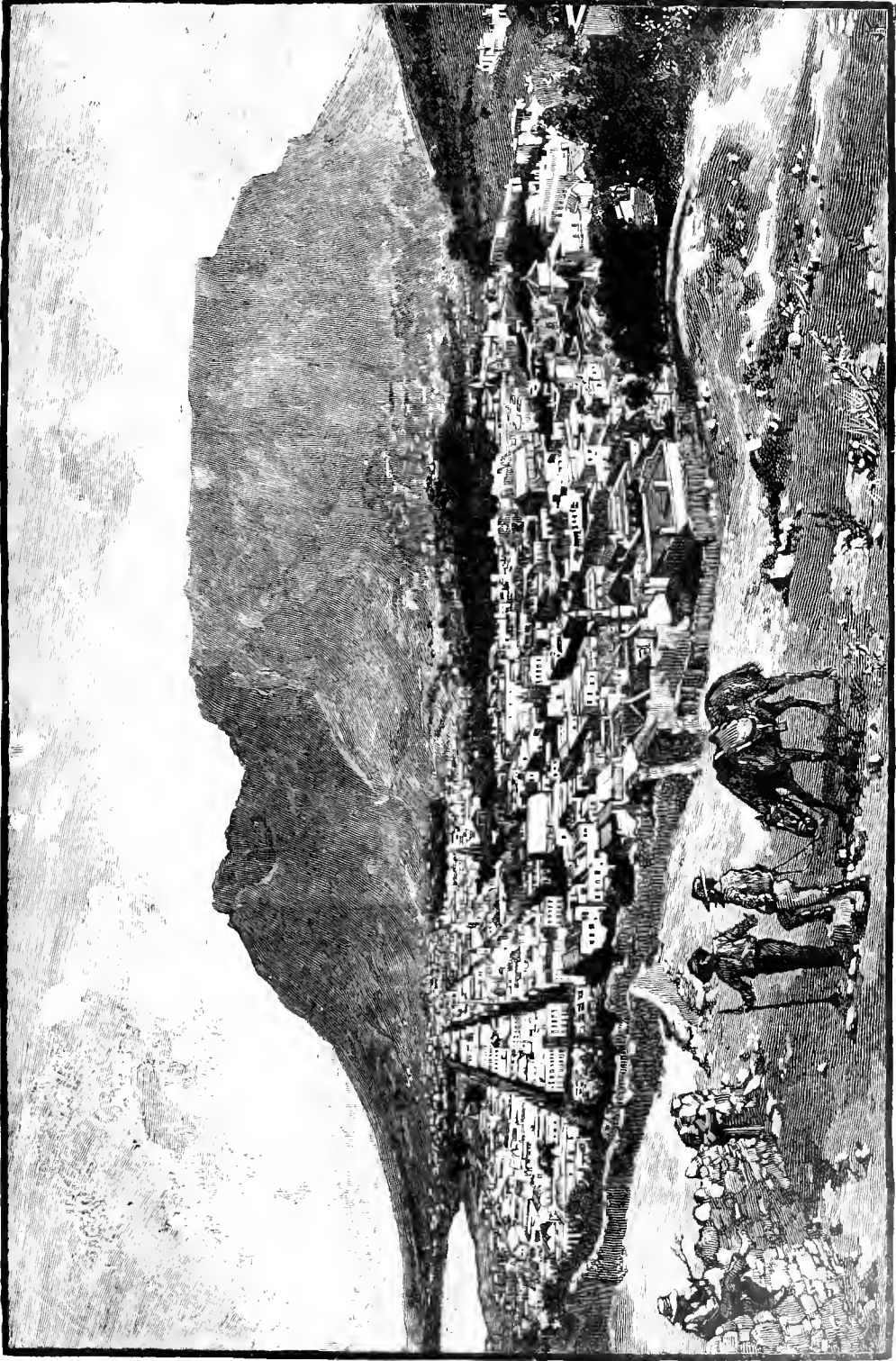
At Gruenekloof the wolves were very numerous, and would boldly enter the enclosed

yard of the station, carrying off sheep and other animals, and it was in an attempt to destroy the wolves that the missionary Schmitt was attacked by a leopard as has been stated in the introduction to this volume.* He was bitten in eight places, and it was feared that the violent inflammation arising from the wounds would prove fatal; but medical aid was obtained from Cape Town, and the patient, having been bled, in accordance with the practice of the time, slowly recovered, and was spared for many years to take an active part in the work of the mission.

Gradually the Moravians established new stations in different parts of the colony, conducting them after the methods which had been so successful at Gnadenhal and Gruenekloof. The Government assisted them by making free grants of land, which they soon broke up for cultivation, turning the wilderness into a fruitful field. They gave the settlements Scriptural names, and two of the new stations were known as Enon and Elim, but the designations were not quite so appropriate as they had hoped. At times the water at Enon was too abundant, and the floods wrought much damage, destroying the crops and drowning the live stock; then a long drought succeeded; the cattle suffered from want of water, and the gardens and fields were burnt up by the continuous sunshine. The missionaries, however, bravely and patiently endured these misfortunes, and industriously repaired, as far as possible, the damage caused by the flood and the drought.

They had also to endure inconvenience, and sometimes personal suffering, in the numerous petty wars carried on by the British forces against the native tribes; and a further and even heavier trouble arose from the behaviour of many of their converts, who frequently relapsed into their old habits, and by drunkenness and immorality brought disgrace upon themselves and their teachers. Many of the Hottentots were willing enough to be baptised, and eagerly sought to be admitted into the churches formed by the missionaries, not for the sake of evangelical truth, but in order to learn a trade and to advance their own interests. The Moravians exercised every possible care before baptising those who offered themselves, and used every endeavour to prevent themselves from being imposed upon, but they were not always successful. Yet, in spite of all the difficulties and drawbacks with which they had to contend, their work grew and prospered, so that in 1852—sixty years after Marsveld, Schwinn, and Kuehnel arrived at Cape Town—the number of communicants at the six stations was 1,883, and their congregations exceeded five thousand men, women, and children.

* See p. 20.



CAPE TOWN, LION'S HILL, AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

IN KAFFRARIA, GRIQUALAND, AND NAMAQUALAND.

Bereavement and Conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp—His Mission to the Kaffirs under the London Missionary Society—He also Suffers from the Hostility of the Boers—Obliged to Abandon Kaffraria and Labour amongst the Hottentots—Final Success and Death—The London Missionary Society send out Mr. Campbell—His Tour of Inspection—Visits Bethelsdorp—His Journey in the Wilds of Griqualand—The Bnshmen—Lattakoo and King Mateebe—Trying to Change the Ethiopian's Skin—Commencement of Wesleyan Missions—Mr. and Mrs. Shaw—Teaching the Natives the Use of Tools—A Plough equal to Ten Wives—Namaqualand—The Work at Lily Fountain—Murder of Mr. Threlfall and his Companions—Abandonment for the present of Namaqualand.

ONE day in June, towards the end of the last century, a little boat was sailing on the Meuse, near Dort. It was a bright and beautiful afternoon, and sea and sky and space were flooded with sunshine. There were three occupants of the boat, a lady and gentleman and their child. Gaily sped the fragile craft, and merry was the talk of the father and mother, as they drew forth the lisping utterances of their little one. So light-hearted were they all, that they did not observe the darkening of the sky, and when they did, no thought of danger entered their minds, until at length they were conscious of the approach of a waterspout. Suddenly it overtook them; the boat was upset; the lady and the little child were drowned before the eyes of the man, who struggled with almost superhuman energy to save them; he alone escaped, as by miracle.

That man was Dr. John Vanderkemp, the first missionary to the Kaffirs. The loss of his wife and child made house, home, and life desolate. Hitherto he had not known the consolations of the Gospel; sceptical opinions from the works of French philosophers had been the tasteless fare upon which his soul had fed; but in his trouble he turned to the simple Gospel of Christ, and there he found peace.

All this happened in the beginning of stirring times. It will be remembered that towards the end of the last century, and following upon the Evangelical revival brought about by the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley, English men and women began to take an active interest in the condition of the heathen world, and to ask themselves whether they were not guilty of serious neglect in refraining from an endeavour to preach to the peoples who were sitting in darkness the truths they had themselves received and believed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts had existed nearly a hundred years, but had done little to evangelise the heathen. In other countries missionary societies had been established, and their example was now followed by England.

The London Missionary Society was founded in 1795, and in 1798 an address of the Society fell into the hands of Dr. Vanderkemp. He determined to become a missionary, and placed himself at once in communication with the Directors of the Society, who forthwith sent him to the Cape of Good Hope. He was in many respects a remarkable man. After studying in the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh, he entered the Dutch army, in which he served as an officer sixteen years, and then left the service on account of some personal misunderstanding with the Prince of Orange,

whose friendship he had at one time enjoyed. He then proceeded to Edinburgh, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and established himself as a physician at Middleburgh in Holland, where he obtained a large practice, employing his leisure in literary and scientific studies. Here it was that he lost his wife and child. In December, 1798, he sailed to South Africa, accompanied by Mr. Kiecherer, a Dutch clergyman, and by two Englishmen, Messrs. Edwards and Edmonds, who all intended to devote themselves to work amongst the Kaffirs.

On their arrival at Cape Town they learnt, however, that the Bushmen were inquiring for teachers, and Messrs. Kiecherer and Edwards accordingly went to them. Vanderkemp adhered to his original intention, and having received from General Dundas, the Colonial Governor, promises of protection and countenance, set out as soon as possible for Kaffirland. The journey was not without risk, for the recent occupation of the colony by the British was very unwelcome to the Dutch inhabitants, and there was much bitterness of feeling between the Hottentots, (who relied upon British protection), and their former masters. The uncertainty as to the continued occupation of the colony by the British was also a disturbing element in colonial life. Vanderkemp was asked by some Dutch farmers, settled in the Zuurveld district, to instruct the Hottentots there; but he would not give up his cherished object, and proceeded to Kaffirland, where, after some negotiations, he obtained leave from Gaika, one of the chiefs, to settle in the country. He built a temporary dwelling, planted a garden, sowed a little corn, and commenced to teach such persons as came to him for instruction. These were but few, and the mission made no progress. One of the chief hindrances to success was the hostility of the Dutch farmers, who made every effort to prejudice the Kaffirs against the missionary, and were so far successful that Vanderkemp found it expedient to withdraw, after having been in the country about eighteen months.

He returned to the Zuurveld, and found that two missionaries, recently arrived from England, had begun to instruct the Hottentots and slaves, a work in which they were encouraged by the District Commissioner. Vanderkemp joined them, and their labours were successful, but this success again brought upon them the hostility of the Boers, who objected to slaves and Hottentots being taught in the church, and complained that the natives were abetted in attacking the colonists. They took up arms, and—on the Commissioner sending to ascertain their demands—they asked that the slaves and Hottentots should be excluded from the church, and that it should be thoroughly purified, the seats cleaned, and the pavement broken up. The request was not unreasonable, if we remember, on the one hand the passion of the Dutch for cleanliness and whitewash, and on the other the filthy habits of the natives; and the Commissioner wisely gave way. But when he was further asked to give up to the farmers those Hottentots who had, it was alleged, murdered their relatives, he refused, promising only that any natives accused of crime should be tried by ordinary process of law. Vanderkemp used his influence to induce the insurgent farmers to accept the Commissioner's terms, and after some delay they agreed to do so.

Although Vanderkemp had been obliged to retire from Kaffirland, he had not given up all hope of labouring in that country, and he now made a second attempt to settle

there, but finding that, in the then existing circumstances, it would be impossible to do anything, he once more returned to his former quarters in the Zuurveld, and resumed his work. Here he again incurred the hostility of the Boers, who impudently alleged that he had gone into Kafirland to stir up the chief Gaika against them, and they proceeded to attack and completely surrounded the village of Graaf-Reynet, in which he and other missionaries were living. The Boers tried to shoot Vanderkemp, but he happily escaped, and, as soon as some soldiers came to the assistance of the besieged, the assailants sullenly retired.

Shortly after this attempt to take his life, Vanderkemp received from General Dundas a communication asking him to take charge of an institution for the Hottentots, to be established in such a position as would be most suitable, and on land to be given by the Government, and further requesting his views as to the principles on which such an institution should be founded. To this communication Vanderkemp sent a carefully drawn up reply, in which, after indicating a situation for the proposed settlement, he declared, "That the chief object and aim of the missionaries ought to be to promote the knowledge of Christ and the practice of real piety, both by instruction and example, among the Hottentots and other heathen." No attempt was to be made to counteract the labours of the Moravians or other missionaries; idleness was to be discouraged, and those who joined the proposed institution were to be employed in useful work, on the principle of the rule laid down by St. Paul, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

These proposals were accepted by the Governor: Botha's Plain, near Algoa Bay, was selected as the site of the institution, and the missionaries took possession in March, 1802. At first they had some trouble in obtaining water for drinking and other domestic purposes, but they sank wells and found an abundant supply. The Governor promised to send them provisions for the first year, and it was hoped that they would afterwards be able to provide for themselves, but these hopes were doomed to be disappointed. The site chosen for the missionaries was, indeed, most unfortunate, owing to the breaking out of hostilities between the Boers and the native population. Governor Dundas wished Vanderkemp and his colleagues to retire from their post, especially as the proposed institution was obnoxious to the Boers, who alleged that the missionaries encouraged the plundering Hottentots, and permitted their houses to be a refuge for thieves and murderers. But the missionaries were unwilling to give up their settlement, which they continued to hold until the return of the Dutch on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens.

The Boers cherished the hope that as soon as the new Governor arrived from Holland, the English missionaries would be sent out of the colony. On his arrival they proposed that all the Hottentots should be reduced to slavery, and failing to obtain his assent to this proposition, they suggested that a mission conducted by Englishmen and directed from England was likely to be dangerous to the Dutch Government. Vanderkemp was able to convince Governor Janssens of the absurdity of this suggestion, but, in order to propitiate the Boers, he agreed that the missionaries should communicate with their own society in London through the Dutch society in Amsterdam.

The Governor offered a new site for the institution, and this, too, the missionaries accepted, though it was obviously selected without regard to the convenience of themselves or the Hottentots. Vanderkemp was asked to name the place, the Governor expressing a hope that he would not give it a name chosen from the Bible. The missionary suggested "Bethelsdorp," and the Governor, whose knowledge of the Old



DR. VANDERKEMP

Testament was but limited, accepted the proposal. When he afterwards discovered the source from which the name had been taken, he good-humouredly acknowledged that he had been fairly outwitted.

A year or two after Bethelsdorp was founded, a Dutch officer named De Wint paid a visit of inspection. Vanderkemp came to meet him, riding in a waggon drawn by four oxen, and sitting on a plank laid across it. He wore no hat or shirt, but was dressed in a threadbare black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with leather sandals bound to his feet after the fashion of the Hottentots. Instead of the usual salutation he offered a short prayer, and then entered a house with the Commissary, who reminded him that they had known each other thirty-six years before at Leyden, in Holland. The Commissary was very favourably impressed by Vanderkemp's religious ardour, self-denial, learning and enthusiasm, and made a favourable report of his inspection to the Colonial Governor.

On more than one occasion Vanderkemp directed the attention of the authorities to the treatment experienced by the Hottentots at the hands of the Boers, and inquiries were made by the local authorities, but nothing was done to remedy the evils complained of, the Government being either unable or unwilling to interpose. These complaints so exasperated the Boers, that one of them actually went to Cape Town to ask permission to shoot the missionary. Of course permission was refused, and the Governor severely reprimanded his visitor, enforcing his reprimand by asking with grim humour if he had noticed the gallows at the entrance to the town? Vanderkemp continued to protect the Hottentots by every means in his power, though the Boers repeatedly complained of his conduct to the Dutch Governors, and, after the British authorities had resumed possession of the colony, to the Governors sent out from England. On several occasions he was called to Cape Town to answer the charges brought against him, and at one time, fearing he would not be allowed to return to Bethelsdorp, he made arrangements for transferring his work to others. But his enemies were not permitted to triumph, and he continued at his post, befriending the natives and protecting them, as far as lay in his power, until the end of his life.

On a December morning in the year 1811, after he had conducted family worship, he was taken ill and became partly unconscious. A friend inquired of him, "What is the state of your mind?" and he was just able to murmur, "All is well." Again he was asked, "Is it light or dark with you?" "Light," was his reply. It was his last word, but the light illuminated for him the dark valley into which he was entering.

The death of Dr. Vanderkemp having deprived the London Missionary Society of the founder of their missions in South Africa, the Directors decided that it was desirable to send out one of their own number "to personally inspect the different settlements, and to establish such regulations in concurrence with the missionaries, as might be most conducive to the conversion of the heathen, keeping in view at the same time the promotion of their civilisation." John Campbell, minister of Kingsland Chapel, near London—whose name has been given to a street opposite the present Kingsland Chapel, and to a little town in Griqualand West, not far from the Hart River—was selected for this honourable but difficult task, and he left London for the Cape in June, 1812. The voyage was prosperous until the vessel was within a day's sail of Cape Town, when she encountered heavy gales, and was twice driven far out to sea, but on the 24th of October she safely arrived at her destination, and Mr. Campbell was welcomed to South Africa by two missionaries, Kicherer of Graaf-Reynet and Bakker of Stellenbosch, who subsequently advised him to defer his intended journey into the interior until the heat of summer had somewhat abated. The advice was accepted; but in the meantime, not to be idle, Mr. Campbell obtained from the authorities a formal licence to preach, and took part in religious services as he could find opportunity.

There were in those days about thirty thousand slaves in the colony, and he took considerable trouble in inquiring as to the conditions of their servitude and the treatment they received from their masters. Many of them were Mahommedans, and a few professed Christianity, but the majority knew little of any religious teaching. Their

lot was, however, easier than that of the slaves in the West Indies and in America: they were for the most part employed as domestic servants, were well fed and clothed, and seemed attached to their owners. Churches had been built for them, and occasionally white men and slaves formed one congregation. Slavery had originally been introduced into the colony by the Dutch, and for many years was tolerated by the English Government, though any attempt to introduce fresh slaves was sternly forbidden, and it was totally abolished in 1835.

It was Mr. Campbell's intention to visit all the missionary stations in the colony connected with his own Society, and to find out suitable places for new settlements. With these objects in view he proposed to travel over two thousand miles, and to penetrate districts which no European had ever visited—no light task for a middle-aged minister, long accustomed to the comforts and refinements of an English home. Before commencing this long journey, he went out to pay a visit to the Moravian settlement at Gruenekloof, where he met Mr. Schmitt, the hero of the encounter with the leopard already narrated, and was introduced to the Hottentot who was with Schmitt at the time.* The natives at the station were clean, tidy, and decently dressed; their houses were neatly kept; they appeared attached to their teachers, and took part in religious worship with intelligent interest.

He also visited the Moravian settlement at Gnadenthal, and was present at a watch-night service on New Year's Eve, to which people travelled from long distances. These services—which have been adopted by the Methodists and other religious bodies—are of Moravian origin, but were more uncommon three-quarters of a century ago than in the present day; and Mr. Campbell appreciated the solemnity of the occasion, and the silence in which the large congregation of white and coloured worshippers awaited the arrival of the New Year. He was altogether favourably impressed by the work the Moravians had accomplished—by the contrast between the Hottentots who had been brought under their influence and those who were still in their original condition, ignorant of the true God, depraved by vice (too often learnt from the Dutch), dirty, neglected, and indolent. The changes he observed at Gruenekloof and Gnadenthal encouraged him to look hopefully to the future, and to go forward on his journey with the expectation of being able to carry out the objects he had in view, and to make ready the way for the missionaries who were to be sent out to attack the ignorance and misery prevalent amongst the native tribes of South Africa.

In February, 1813, he started for Betheldorp, a journey of five hundred miles, the party consisting of himself, four Hottentot men—one of whom, named Cupido, was a convert, able and willing to speak to his fellow-countrymen—and two women, also Hottentots, to cook and wash. They travelled in two waggons drawn by oxen, with spare oxen for use in emergencies, along a route which led through an unsettled and difficult country, in which they had to ford the Garritz and Gantoors Rivers, and to cross several mountain ranges. The journey took four weeks to accomplish, but did not present such serious difficulties as Mr. Campbell experienced in his subsequent travels.

He was greatly disappointed with the appearance of Betheldorp, with its mean

* See p. 20.

houses, barren soil, and generally neglected and untidy condition—a sad contrast to the Moravian settlements he had previously seen. Yet, in spite of appearances, some progress had been made, and Bethelsdorp could boast of smiths, carpenters, waggon-builders, basket-makers, brickmakers, and even of tobacco-pipe makers and an auctioneer, amongst its six hundred Hottentot inhabitants. There were a few Kaffirs in the district, but they had not come under the influence of the missionaries; most of them were lawless plunderers of the Dutch farmers, and often added to their thievish propensities the crime of murder. There had already been war between these people and the English, which had its origin in a quarrel between a Dutch farmer



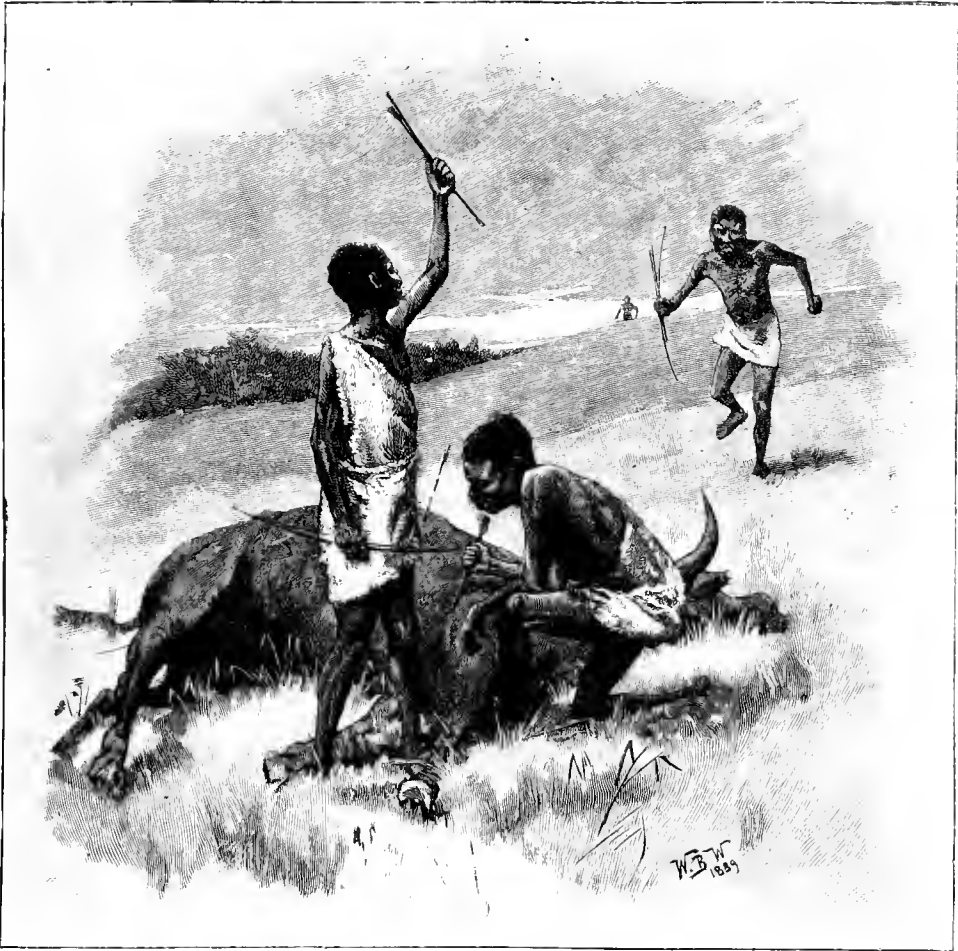
A SCENE IN MR. CAMPBELL'S JOURNEY. (See p. 118.)

and a Kaffir chief, and this unfortunate affair proved to be the beginning of a long series of wars with the native tribes of South Africa, in which our forces, though ultimately successful, have met with disasters and reverses, and many precious lives have been wasted.

From Bethelsdorp, Campbell visited the Dutch farms in the surrounding district, and made the acquaintance of several English officers in command of the Hottentot troops stationed at various outposts to prevent Kaffir incursions and attacks. Some of these outposts were little better than lodges in the wilderness, and the officers were very glad to receive a visitor who had so recently arrived from their native land, whilst their advice and experience were of great value to him. At Graham's Town, now an important place, with seven thousand inhabitants, but then only a small village, the officer in command furnished him with introductions to the officers of the military stations he would pass on his journey, and made some valuable suggestions as to sites for the missionary settlements it was intended to establish.

Meanwhile, preparations for the long journey were being made at Bethelsdorp, and the services of the carpenters, smiths, and waggon-builders were requisitioned for the expedition, which was a somewhat formidable business, as Campbell proposed to

penetrate into districts hitherto untrodden by the foot of a white man. At last everything was ready, and with Mr. Read, one of the Betheldorp missionaries, as a companion, and attended by several Hottentots, in addition to Cupido and three others who had accompanied him from Cape Town, he set off for Graaf-Reynet—now a place



BOSJESMANS OR BUSHMEN.

of some importance and the chief town of the district bearing the same name. This journey, which occupied eight days, was accomplished without much trouble, and the travellers were received by Mr. Kiekerer, who had been for some time in charge of the mission there, and had gathered together a large congregation.

The travellers were now to commence the real difficulties of their journey, intending to cross what was then known as the Wild Bushman's Country, in order to reach the Orange River. Many of these Bushmen—who were a nomadic people, perhaps even lower in the scale of human beings than the Hottentots—had been wantonly killed by the Boers, and the survivors were bitterly hostile to white men, and

although Mr. Campbell was bent on a peaceful errand, it was only right to take every precaution against a sudden attack. The Bushmen are now dying out, at all events in Cape Colony and the adjacent districts; but early in the present century they occupied, or wandered over, a large portion of South Africa on the northern boundaries of the colony, and beyond these boundaries to the banks of the Orange River, but they were cut off from the Atlantic by the Hottentots and from the Indian Ocean by the Kaffirs. Happily the travellers, except on one occasion, suffered no inconvenience from the Bushmen, and, indeed, found some of them tractable and willing to help; one young man serving as a guide to the caravan for several days, and making himself particularly useful in finding water in places where it would probably have escaped the observation of Englishmen and Hottentots.

The want of water for themselves and their cattle was a sore trouble at times, as they could carry but a small quantity, which merely sufficed for the consumption of the men, so that the oxen suffered seriously. In addition to these troubles, there was danger from the attacks of lions and the bites of poisonous snakes; but, providentially, none of these anticipated perils befell any of the party, though they killed several snakes and saw a large number of lions, which generally were more willing to run away than to fight. Indeed, on one occasion, when some of the Hottentots were out hunting elands, in order to obtain a supply of meat, and came suddenly upon a number of lions bent on the same errand, the men and the lions fled from each other simultaneously—elks, lions, and men making off as fast as they could in different directions.

On the evening of the first day after the travellers had crossed the boundaries of the colony, some of their escort brought in three young Bushmen, whom they had chanced to meet. These men were mild enough, and when it was explained to them that the missionaries had come a long distance, and were anxious to send them teachers, they appeared glad to hear it. Their father was living in a cave not far away, and they were sent off with some provisions for him, and asked to bring him to the caravan in the morning. The men kept their word, and reappeared just as the missionaries were holding morning service, with the old man and a woman, the wife of one of them, who carried a child of ten months on her back. They looked on with some surprise, but when the Hottentots prostrated themselves on the ground during prayer they followed the example, and behaved in a very devout manner. A looking-glass was produced, and they were astonished to see themselves reflected in it, making strange grimaces in order to fully satisfy themselves, and the woman turning her child round as if to make assurance doubly sure. She was very dirty, and Mr. Campbell advised her to wash, but she shook her head, and the Hottentots explained that the Bushmen thought dirt upon their skin kept them warm and comfortable, and only cleaned themselves by wiping off the perspiration with jackal tails, which they usually carried for the purpose. The men and the woman wore sheepskins, but the child was quite naked, except that round its little body there were a few strings of berries interspersed with round pieces of ostrich egg.

In traversing Bushman's Land a new and unexpected danger presented itself in the pits dug by the natives as traps for wild animals, and the waggons had several narrow escapes. These pits were about six feet deep, with a strong stake driven into the bottom, point upwards, the mouth of the pit being covered with bushes, and the bushes strewn over with grass. Much inconvenience was also caused by two troublesome plants—a grass, producing small seeds which adhered to the clothes, and gradually worked through and irritated the skin; and a shrub with thorns in the shape of fish-hooks, which caught and detained those who came too close, and was known as the “stop-a-while” bush. But these were only minor troubles, though an irritation of the skin and torn clothes are sources of annoyance.

After many days the Orange River was reached, and found to be a swift stream as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, and quite impassable for waggons. It was necessary therefore to follow the southern bank for some days in an easterly direction to discover a ford, and two messengers were in the meanwhile sent off with a letter to Mr. Anderson, the missionary at Klaar Water, or Griqua Town, in Griqualand West, on the north of the river, asking him to send additional oxen to help the caravan through the river at the first practicable crossing-place. Mr. Anderson came to welcome his brethren, who had also secured the assistance of a party of Bushmen under a chief who spoke a little Dutch and had at one time lived at Griqua Town, but had left in order to marry two wives, polygamy not being allowed at the station. With all this aid the caravan got safely over, but it was a long and anxious business. The luggage was packed as high up in the waggons as possible, in order to keep it dry; additional oxen were then fastened to the waggons, and men on horseback or on oxen rode on either side to prevent the draught oxen from turning round; the loose oxen, the sheep, and the goats, brought as supplies of food, were driven over by men swimming on pieces of timber called wooden horses; and the dogs, although very unwilling to make the attempt, at last came over by themselves.

Griqua Town was reached the next day, and the travellers remained for a little time at the station, Messrs. Campbell and Read taking part in the service and in a celebration of the Lord's Supper; English, Scotch, Dutch, Hottentots, and Griquas being present. Mr. Campbell preached one day to a Coranna congregation, his sermon being translated by Mr. Anderson into Dutch, and by a Dutchman named Cok into the Coranna tongue, a long and somewhat tedious process, as it was necessary to employ twice as many Coranna as Dutch or English words. The Corannas were a branch of the Hottentot family, and at that time chiefly occupied a district on the south of the Orange River, and north-east of Bushman's Land. They were said to be even more indolent than the Hottentots of the Cape, and their huts were of the most primitive description, being constructed of branches of trees covered with rush mats, with entrances so small as to be only practicable by crawling on all-fours. Yet, degraded and uncivilised as these people were in their wild state, some of them had been brought under Christian influences, and Mr. Campbell's sermon was listened to attentively.

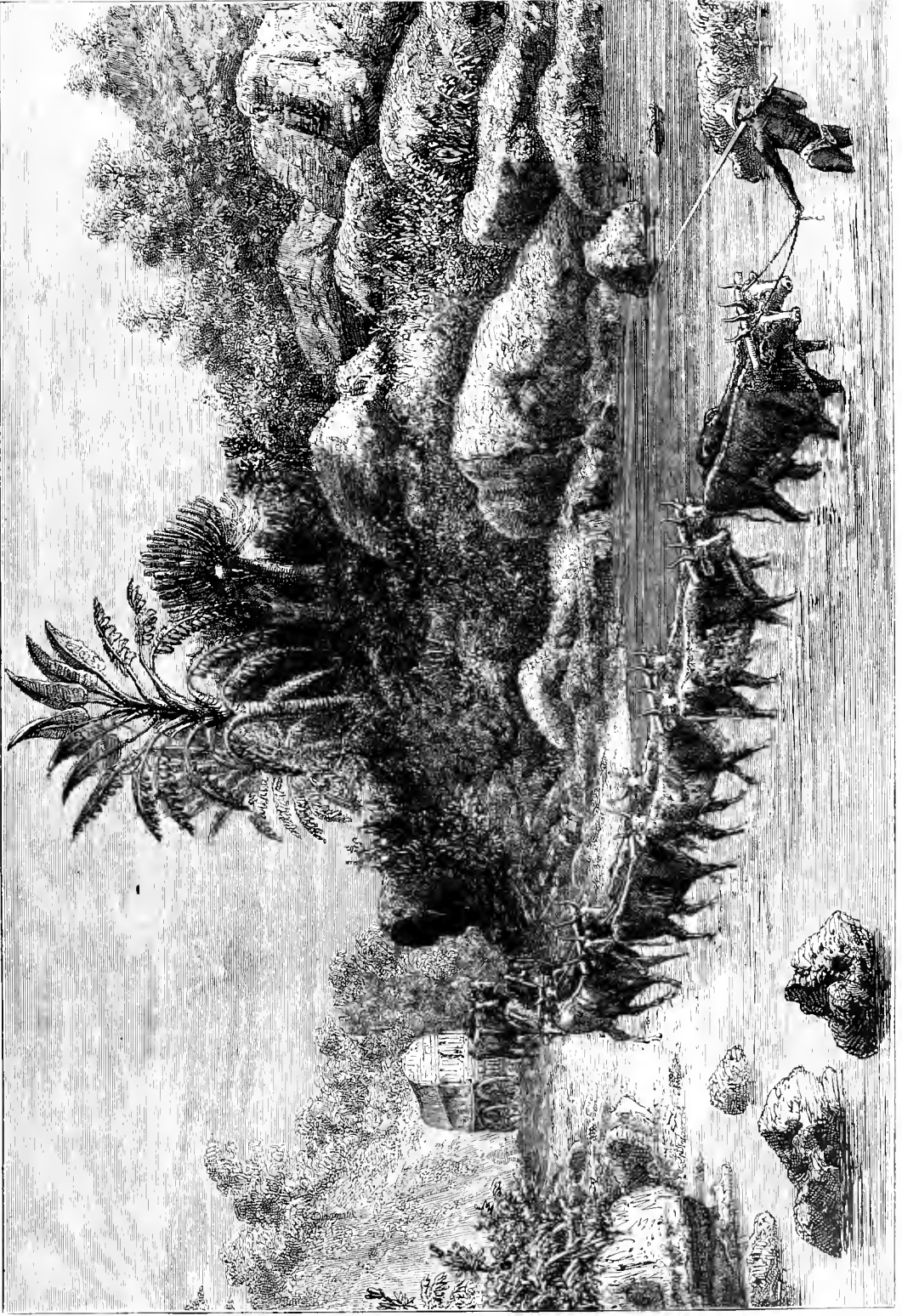
Griqua Town then consisted of only a few huts, besides the house of the missionary,

who had taught the people to grow potatoes, pumpkins, cabbages, and other vegetables, and had planted a promising vineyard near the mission-house. Many of the people had Dutch Bibles or Testaments, and Mr. Campbell had reason to believe that good work was being accomplished in the district, made famous in our time by the discovery of diamonds in the Kimberley and other diamond fields in Griqualand West.

The neighbourhood of Griqua Town was much infested with lions, which the people tried to kill in traps ingeniously placed at the springs whither they resorted to drink. The spring was surrounded by a thick hedge formed of bushes, only a narrow entrance being left, and on each side of the entrance a loaded gun was placed with a cord fastened to the trigger in such a manner that an animal entering the enclosure would discharge the gun and be shot dead. In proceeding from Griqua Town to Lattakoo, the lions were bolder than those in Bushman's Land, and came nearer to the caravan, but generally made off as quickly as possible, to the relief of the travellers, who feared more for their cattle than for themselves. They were now passing through a region fairly well supplied with water, and abounding in grass, and the pastoral country continued until they arrived at their destination, where they hoped to be able to arrange for the establishment of a mission amongst the Bechuanas, who, like the Kaffirs, are a branch of the Bantu family, and had not as yet been approached by Christian missionaries.

Although Lattakoo was a populous town—if that term may be properly applied to a place consisting only of several groups of huts—none of the inhabitants were visible, as the travellers approached the outskirts, except two or three boys; and it was not until the caravan reached the entrance of the principal street or lane that any grown-up person appeared. Then a man made signs to the travellers to follow him, and conducted them between rows of apparently deserted huts to a large open space or square opposite the king's house, where several hundred people had gathered. The waggons moved with difficulty through the crowd, and at last were drawn up in the centre of the square, and a tent was pitched. The king, Mateebe, was absent, but the uncle and brother of the late king received the travellers, and were invited to come, with the other principal men of the place, to a conference. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Campbell explained, through the medium of three interpreters, in the Dutch, Coranna, and Bechuana languages, the object of the mission. He said he had come from a remote country where the true God, who made all things, was known: that the people of that country had long ago sent some of their brethren to Klaar Water, and other places, to tell the natives many things they did not know, and to try to make them better and happier; and that, having heard, since his arrival in Africa, that the people of Lattakoo were friendly to strangers, he had come to ask if they were willing to receive teachers, and, if they were willing, he promised that teachers should be sent.

He was answered that, in the king's absence, no promises could be made, but that the king, who had gone to hunt jackals, had been sent for. One of the chiefs reminded the missionaries that he had not yet tasted any of their tobacco, and some was at once given him. Next, one of the king's wives, who had come to see for herself what was going on, produced some milk, in return for which she too received a present of



TRAVELING IN GRIQUALAND. (See p. 116.)

tobacco. She also asked Mr. Read for some snuff, and, on his telling her he did not take it, replied that he would therefore have more to give away. Whilst waiting for the return of the king, the missionaries visited the different parts of the town, and extended the number of their acquaintances. The children were at first very much afraid of the white men, though, in time, curiosity got the better of their fear, and they followed the strangers about, asking questions, and laughing when they received no answer.

It happened that an annual festival took place almost immediately after the arrival of Mr. Campbell, and, as it was held in the square in which the caravan had encamped, he had ample opportunity of seeing all that went on. There was dancing by the women and girls, some of whom prepared themselves for their parts by painting themselves with red chalk, or blacklead dust, mixed with grease, and smeared by the hand all over their bodies, while others daubed lines of white paint on their faces. Thus adorned, and holding long rods in their hands, they marched slowly into the square, bawling at the top of their voices, and preceded by an advance-guard of matrons dancing and screaming. A sham fight between the older and younger women then took place, in which the latter were victorious, and marched forward in triumph. Following upon this, the people formed a large circle, six or eight deep, and forty young girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, having their bodies whitened with chalk, began to dance with measured irregularity, occasionally striking the ground violently with their feet. Many of them carried small shields, which they used to ward off imaginary arrows. When this had lasted a quarter of an hour they retired, and, after a few minutes' pause, commenced dancing in the same manner, retiring and returning again, until the proceedings had lasted an hour and a half, when the gathering dispersed. This performance was continued for several days in the same place, and was subsequently repeated in other parts of the town, the missionaries being much relieved when the noise was removed from their immediate neighbourhood. One of the chiefs, indeed, expressed his regret that the festival should have taken place during their visit, as he felt that it must have caused them considerable annoyance and discomfort.

The messenger who had been sent to find the king returned without news of him, and the missionaries were obliged to submit to further delay. Meantime, they went about the town and made themselves more fully acquainted with the inhabitants. In the house of Salakootoo, the king's uncle, they found some paintings by his wife—rough frescoes representing camelopards, elephants, lions, tigers, and steinboks in white and black—and executed in a better way than could have been expected. Many of the inhabitants were skin-dressers, others sewed skins together with a straight awl not unlike the awls used by English shoemakers. There were also workers in copper and iron, which they made into rings, axes, adzes, knives, spears, and bodkins. Altogether, the people were more civilised than the Hottentots, Kaffirs, or Bushmen, and the place seemed a favourable site for a mission, if only the king's permission could be obtained.

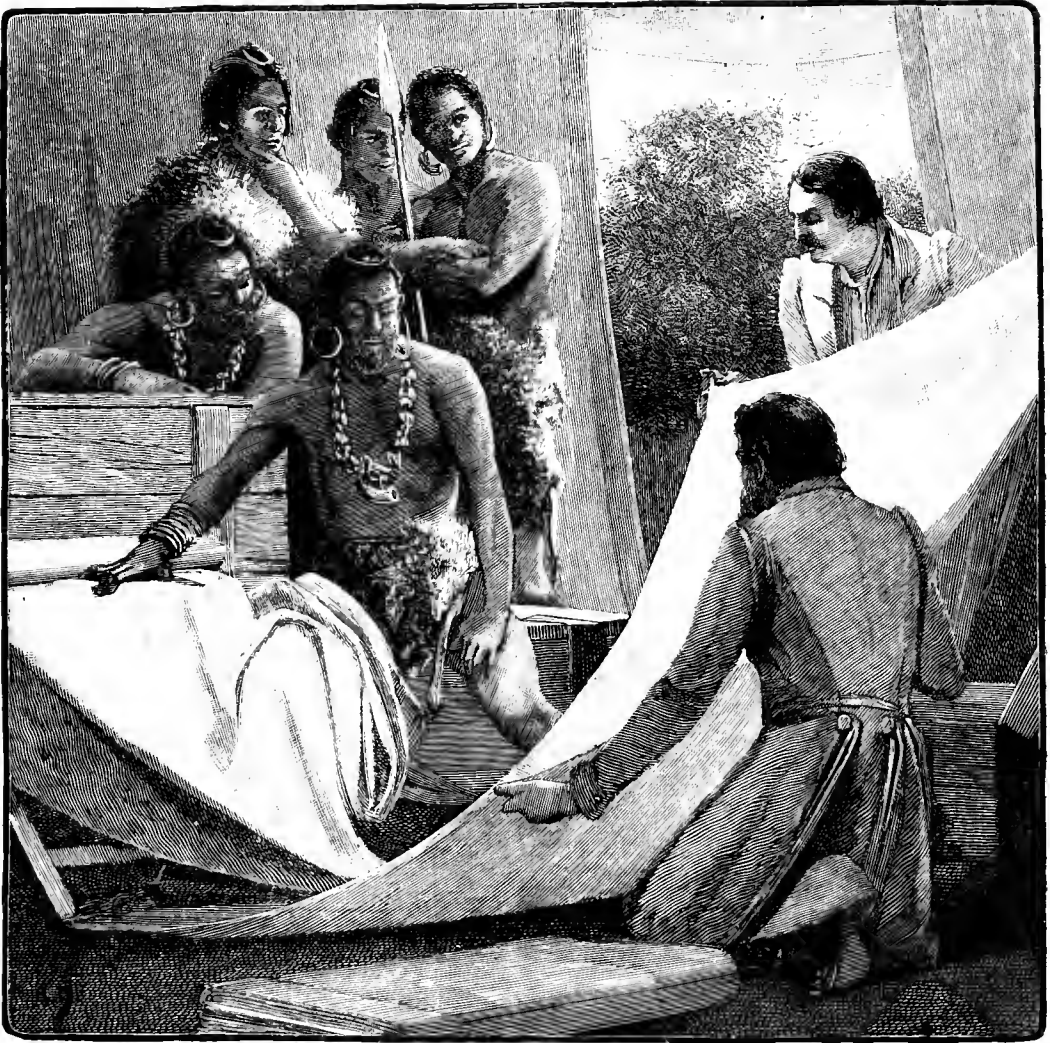
At last it was announced that his return was imminent, and, in the evening of the day on which he arrived in Lattakoo, he came, attended by his brother and

some of the chief men, to visit the missionaries. On entering their tent, he sat in silence to receive the presents offered him, and to hear what they had to say. He watched eagerly the opening of the parcels, looking slyly to see what was coming next, and when nothing more was forthcoming, he told the missionaries that they would have been quite safe even if they had brought no presents, and that as soon as he heard of their arrival he returned from his hunting. He was informed that there was also some tobacco for him, but he asked that it might not be given to him then, lest the people outside should beg it all away.

Mr. Campbell then explained the object of his coming. He said he had come over the water in a wooden house, which the wind blew, in four moons, to Africa, and that he wished to know whether teachers might be sent to Lattakoo, and whether the king would protect them. Mateebe replied that the people had no time for learning, as they had to attend to the cattle, to sow and reap, and to do many other things, and further that they did not wish to give up their customs. Mr. Campbell answered these objections by explaining that the teachers would tell the people of the true God, who made the heaven and the earth, and all things, of His love to the world, and of the laws He had given. Pointing to a Bible on the table, he said that the book contained everything the missionaries had to make known to him and to his people, and that when the missionaries had learned his language they would change all the book contained into that language. The king did not think this possible; and, to convince him that his language could be reduced to writing, the visitors read to him the names of his predecessors and of his family, which they had previously written down from information they had obtained. With this achievement the king seemed pleased, and when he was further assured that industry would not be interfered with, that nobody would be compelled to listen to those who were sent, he said: "Send teachers, and I will be a father to them." He then asked about two boys belonging to his people who were kept captive by the white men, and received an understanding that inquiry should be made respecting them.

Next day Mr. Campbell called upon the king, bringing with him presents of earrings for each of the queens. Mateebe asked for a gun, and, on Mr. Campbell saying he did not possess one, the king replied that he had seen plenty belonging to the party. He was told that these were not the property of the missionaries, but of their escort, and would be required on the journey still before them. "Then," replied his Majesty, "one of them must give his gun for mine, which is a bad one." The royal family were at dinner in a yard outside the house, and the king's distinction seemed to consist in his having the only spoon, with which he helped himself and his friends, putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him.

At noon a meeting was held in the square, attended by the king, his chiefs, and the missionaries, and the question of sending teachers to Lattakoo was again discussed. Several of the chiefs asked questions and started objections. One said that in praying he would not see his enemies coming, and another that he would never be able to sing; yet, in spite of these objections, some of them came the same evening to a religious service, and appeared pleased and satisfied with what they saw and heard.



MR. CAMPBELL AND KING MATEEBE. (See p. 123.)

The missionaries having so far succeeded in carrying out their intentions, the caravan moved off in an easterly direction, and then made for Griqua Town. A few years later Mr. Campbell again visited the Bechuana country, with Robert Moffat, who laboured so long and so successfully among the people, and on the occasion of the second journey penetrated much further into the interior. But we must now follow him on his long and dangerous route by the banks of the Orange River, through the Bushmen's and Coranna country to Little Namaqualand, where he proposed to visit the mission station at Pella, and to arrange for further missions into Great Namaqualand and the Damara country. The district through which he travelled was in places much infested by venomous snakes, especially by cobras, perhaps the most dangerous of all reptiles, on account of their unprovoked attacks on men and animals. Fortunately none of the

party were bitten, but they destroyed thirty-one serpents of various kinds, in or near their encampments, or on the route. In the course of their march, Mr. Campbell tried to wash a little boy who had joined the caravan for a time, and was supposed to be black from dirt, but soap-and-water were applied in vain, and the experiment was given up, with the confession that the skin of an Ethiopian cannot be made white. At one place the Bushmen attacked them and drove off all their cattle, leaving them for a day or two in a very awkward strait. But the cattle were recovered, and they were able to continue the journey.

At length the travellers reached Pella, where they were joyfully received by the Brethren, and after a brief halt proceeded to Silver Fountain, another mission station, under the charge of Mr. Sass, a native of Prussia, whose wife died during their visit, after a very brief illness—the saddest incident of the whole journey. Not long before, the wife of another missionary had died in the same district, and these mournful bereavements darkened the close of an otherwise successful and prosperous undertaking.

Mr. Campbell was an accurate observer, and kept a daily record of the state of the thermometer at sunrise and at noon during his journey; he also noted the number of animals killed by the people who accompanied him, the greater part having been shot to supply the commissariat. The game-bag included a lion, a wolf, two hyenas, a baboon, and a jackal, three buffaloes, six hippopotami, eight elks, thirty-eight springboks, nineteen bucks of various kinds, two zebras, fifteen quaggas, two ostriches, and twenty-nine wild geese and ducks. Mr. Campbell noticed that while all the natives were thin, most of the white men and women were corpulent, and he suggests that this was due to their indolent habits, and to the fact that most of the outdoor work was done by Hottentots and slaves. Subsequent travellers have confirmed these impressions, and it would seem that European settlers in Cape Colony are not, as a rule, accustomed to exert themselves in the farming and pastoral occupations they often conduct with a fair amount of success. The Dutch Boers are proverbially indolent, though, as we have found, to our cost, they are quite capable of making vigorous efforts when their interests are threatened by Englishmen or natives.

Before leaving Africa for England Mr. Campbell arranged that Mr. Schemelen, one of the missionaries at Pella, should visit Great Namaqualand to ascertain the practicability of founding a mission there. He accordingly explored the country as far as circumstances permitted, and he found some of the chiefs willing to receive teachers; but he sometimes travelled for days without seeing a human being, except his own servants; and after proceeding for some hundreds of miles, want of water compelled him to return.

In the course of his homeward journey he heard much of the notorious Hottentot chief Africaner, who has been called the “Bonaparte of South Africa.” This man had at one time suffered some insult or injustice at the hands of the Boers, and he was now carrying on a cruel and savage war with the natives living near the mouth of the Orange River, stealing their cattle, burning their kraals, and mercilessly destroying or enslaving those who fell into his hands. Many and urgent were the appeals the natives addressed to Mr. Schemelen to endeavour to intercede with their terrible foe,

but he was unable to find the dreaded Hottentot, and, as the result of his journey, he felt compelled to give up the idea of carrying the Gospel further into Great Namaqualand at that time.

About this time the Wesleyan Missionary Society decided to begin work in South Africa, and Mr. McKenny was sent out as a pioneer, but the colonial authorities would not allow him to preach, and after waiting for some time for instructions from home, he was directed to proceed to Ceylon. The Wesleyans were not, however, deterred in their desire to evangelise South Africa by the narrow-minded conduct of the Cape Town officials, and whilst they were inquiring for a suitable person to undertake the work, Barnabas Shaw, a young Yorkshireman, offered himself, and was sent out without delay. He and his wife arrived at the Cape in 1815, but he was at first refused leave to preach, on the ground that the English and Dutch inhabitants were sufficiently provided with ministers, and that the owners of slaves objected to their being instructed. Notwithstanding this refusal, Mr. Shaw determined to hire a room and collect a congregation, and he succeeded in bringing together a few hearers, amongst whom were several English soldiers, but the authorities soon compelled him to give up the work.

At this critical moment Mr. Schemelen, who happened to be on a visit to Cape Town, met Mr. Shaw, and finding him eager to go amongst the heathen with the message of the Gospel, represented to him the needs of the people of Namaqualand, and promised his help if he would undertake a mission to that country. This was exactly what Mr. Shaw desired, and the two missionaries left Cape Town together in September, 1815. After they had travelled for four weeks, and had just crossed the Elephant River, they met a chief of the Little Namaquas and four of his men, who were on their way to Cape Town to seek a Christian teacher, and recognising this meeting as a Divine call to labour amongst a people who were actually seeking instruction, Mr. Shaw decided upon going with the chief and devoting himself to work amongst the people. His companion heartily approved of this design, and, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Shaw farewell, continued his journey to his own station, which was now at Bethany, just within the border of Great Namaqualand.

A few days later, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw reached Lily Fountain, at the foot of the Khannisberg, and were gladly received by the people, who had heard of their coming. The natives were specially pleased to have an English woman in their midst, though at first they were a little in awe of the white *frouw*, but this feeling soon wore off, and awe was succeeded by affectionate regard. On the very day of the arrival of the new-comers the chief called together his head men, and all joined in requesting Mr. Shaw to settle in their midst, and promised their help in founding the mission. He wished nothing better, and, while accepting their invitation, explained fully why he had come, and told them something of his intentions as to teaching them about the true God, the Father of black men and white men, and the Creator of all things.

Under these happy auspices, the Lily Fountain Mission was begun, and it has continued to the present day, a centre from which other missions have spread into near and remote districts, and a source of light, happiness, and civilisation to multitudes of the

natives of South Africa. Here, as elsewhere, progress was at first slow, converts were few in number, and energy, patience, and watchfulness were called for: but in time a native church was founded, young and old learnt to read, civilised habits and customs were introduced, and a chapel was built. This, however, was a long and arduous business, for the people, although eager to help, only gave their services spasmodically, and sometimes left off work when it was most important to proceed, thus sorely trying their teacher's patience.

When the building was ready for roofing, it was necessary to fetch the timber from some distance, as the trees in the immediate neighbourhood were unsuitable, and Mr. Shaw had to show the natives how to hew them with a cross-cut saw. With some assistance, he felled a tree to the ground, to the amazement of the lookers-on, who took up the work, and, overcoming their natural indolence in their anxiety to use the saw, soon got enough rough material, cut it into joists of the proper length, and carried them to Lily Fountain. Mr. Shaw also taught the people to plough, and the plough astonished them as much as the saw. "See," the men said, "how it tears the ground with its iron mouth: it does as much in one day as ten wives"—digging in Namaqualand, when it was done at all, being performed by women.

The people were interested, too, in the missionary's garden, especially with the salads he raised, but they wondered that he ate uncooked lettuce. They soon learnt to have gardens of their own, and to grow many vegetables from seeds he gave them, so that in a year or two after his arrival the aspect of the place was entirely changed, and the wilderness turned into a fruitful field. Nor was the change confined to outward appearances: the people improved in manners and behaviour. Men who hitherto had left all the hard work to their wives, now took their share of it, and meantime the congregation increased, and many members were added to the church.

So great, indeed, was the progress, that Mr. Shaw sent to England for more help, and Mr. Edwards came out to the Cape, and travelled all the way from Cape Town to Lily Fountain on horseback instead of by ox-waggon. Arrangements were made for establishing out-stations in Bushman's Land, on the Underveldt, and at Reid Fountain, though the last-named station was soon given up, and Mr. Archbell, the missionary in charge of it, set off on a journey through Great Namaqualand, with the intention of settling in that country should an opening present itself. He succeeded in reaching Walfisch Bay in Damara Land, but was unable to arrange for a missionary station: and Mr. Shaw, who about the same time went to see his friend Schemelen at Bethany, was also obliged to return, with the conviction that there was no immediate prospect of carrying the Gospel into Great Namaqualand.

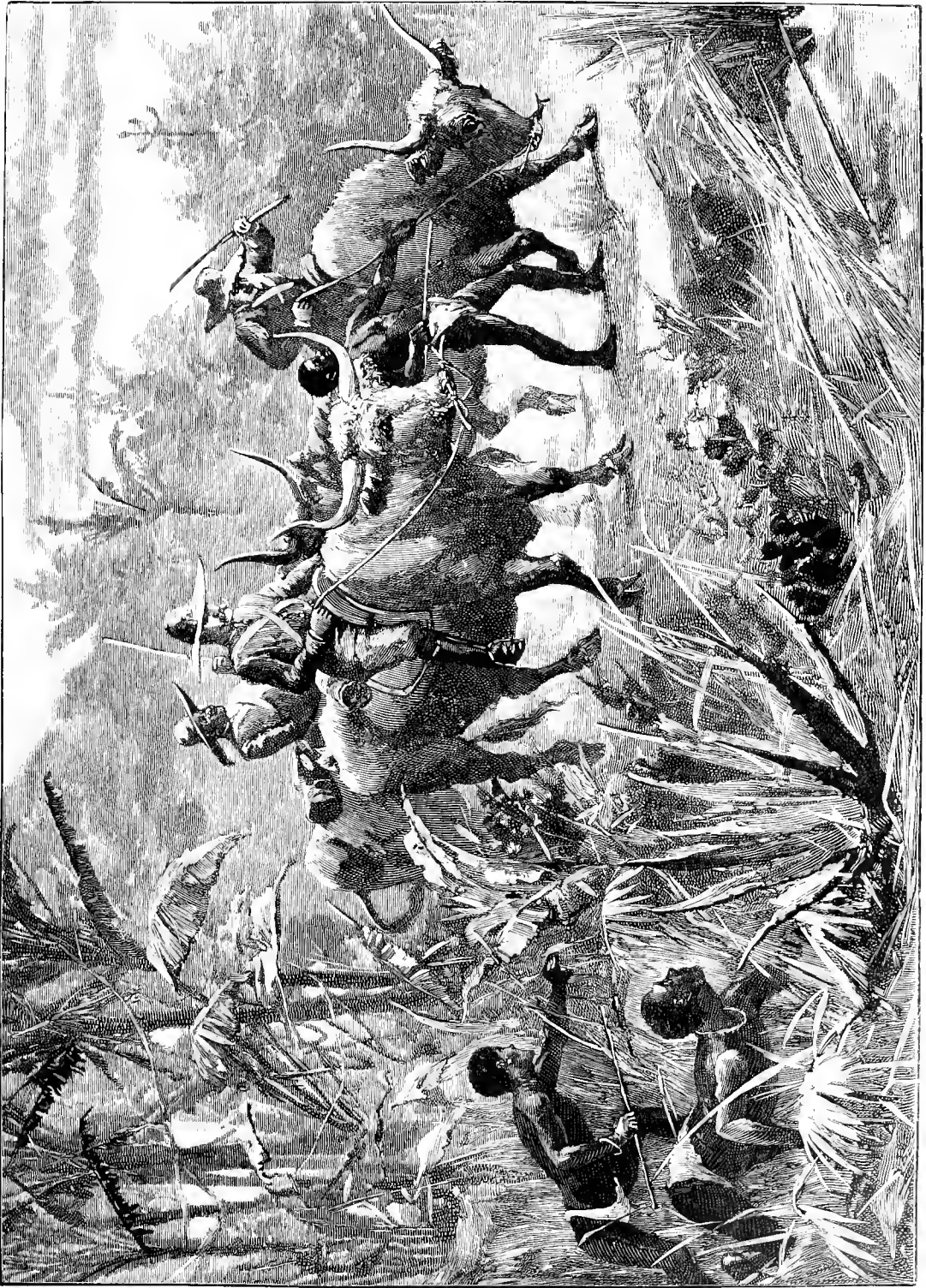
Six years elapsed—years of steady progress at Lily Fountain, and the out-stations connected with that place—when a further attempt was made to establish a mission beyond the Orange River by Mr. Threlfall, a young and earnest soldier of the Cross. He had originally intended to go to Madagascar, but was prevented, and settled for a time in Kaffraria, where he laboured for a year, and then removed to Cape Town. Shortly after his arrival there, Captain Owen, of the Royal Navy, offered to take him to Delagoa Bay, that he might try to work in that district. He accepted the offer, but almost directly

after his arrival was taken so seriously ill, and had to endure so many hardships and privations, which in his weak condition was more than he could bear, that he returned to Cape Town in a South Sea whaler. Further trouble awaited him on board ship; fever broke out, and on arriving in Table Bay the vessel was placed in quarantine, and he would probably have died, had not a warm-hearted friend gone on board at the risk of his own health to nurse and take care of him. He partially recovered his strength, and then went to Lily Fountain, in the hope of thoroughly re-establishing his health, and of doing more work for his Master. These anticipations were realised; his strength came back, and he was able to take a full share of mission work at the station. During his stay there he became acquainted with the previous attempts to evangelise Great Namaqualand, and was moved by pity and compassion for the ignorant wanderers there. He saw at Lily Fountain what had been effected for the once degraded inhabitants, and was fired by a noble zeal to try whether the blessings which had fallen upon the people of Little Namaqualand could not be extended to their kinsmen beyond the Orange River. Mr. Shaw approved and seconded his design, and two native teachers, Jacob Links and Johannes Jager, volunteered to accompany him.

The three started on their journey in June, 1825, not in a waggon, the usual mode of travelling, but each riding on an ox trained to carry a man and a little luggage, a modest but, as they trusted, a sufficient equipment. They crossed the Orange River in safety, and proceeded slowly for some miles, meeting with many hindrances from want of water, and the difficulties of the route, which lay through a barren country inhabited by a few wild and often ill-disposed people. At length news came to Lily Fountain that they had reached a place known as the Warm Bath. Then for some weeks nothing more was heard, until rumours of their murder reached Mr. Shaw. The Landroost at Clanwilliam was communicated with, and he lost no time in starting with an armed party to find out the truth of the rumours, and, if they were well founded, to bring the murderers to justice. It was ascertained that Threlfall and his two companions had been treacherously betrayed by a native guide, who brought two other Bushmen to the spot where the travellers were resting for the night, and put them all to death; *—Links and Jager with arrows and stones, and Threlfall, who had been alarmed and tried to hide behind a bush, by a blow from a large stone; the object of the murders being to obtain possession of the oxen and luggage.

The principal criminal was captured, brought to Clanwilliam, tried, and sentenced to death, and to warn others of the consequences of such acts, it was ordered that the execution should take place as near as possible to the scene of the murder. The convict, who had made a full confession, was accordingly escorted to Silver Fountain, where the sentence was carried out, but in order to reach that spot the road lay through Lily Fountain, and the escort and criminal remained there over Sunday. It was thought that the people, and especially the relatives of Links and Jager, might attempt to revenge their death, and measures were taken to prevent any outbreak. But these were quite unnecessary; instead of vengeance they were filled with pity; Peter Links, the brother of Jacob, earnestly exhorted the doomed man to repent and

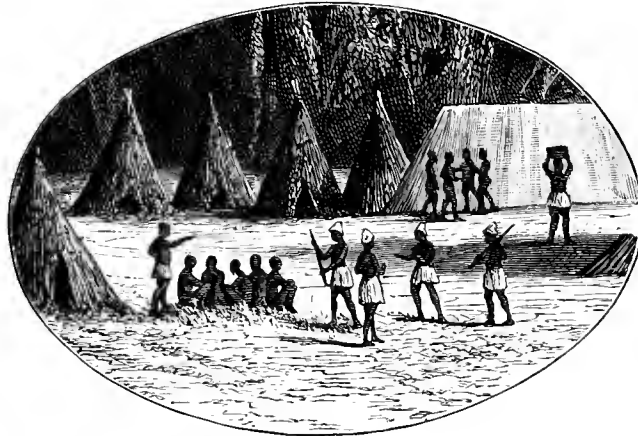
* See p. 23.



BUSHMEN LYING IN WAIT FOR MR. THREEFALL,

seek the mercy of God through Jesus Christ: and his sister Martha, though unable for a while to restrain her emotion, joined in her brother's solemn entreaties. The criminal was led to the chapel, where the missionaries and relatives of his victims joined in prayer to God to have mercy upon his soul, and on the following morning the escort proceeded to the place of execution.

Thus tragically ended another effort to evangelise Great Namaqualand, but the object was not lost sight of, though it was some years before missionaries were sent into the country. In 1832, at a meeting held in Cape Town, Mr. Nisbet, an Indian civil servant, offered a large sum towards the beginning of a new mission if the Wesleyan Society would find a man willing to go. Mr. Cook, who had recently arrived from England, promptly volunteered. His offer was accepted, and, accompanied by his wife, he was speedily on his way. In due time they established themselves at Warm Bath, and commenced their arduous task in the neighbourhood of the scene of Mr. Threlfall's martyrdom, but the story of their work in Great Namaqualand must be reserved for another chapter.



IV.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER VII.

SCENES IN THE EARLIER LIFE OF ROBERT MORRISON.

Discovery of Christian Scriptures in Chinese—Birth and Parentage of Robert Morrison—His Education—Appointment to the Chinese Mission—Total Ignorance of the Language at that date—Morrison Studies it in London—Curious Incident illustrating the Reverence of the Chinese for Written Words—Voyage to China—Early Hardships and Difficulties from the Exclusiveness of the People—Morrison's Narrowness of Judgment arising from Ignorance—Tea—Difficulties of the Chinese Language—Curious Customs of the People—Morrison removes to Macao—Marriage—Learning the Language a Crime—Important Official Services—The Kotow—Affair of the *Topaze*, and Flagrant Official Murders of British and American Subjects.

SEARCHING, one day in the closing year of the eighteenth century, among the manuscripts of the British Museum, a scholarly minister from Northamptonshire unexpectedly came upon a volume written in the strange characters of China. It had been brought by Sir Hans Sloane sixty years before from Canton, perhaps as an Oriental curiosity, and he had deposited it in the museum, where it seems to have attracted no attention. The Rev. W. Moseley, LL.D., who was its discoverer, with the assistance of others, found it to contain a Harmony of the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, and a chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, all in the then almost unknown language of China. Who the translator was, where and when he lived, and what his object was, is still unknown. It is not improbable the work was done by some patient Bible-loving Roman Catholic missionary, who was willing, perhaps for ecclesiastical reasons, to hide his light under a bushel. It was, however, soon to be set on a candlestick.

Mr. Moseley (he was not then a Doctor of Laws), not a little pleased with his discovery, wrote a memoir about it, which has come to mark an epoch in the history of the religious conquest of China. He argued impressively that it was right, and must therefore be possible, to give the Chinese the whole of the Bible in their own tongue. It was a trumpet-call to duty which soon met with a noble response. This work has long since been done, and done splendidly; but eighty-nine years ago such a scheme as Mr. Moseley had the Christian audacity to propose, seemed fully as wild and visionary as any of which the world had ever heard. The work had been pointed out very clearly as needing to be attempted; but who was the bold and scholarly man who would risk his very *life*—as we shall see he must do—in the execution of so gigantic a task?

A pious member of the Kirk of Scotland, born at Dunfermline, a farmer and a master maker of lasts and boot-trees, moved southward to Morpeth, where he wooed and wed a bonnie lass from the country near there. Soon he rose to be an elder. This godly couple had eight children born to them, and of the youngest son, Robert Morrison, we have now the story to tell.

This Morpeth boy was rather slow at school, but seemed to be quite eager to learn, and had great powers of memory. In his thirteenth year it was found that he

could repeat the whole of the 119th Psalm, in the old Scottish metrical version, and he had it so firmly fixed in his brain that no change in the order made any difficulty for him. By-and-by he learned his father's trade, and when the home was moved with the business from quiet, dreamy Morpeth to the busy, dingy town of Newcastle, we find him very diligent in business, serving the Lord, and studying after the racket was over, when sleep would have done him more good. He suffered from this time and for most of his days from severe headaches, with fits of heavy drowsiness, which make his success as a scholar and translator more remarkable.

Profound sincerity and truthfulness were, from the first, leading features in the character of the future China missionary. During the early years of his life in Newcastle, and from the evil influence of young companions, he fell into loose habits for a time, grew profane, and once became intoxicated. But the grace of God was with him even in this dark hour, and he was soon overwhelmed with the bitterest remorse, followed by sincere repentance, and the joy of a new and higher life beginning to break through the dead husk of mere religious formality. He thus records in a manly, sincere style his new experience:—"Sin became a burden. It was then that I experienced a change of life, and, I trust, a change of heart too. I broke off from my former careless companions, and gave myself to reading, to meditation, and to prayer. It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, and at that time I experienced much of the 'kindness of youth, and the love of espousals;' and though the flash" (so it is printed in his "Memoirs," but probably he wrote *flash*) "of affection wore off, I trust my love to, and knowledge of, the Saviour have increased."

A "praying society" met in his father's workshop every Monday. Young Robert was regularly in his place on those occasions, and often took part in leading the devotions of the pious band. At that time he might often have been seen pacing his little garden in Pandon Dean, in silent prayer or deep meditation, or poring over a book he had borrowed from some friend or bought with his meagre savings. It is interesting to note that in 1799 he had borrowed and read a missionary magazine, then published in Edinburgh, and this had some influence in determining his career. Even while at his work of last-making he had always the Bible, or a book on some useful subject, spread out before him. In this way he got a good grasp of such studies as botany, astronomy, and advanced arithmetic. In after days he used to deplore the scantiness of books in the missionary's library. Indeed, no branch of the Christian army more urgently requires a liberal supply of this kind of ammunition for such battle-fields as China.

Morrison was a diligent lay worker before he became a missionary. Faithfully he followed his Master's command to "visit the sick" while he lived among the poor of Newcastle. This work prepared him for efforts among the sick Chinese, which came quite naturally and spontaneously, and it may with truth be said that out of this germ blossomed that glorious product of modern religious zeal, The Medical Mission.

Soon we find him taking ship for London. He entered Hoxton Academy (now Highbury College), breathing hopes and fears. His Latin was not much more than a smattering. His Greek was still less. Before the term closed he was one of the

brightest classical scholars in the Academy. He remained there till he embarked for China as an agent of the London Missionary Society. His "Reflections of a Candidate for the Ministerial Office" is a most solemn and touching composition, framed almost entirely in the choicest language of Scripture, and very unlike anything which a ministerial candidate would now write. His first sermon was preached, with much emotion, to the inmates of St. Luke's Workhouse.

His diary is not usually very interesting. It abounds in personal heart-searchings



DR. MORRISON.

and aspirations after greater holiness, and in Scripture phrases which are apt to become monotonous; but here and there we find the man's character blossom forth in terse utterances. In one place, very early in his diary, he pithily lays it down as an axiom, "that it is best never to do but one thing at a time." One's sympathy for the studious lad with his slender means is strongly drawn out when we read, as in an entry of June 19th, 1803, "This day I entered with Mr. Laidler to learn Latin. I paid ten shillings and sixpence, the entrance money, and am to pay one guinea per quarter. I know not what may be the end; God only knows. It is my desire, if He please to spare me in the world, to serve the Gospel of Christ as He shall give opportunity. Oh Lord, my God, my whole hope is in Thee, and in Thee alone. Lord, be

merciful to me, a sinner, through Jesus Christ, my Saviour; and grant Thy blessing with this attempt, if it please Thee. Amen."

When Dr. Livingstone offered to go to the mission-field, he was nearly sent to China. How different a life, how divergent an influence on the history of missions and of the world might then have been his! On the other hand, when the Morpeth boy, who was to do so much for China, offered his services, he was disposed to go to be with Mungo Park in Timbuctoo. It was a good thing for China that Morrison was sent there, and specifically "to acquire the Chinese language and translate the Sacred Scriptures." When he was thus appointed—and a day of great joy tempered with heart-searching it was—few except missionary enthusiasts thought that such an undertaking had the remotest prospects of success. Sir George T. Staunton was then *the only British subject* who could, even in a limited sense, be said to know Chinese; and the difficulties of the language were considered almost insuperable.

The general conclusion now reached by scholars is, that the people who first used this tongue migrated from some region lying northwards in Asia, and that they may have been related to the Eskimos, certain of the American Indian tribes, and to some Russian and Turkish peoples. Perhaps, too, they were at one far-back time rooted to the same stem from which grew those who lived in old European river valleys, after the great glacial sheet of ice had melted away, and have left there stone weapons and other utensils as silent witnesses of a life similar to that of the early Chinese, but of which we know very little. The census returns in China do not yet appear to evoke much confidence amongst experts, but it may safely be said that, at the very least, some two hundred millions of the "black-haired," as the Celestials often call themselves, speak the language Morrison was now to study so earnestly.

Before leaving his native land, Morrison, like Livingstone, was anxious to carry with him all the practical knowledge he could find time to acquire. He gave some attention to medicine, and diligently visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with, we may suppose, tender sympathy and kind words for its suffering inmates. He also walked to the Observatory at Greenwich, daily, where he studied astronomy with Hutton. During the walk each way he had generally an open book in his hand.

So eager was Morrison to begin work on the Chinese language, that he gladly availed himself, while in London, of the services of a Chinaman residing there, Yong-Sam-Tak, who afterwards joined him in the East. The embryo missionary was soon busy at work under his Celestial guide, and diligently copied out the Chinese Harmony of the Gospels already mentioned. This was of some service to him afterwards in the mission-field, but much of his other studies in the language proved to be of little practical value. Indeed, this seems to be the usual experience of those who attempt to study a living Oriental language away from the conditions in which it grows up and is to be daily exercised.

While working very hard at these new studies—new not only to him but to Englishmen generally—he writes to his father: "The work before me, my dear father, is very arduous, but my hope is in the arm of God. If I take the Chinese I am now with as a specimen of their disposition, it is a very bad one. He is obstinate, jealous,

and averse to speak of the things of God. He says, 'My country not custom to talky of God's business.' Certainly Yong-Sam did not belie his country in this statement. It requires a little courage to say so, but it seems as if Morrison's training, with, perhaps, some influence from the environment of his age, had left him lacking in a certain intelligent and cosmopolitan *sympathy* with the people he was to labour among. His zeal and his enthusiasm as a champion of the Cross leave little to be desired; but he sometimes fails to elicit the hidden virtue in a pagan act, or the religious truth that lurks beneath some dying superstition.

This shrewd, thoroughly *national* Chinaman, one day, while bending over the sheaf of tissue "tea-paper" which did duty for a copy-book, asked his astonished pupil if Jesus were a man or a woman; adding that he had seen a figure of a woman like Him in his own country. This must now seem, to any one acquainted with China, a very intelligent way of putting his difficulty. There is a semi-Buddhist Spirit of Mercy widely represented in Chinese and Japanese sacred art. This being is sometimes pictured as a male, more frequently as a female; but always beautiful and tender, lovable, helpful to the sorrowful and suffering—the very nearest conception in a heathen mind to that of the Divine Saviour of mankind.

Robert Morrison goes on to say: "I cannot determine what he alludes to. He says he has often heard that God has no temper, that He is not angry, that God does not send evil on man, that if there be a storm, or a famine, it is not God who sends it. He says it is folly to pray without using the means—that it is man who makes his heart good. He seems quite fond of talking of God as the great Governor of the Universe."

During those London studies a curious incident occurred, more intelligible now, perhaps, than it was to either Robert Morrison or his biographer. Yong-Sam had one day written some characters on a piece of paper as an exercise, and had given them to his pupil to commit to memory. Morrison did so, and then very innocently threw the useless scrap to the flames. The fire flared up, and so did Yong-Sam-Tak, as only an angry Chinaman can. For three days the learned gentleman sulked, and refused to give a single lesson. When the Chinese studies were resumed, a "new departure" had to be made, and poor Morrison had now to paint his hieroglyphs on a plate of tin; so that in place of burning them he could wipe them out when they had been mastered. Morrison was quite shocked to find that his Celestial possessed so very touchy a spirit. If the two hundred odd millions who speak his tongue were to be carefully examined, however, a very nearly unanimous and perfectly sincere opinion would probably be obtained, that Yong-Sam had really shown very superior virtue under a trial most severe to a reverent mind. When letters are burned, they are supposed to carry their message to the ghostly tenants of the other world. What was written we are not told; but, at all events, Yong-Sam was transgressing the laws of his country in teaching his language to a barbarian, and here was the barbarian actually telling his spirit-ancestors of it!

Great indeed is the reverence of the Chinese for printed or written words. It is meritorious to pick up scraps of paper from the mud of the streets, and to place them reverently in one of the collection boxes which are to be seen at corners of streets,

just as letter-pillars are placed with us. A Bible colporteur was once addressing a large audience in a village in the interior of China, and to make himself better heard he rather thoughtlessly stood upon a large bale of Bibles. He was somewhat amazed to witness a panic of horror seize those simple-minded *Pagans* at his profanity; not that he had stepped on Christian Bibles specially, but upon any kind of book at all.

Greatly changed are the circumstances of a voyage to China in these happier days. Our missionary left Gravesend for New York (at which port he hoped to get a vessel going to China) on January 28th, 1807, and arrived on the 20th of April—nearly three months! A good modern liner now crosses in six days. He visited Philadelphia, travelling in a clumsy kind of waggon, and sailed for Canton on the 12th of May, arriving in China on the 8th of September, having been 113 days out. An accomplished American gentleman, with whom he stayed while in New York, gives a pleasing and truth-like sketch of the man:—"There was nothing of pretence about Morrison. An unfriendly critic might have said he was too proud to be vain; a Christian would more willingly believe that he was too pious to be proud. Nothing could be more plain, simple, and unceremonious than his manners. His fellow-missionaries looked up to him as a father, resorted to his room for prayer, and took his advice in all their movements. He exhibited less of the tenderness of the Christian than they did; his piety had the bark on, theirs was still in the green shoot."

We get one brief but most interesting glimpse of him, in the setting of his harder and coarser times, as he leaves the borders of a Christian civilisation to carry the torch of Divine Truth into Pagan darkness. After all matters had at last been arranged in the New York shipping office, the owner wheeled round from his desk, and, with a smile of superior sagacity, said:—"And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"—"No, sir," said Morrison, with greater sternness than he usually showed; "I expect God will."

When he arrived in China little could be done openly to advance his object, as the Chinese were liable to the penalty of death for teaching their language to a foreigner; but he succeeded in getting instruction somehow. We can picture him, a well-built, dignified-looking man, sitting with his Chinese teacher, he himself clad in white jacket, with a broad-brimmed straw hat—for the Indian *sola topee*, or pith helmet, had not yet proved its value as a head-protector. He would sit into the "small hours," with his dull earthenware lamp protected from the strong hot breeze by an open volume of Henry's Commentary, coming over the day's gathering of fresh words and phrases, to the inspiring *ping-ng-ng* of the mosquitoes; while his Chinese teacher on duty (for he worked them in relays when he could), in a curious nasal sing-song, which once heard is never forgotten, would chant over the lessons as they should be pronounced.

Morrison must have gone through an enormous amount of work in the earliest years of his life in China. Lest he should arrest attention, and so defeat his main purpose, he let his hair and nails grow long, and wore a queue or pig-tail. He ate his food with chop-sticks, and walked about clad in a Chinese frock, and with the

Cluck-soled, peculiar-looking shoes of the country. Long before this a Jesuit missionary, Le Comte, had wisely come to a conclusion which Morrison's experience compelled him also to adopt. "I am persuaded," said Le Comte, "that, as to a missionary, the garment, diet, manner of living, and exterior customs, ought to be subservient to the



DR. MORRISON STUDYING THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

great design he proposes to himself, to convert the whole world." Morrison at last fell into a trying illness from close confinement, while the continued strain of working with a Chinese pen brought on a severe pain in his sides, and he gave up his Chinese ways, and returned to "barbarian" usages once more.

The ways and thoughts of the Chinese were still far from being intelligible to the Western mind. We shall come by-and-by to see what light missionary scholars of a later date threw upon the religious opinions of the sages and saints, upon Confucian or classic systems, and upon Buddhist and Taoist organisations and cults: how Dr. Eitel, of Hong-Kong, expounds the ideas and phrases of Indian teachers which blended with

the superstitions of the Chinese; how Dr. Legge translated the books of the old religions of China; how Dr. Edkins visited temples and monasteries, and helped us to understand the meaning and origin of many strange symbols and mysterious acts of worship. The writings of Professor Max Müller, and of Principals Caird and Fairbairn, have helped us greatly to follow the growth and embodiment of the Pagan religions of the East, while "The Light of Asia," and other such writings, have created a wide popular sympathy for the struggles after Divine light and truth, which these early religions often reveal. But, at the time of which we write, the most liberal minds in Europe were not ready to view "Pagan errors" with calmness and sympathy. Hence we need not feel surprise when Morrison reports that "the religious rites, etc., of the Chinese, are ridiculous and cumbrous;" or that he saw sixty Chinese priests one evening "go through their vesper to the idol Füh, or Buddha," an expression which reminds one of the sole information on the subject in a well-written work by a naval officer, who sums up what is to be known of Buddhism in China by saying that its votaries "worship a male figure!"

Robert Morrison was not, however, by any means a narrow-minded man. Although he had become a Baptist when he reached the mission-field, he translated the English Prayer-book. We find him making acknowledgments of assistance from Roman Catholic Chinamen, with whom he would discuss Bible doctrines through the help of the Vulgate; and, conversing about the teaching and character of the great Sage of China, he allowed that Confucius "was a wise and good man." It was retorted, however, that Confucius was to China what Jesus was to Europe and America.

In spite of restrictions which were soon to become simply intolerable, he began to get many side-glances into the life and ways of the people. It was not always, we may believe, very encouraging work, and we seem to hear a sigh as he writes: "I can cast in but here and there a handful of seed. It is not unlike the clearing of land now covered with immense forests. Old and deep-rooted prejudices are to be cut down and dug up, many noxious weeds to be burned, to make room for casting in the seed."

He has now a good deal that is of interest to say about Chinese customs and ways of viewing life. He tells us that oaths are not regularly administered in courts of justice as with us; and that amongst other strange ways of giving solemnity to a statement, the Chinaman is wont to cut off the head of a fowl, to dash a potter's vessel to pieces, or to blow out a candle held in the hand; so implying an appeal to Heaven that a like fate may befall himself, should he vary in any degree from the truth.

He translated, amongst other specimens of "The Popular Literature of the Chinese," a curious tract supposed to be written by an ox of Buddhist and vegetarian proclivities. The poor animal complains pitifully of its lot, toiling all through life for a cruel and thankless master, who sends him at last, in old age, to the shambles; where, after countless sufferings, he is cut up to be eaten of men. It is a powerful appeal to Buddhist orthodoxy, which forbids the taking of life, even of the meanest insect, in which the soul of one's ancestor may perchance reside. The ox assures his readers, in

conclusion, that the fate of the beef-eater will be to be born again with the body of an ox. By undergoing sufferings like those he himself has caused, the great sin of taking life may possibly at last be cleansed. This tract, says Dr. Morrison, had an immense circulation all over China.

Tea was not quite so generally appreciated then as it is now, but it was even then of great interest to European travellers. Morrison mentions that he saw the plant for the first time on the island of Honan, but he was disappointed with its unimposing appearance—"It is not

larger than a very small gooseberry bush." Till recently, and probably still, lofty tea trees might be seen growing wild in the British station of Darjeeling, on the Himalayas. They were brought from China by the English when the station was established. It is only when the bushes are very small, however, that tea of good quality is obtained. Sir John F. Davis says, in his "China":—"It is a general rule that all tea is fine in proportion to the tenderness and immaturity of the leaves. In the green-tea districts the plants themselves are never allowed to reach a large size, but are frequently renewed; while, in the black, both the plant and the leaves that form the last picking attain their full growth."



A TEA PLANT.

The tea-plant is very closely allied to the Camellia, but the seed is different, having three-lobed capsules which burst vertically in the middle when ripe, exposing three round seeds about the size of a black currant. Those seeds sometimes occur in the tea of commerce. The tea-plant grew indigenously in Upper Assam, and great has been the advantage to British industry from this discovery, made in 1834. It grows best on mountain slopes, where vegetable mould exists plentifully.

It had been expected by Mr. Morrison that the Chinese language would prove a hard nut to crack, but new difficulties sprang up that had not been foreseen. He began to find that the West End, so to say, of Canton, could not understand the dialect of its Whitechapel. He declared that he thought this was affectation, but it is now quite evident that there are several languages—not to mention the many dialects—spoken in China.

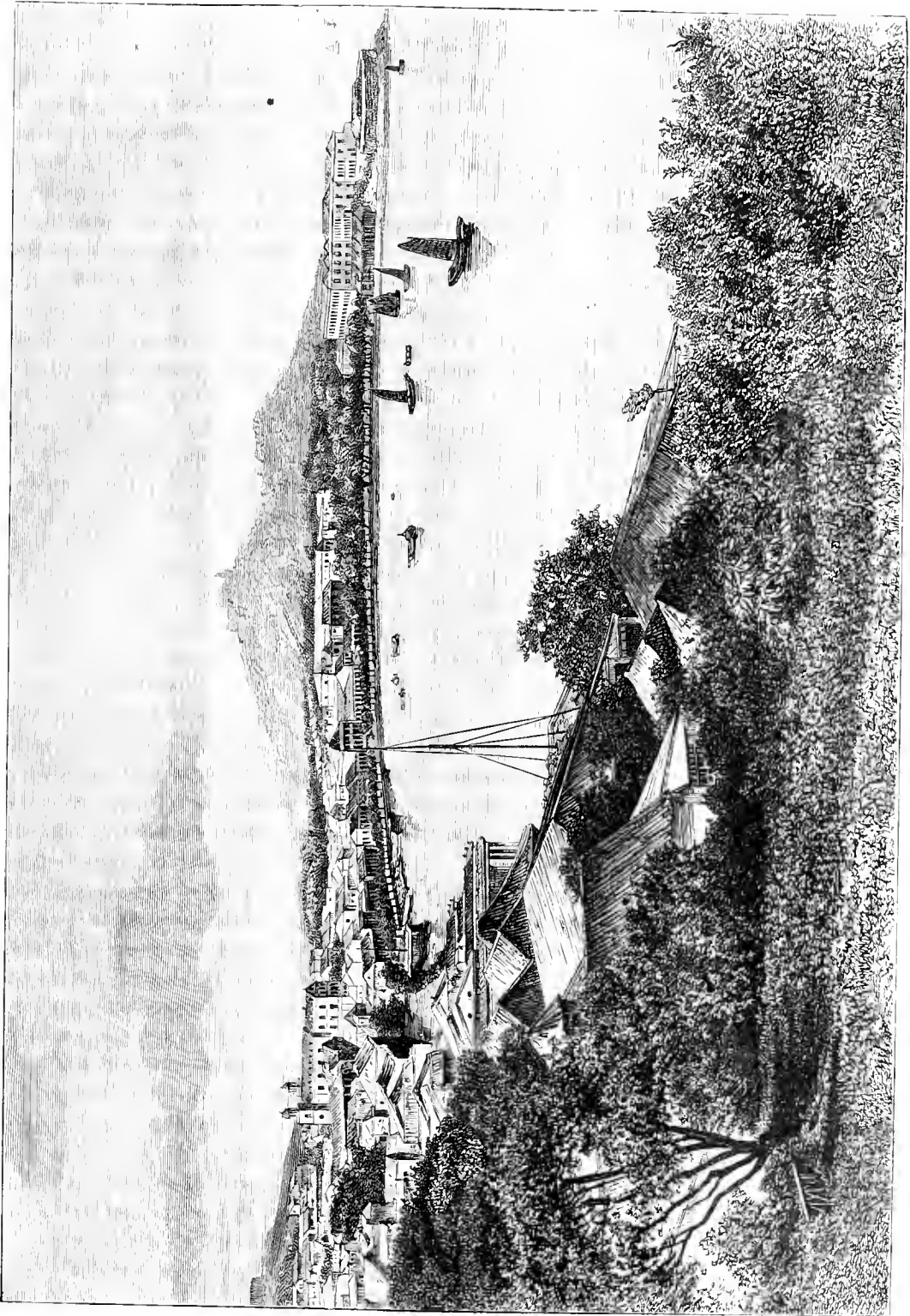
Again he writes, "There is a great difficulty that now occurs to me. Neither the Mandarin tongue nor fine writing is understood by the great bulk of the people. The number of poor people is immense; and the poor must have the Gospel preached to and written for them." The Mandarin language is chiefly a kind of high official

or parliamentary style used at court and in high circles; though originally and still the vernacular tongue of many of the inhabitants of Northern China, the origin, probably, of the ruling dynasty. It contains within itself three distinct forms, several dialects, and many local variations. It is now studied a good deal by the missionaries, by consular officials, and by merchants. The Bible has been translated into it, and it is said to be much read by a class which would despise a commoner vehicle of thought. Its use generally gains respect.

A story is told which amusingly illustrates this, on the principle that the exception proves the rule. An English consul, one of the shrewdest observers of Chinese manners and customs, was riding one day in the suburbs of a northern city. He civilly asked the way, of two educated men who happened to be passing. No notice whatever was taken of the inquiry, further than that one of them stared rudely at him, while the other said to his companion, "I think that foreign fellow is speaking Mandarin." Our consul, irritated at the studied slight, repeated his question in a slightly peppery tone. "Do you know, I rather think he *is* speaking Mandarin," said the first speaker to his neighbour again. This was felt to be too much, and so the doughty representative of Britannia suddenly dealt a blow which felled the silent Celestial to the ground like an ox. The other, looking sympathisingly on his prostrate neighbour, said:—"Now, did not I tell you that he *really was* speaking Mandarin?"

Mr. Morrison had observed, on visiting several temples, certain papers pasted up. There was a drought in the district at the time, and those posters were found by him to be prayers to the gods or spirits for a copious supply of rain. He noticed also that the people, amongst other modes of seeking to know what the fates had decreed of good or ill for them, place in a box in the temple a few numbered slips of bamboo. They then, while kneeling, shake the box, which is held so that a slip may fall out. There are papers, numbered to correspond with the slips. On them are written answers, with all the usual Delphic vagueness, which are presumed to contain the intentions of the powers above.

Another curious custom is referred to by Morrison in a passage which gives us a peep at the working missionary. "My people discoursed this evening about the paper which the Chinese burn with gold and silver leaf on it. The paper, they say, is to represent raiment, and the gold and silver leaf, money; all which, when sent up in flame, are caught by the surrounding spirits." He asked them if they thought the spirits had need of clothes, or were pleased to have such offerings made. They laughed at this, and made the old, old apology for many an absurdity and error; it was the custom of the country, which the mandarins (or magistrates), and even the Emperor himself, were wont to observe, and how, therefore, could such as they presume to differ from an observance sanctioned by so great a body of authority? This might be bad reasoning, they were quite ready to admit, but it was not theirs. This observance had not even come down to them with the authority of Confucius, but was part of an old and widely spread system of sorcery which had come through the priests of Buddha. Morrison adds, in relating some of those discussions with every-day Chinamen: "The professed esteem of my people for Confucius is unbounded. In reading with me the Four Books" (to which we shall afterwards more particularly refer) "they seem quite



MACAO.

enraptured. . . . There is not in them, they say, one jot or tittle that is erroneous. . . . There is in the reasoning of the philosopher, they affirm, a depth which requires the utmost sagacity to fathom, and a fulness that demands a long paraphrase to unfold."

While Morrison was strenuously wrestling with the problems of Paganism, and devoting himself throughout all to the better mastery of the language, he lived in two small rooms, along with three Chinese lads whom he tried to teach. They seem to have been most unpromising specimens of the race, and indeed, it was not then possible to get respectable Chinamen as servants. One of them in a most ruffianly way attacked him when alone, tore his coat, and so abused him that he had to shout for assistance. Sadly he came to the not unnatural conclusion, as we find in his diary, "That which is most desirable is impracticable, namely, to live with Chinese, have their society at all times, hear their conversation, adopt their dress; in short, in everything that is not of a moral or religious nature, to become a Chinese." At this time his exclusion from Chinese society was extreme, and his sermons were generally addressed to one individual, or, at most, to two or three!

Near the mouth of the Canton river, and some eighty odd miles from the British island of Hong-Kong, there lies, on a somewhat horse-shoe-shaped promontory, with a bay of great loveliness forming its inner curve, the old Portuguese settlement of Macao. It was, till recently, held on a peculiar tenure from the Chinese, but actual sovereignty has been conceded to the King of Portugal. The Chinese now form the majority of the population; but the town, with its citadel and ruined cathedral, is like a fossil bit of old Europe, embedded in modern China. There Cardinal Tournon perished in prison through his foes the Jesuits, and there the great poet of Portugal, Camoëns, died in exile. His tomb is in the centre of a spacious garden, gloomy on the hottest day with the umbrageous shade of rich sub-tropical vegetation—a quiet place to dream in, forgetful of the whirling world of to-day. It was there that Morrison was now to enter upon another stage of his career, fuller of incident than any he had yet experienced.

Even there Chinese opposition became acute and dangerous. The people were growing more and more suspicious as to the motives of this strange man, who had not come to make money in the ordinary way. They became really hostile, and his life was in daily danger. "My crime," he tersely says, "is wishing to learn the language." He tells us also, that even the Chinese officials there were disposed to be troublesome to foreigners generally, and were even in the habit of suddenly entering into their houses without any previous intimation of their approach. His case was especially difficult, for without abundant native intercourse it was almost impossible to get to the proper sources of information. He writes again: "This shrewd and discerning people are absurd and unreasonable enough to consider it criminal for foreigners to know their language, or possess their books." He was afraid to venture out at all; but the close confinement with so much hard study in a sub-tropical climate began to tell severely on his health, and probably left its effects. At last he succeeded with two Chinese friends in getting a breath of air on quiet moonlight nights.

Morrison had next to suffer from a certain suspicion, rising even to hostility, on

the part of his own countrymen; but, on the other hand, helpful friends were discovered, and, best of all, he had at length a partner to share his joys and soften his sorrows. It is characteristic of him, that while going to be married, he notes analogies in Chinese processions met on the way with their idols, incense, and music, to those in which the Portuguese Roman Catholics indulged. His wife, however, returned home in bad health in 1818, and he went sadly back to bachelor's hall. "I have the same dish," we find him saying, "week after week—*Irish stew and dried roots*—which I eat with Chinese chop-sticks."

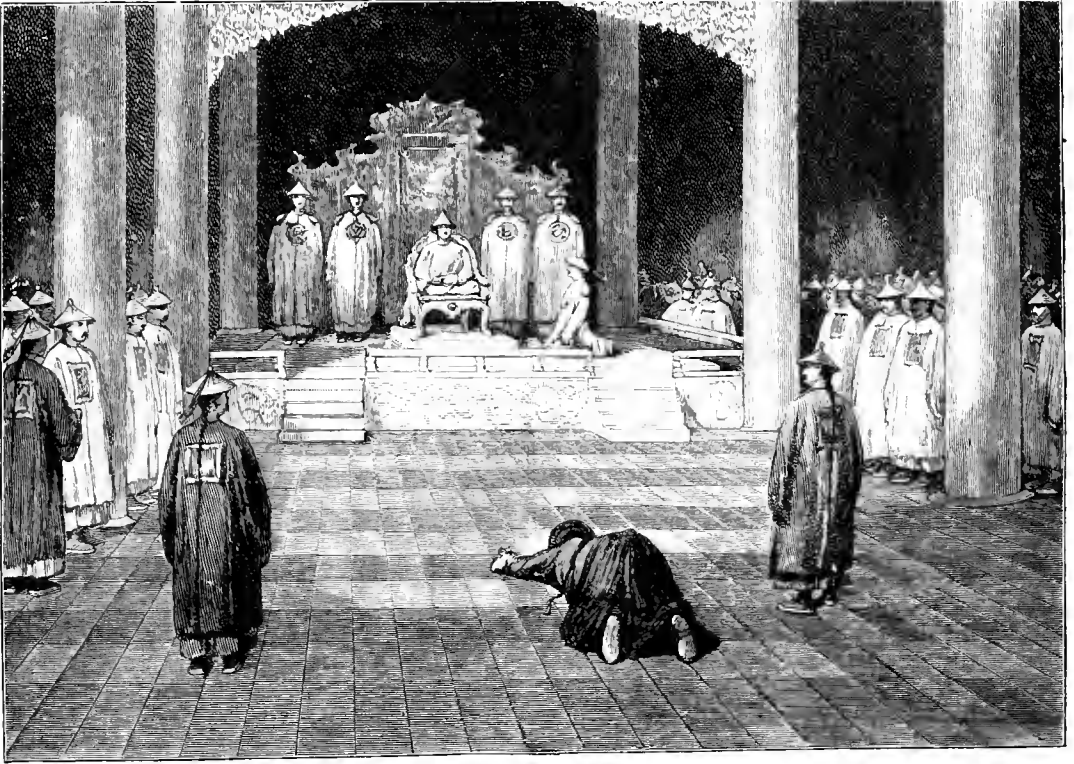
About this time two stirring events happened. Morrison's scholarship and study of Chinese customs played an important part in the diplomatic questions that arose from those incidents. The first is still spoken of as the "question of the *kotow*," and the other is remembered as the "affair of the *Topaze*."

The Dutch, in their dealings with the Chinese, used meekly to submit to every national insult and degradation, so long as thereby they might suck any advantage. Lord Amherst was sent from England in 1816 to arrange a commercial treaty, with the direct sanction and cognisance of the Emperor. When the embassy reached the port of Tien-tsin, which is not far from Peking, a banquet was offered to him; and the representative of that empire on which the sun never sets, was also offered instructions and an opportunity of acquiring practically the art of prostrating oneself—the *kotow*, in short—before a yellow screen. This was in order to have the ceremony itself work smoothly before the august wickder of the "vermilion pencil." Sir John Davis, quoting Van Braam, tells how the Dutch representatives had once beat their heads nine times against the ground before the throne, and were at last rewarded by some viands from the Imperial table—principally sheep's trotters, which had already been gnawed clean of meat, on a dirty plate. "This disgusting mess," exclaims the indignant Dutchman, "appeared rather destined to feed a dog, than to form the repast of a human creature."

Such a diplomatic blunder was not to be repeated by the English representative, who returned unhumiliated. But the discussion became a very hot and a very learned one; and Dr. Morrison's well-known and unique qualifications almost necessarily caused him to be consulted, leading ultimately to his formal appointment as the official interpreter of the East India Company. His defence of the English Minister's view was certainly learned, exhaustive, and convincing.

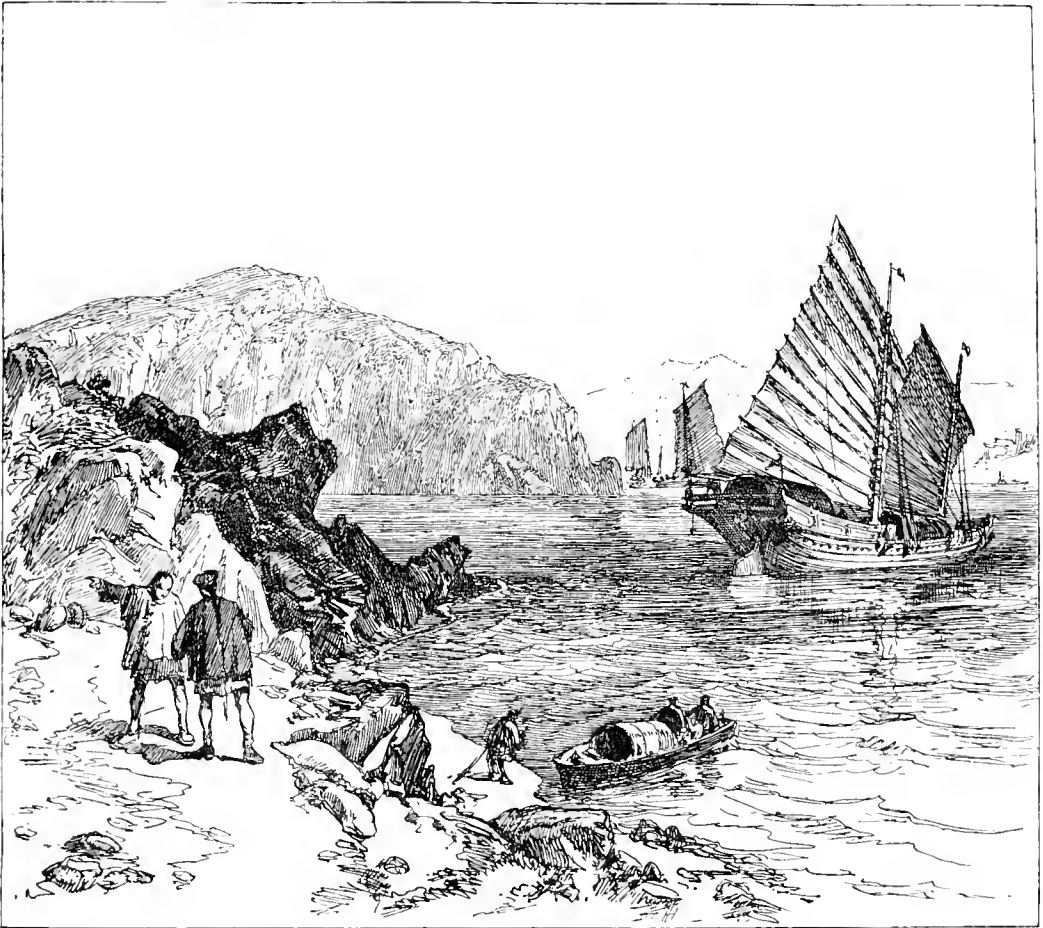
His general conclusion may be here given:—"Waiving the question whether it be proper for one human being to use such strong expressions of submission to another or not, when any (even the strongest) of these forms are *reciprocal*, they do not interfere with the idea of equality, or of mutual independence. If they are *not* reciprocally performed, the last of the forms expresses in the strongest manner the submission and homage of one person or state to another: and in this light the Tartar family now on the throne of China consider the *san-kwei kow-kow*, thrice kneeling and nine times beating the head against the ground. Those nations of Europe who consider themselves tributary and yielding homage to China should perform the Tartar ceremony; those who do not consider themselves so, should not perform the ceremony."

The affair of the *Topaze* was an altogether different kind of business, and involved what was, from at least an English standpoint, a judicial murder, under circumstances most exasperating to every foreigner in China. Around the mouth of the Canton River there are numerous creeks almost enclosed by bare treeless mountains. There are also many islands with narrow channels between. These have been the natural homes for centuries of very daring gangs of pirates. Since Lord Amherst's refusal to



CHINESE CEREMONY OF THE KOTOW.

kotow, or do homage, there had been a long interval of tranquillity. But in 1820 and 1821 some disturbances took place of grave consequence to the intercourse of foreigners with China. On the 15th of December, 1821, an English frigate, the *Topaze*, sent a small party on shore for water on one of the islands referred to, named Lintin. They intended to scrub their clothes also. The sailors were unarmed, and were under the charge of an officer, and it is just possible that the simple-minded villagers looked upon them as pirates. At all events they beat a gong loudly, and in a trice the whole frantic population, armed with great clubs, bamboos with knives attached to their ends, stones, and all kinds of farm implements, rushed upon the small British party. What could a few unarmed men do? They fled to their ship, the officer in command on board firing upon their pursuers, killing one Chinaman and wounding five others, one of whom afterwards died. Of the British party fourteen were wounded.



MOUTH OF THE CANTON RIVER.

The affair caused intense excitement, and as the Chinese then had a lofty sense of their military superiority (which was modified in after days) every resident felt that a crisis was coming. It was said on the Chinese side that the seamen had been digging up their potatoes, and had even run off with two jars of good spirits. This latter accusation was very unlikely to be true, for the British sailor of those days would probably not run far with a jar of spirits. The real origin of the riot became a question of first importance.

The "Hong" merchants—that is, Chinese wholesale merchants, who were a kind of medium of contact with the Government—thought it would be reasonable to give up a man to be "fairly tried." What this meant soon appeared. Dr. Morrison, fulfilling the duties of the important official position which he now held, has written a most elaborate, clear, and deeply interesting account of the affair. One man—the engineer of the steamer—was given up for "fair trial." Next morning the Hong merchants reported in pigeon English that "all hab setty." It *was* all "settled" in a way: the man was strangled.

This was, unfortunately, not the first occasion of a similar kind. A little before this an Italian, on board the American ship *Emily*, had seen a Chinese bumboat-woman wrongfully selling spirits to the crew. He struck her on the forehead with a little jar. In struggling to escape, her thole-pin broke, and, perhaps stunned, she fell overboard and was drowned. Her death was clearly unintentional. Francis Terranova, the Italian, was also surrendered to the Chinese for "fair trial," his American protectors putting him in irons and letting him fight his own battle. He, too, was at once strangled, after a bogus trial, in which, as Dr. Morrison explains, every Chinese formality was ignored.

The Doctor's narrative is very pathetic. After explaining that in China strangling is the least disgraceful form of capital punishment, because it leaves the body complete and un mutilated—a fact deemed to be of importance when the other world is reached—he mentions that the implement used is an upright cross, on the transverse beam of which the arms are stretched and fastened. He tells the story of the poor man's execution as follows: "Francis at three was raised, and advised to take breakfast, as he might not get food all the day; he smiled, and said it was too early; but being urged, he finally ate. He was conveyed past the cross on which he was to suffer death; and being a Roman Catholic he made the signs which are usual with the Christians of that persuasion on passing a cross. He was then hurried through a great hall in presence of the governor, and carried back to meet his unexpected fate. It is said that several hundred troops surrounded the place; and not till the executioners put their hands upon him did he suspect their intention. He then wrestled, and made appeals to Heaven, and to his heart, and called as if for assistance from his own people: but he was *abandoned* [Dr. Morrison's italics] and helpless, and the wretched cord, round his neck, soon made his eyeballs start from their sockets."

It seems to be clear from the details given by Dr. Morrison, who had much to do with both sides during this critical period, that in the American's case all "Europeans" or white men were excluded from the trial. The minds of the judges were made up, as in the Englishman's case, and at daybreak he was strangled. There was evidently need, at that time, of something like the Consular jurisdiction by which each European and American nationality is, by treaty, empowered to deal with its own citizens residing in the land. This principle logically led to other conditions of foreign residence in China, which had much effect upon missionary effort.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIBLE IS TRANSLATED AND CIRCULATED.

Arrival of Mr. Milne—Canton and its River Life—Translation of the Bible into Chinese Completed—Character of the Chinese Language—Difficulties of its Ideographic Character—Impossibility of writing down exactly what a Chinaman says—Poverty of Words and consequent Difficulty of Tones—Dr. Morrison saves a Chinese from unjust Execution—Arrival of Mr. Bridgman from America—Chinese Secret Societies—Extensive Distribution of Books and Tracts and subsequent Condemnation of it—Reasons for a different View—Christian Origin of the Taiping Rebellion—Death of Milne and Morrison—American Chinese Version of the Scriptures—Mr. Lowrie slain by Pirates.

IT does not appear that *religious* opposition was really at the bottom of the series of ingenious obstacles that Morrison and the early missionaries in China had to encounter. Rather it seemed that the Chinese authorities and merchants feared that the foreign powers, certainly including England, meant aggression of some kind, or perhaps commercial monopoly. It was now, however, found to be possible to get some little progress made in translating the Word of God, and in fixing terms to be used in giving certainty to the main teachings of Christianity. This latter, indeed, proved to be a very serious undertaking, nor is it yet quite satisfactorily accomplished.

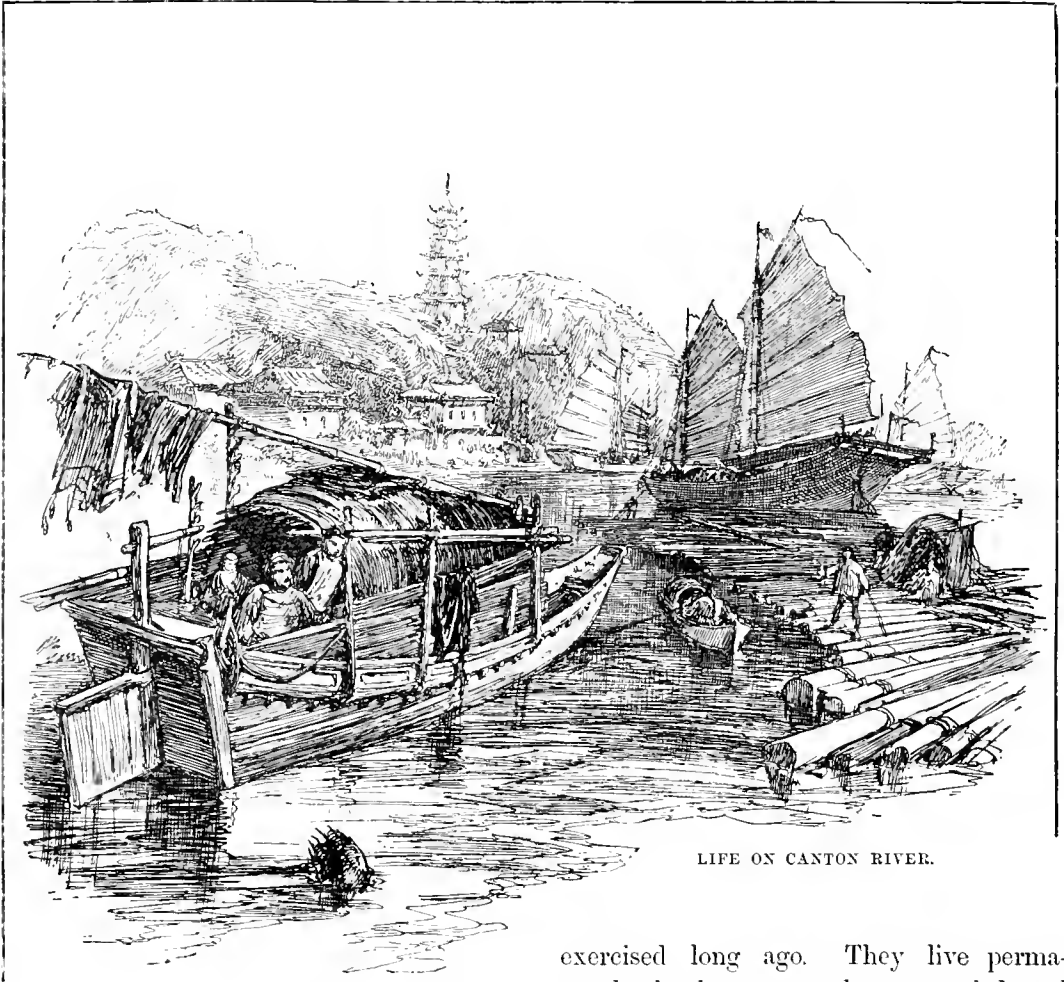
We have already seen that a Chinese translation of the Acts of the Apostles, and of the Epistles of St. Paul, had been discovered in the British Museum. These Morrison had copied out in London, and brought with him to China. He now carefully revised, and, with his better knowledge, greatly amended them, for they had been but roughly done. He went on then without a pause to translate the four Gospels, the remaining Epistles, and the Book of Revelation.

A colleague was appointed to join him in his solitary struggle. Mr. Milne, a scholarly man, who was sent from the London Missionary Society, first (in 1813) came to that quiet bit of old Portugal, Macao, which then held the place that its great British rival, Hong-Kong, now holds as the key to the commerce of Canton. In Macao religious intolerance was rampant, for it was then, and for long before that time, a stronghold of Jesuit intrigue. This new Protestant missionary might, if he would, go to preach in pagan Canton; but he might not remain to study in the good Catholic town of Macao. So, being driven from Macao by command of the Governor (with a Roman ecclesiastic or two to do the secret wire-pulling, we may be sure), to Canton he went, for it was now possible to live there.

Canton is a densely massed chaos of houses, containing not less, probably, than a million and a half of inhabitants. It lies at the apex of a low delta, intersected with many lagoons and shallow channels, the delta of the Pearl River—the Chu-kiang, or as Britishers love to call it, the River of Canton. The city is about eighty-five miles from Hong-Kong, and the passage is now daily made in a large American type of "side-wheeler," in about eight hours. The land around the city is a great, verdant, uneven plain, formed of good alluvial soil and cultivated like a garden, in which grow

rice and tobacco, the mulberry plant on which the silkworm feeds, fruits of all kinds, and vegetables of the best quality.

Canton and its busy river are remarkable for their enormous *floating* population, taking the expression quite literally. Those poor people, who are a distinct race, or nearly so, are said to have been the victims of "coercion" of a very vigorous kind,



LIFE ON CANTON RIVER.

exercised long ago. They live permanently in boats; are born, married, and die there. Many of their vessels are commodious and fairly comfortable, and the hygienic arrangements are eminently simple. They are usually shaped like an egg halved lengthwise, and are called by foreign residents "egg-house boats." Many of the river-people live, for the time, on great pine-rafts, which are made to be floated down the river from the well-wooded heights from which it takes its rise. They are carried down stream by the current, being guided by the dexterous use of long, stout bamboo poles, which bend rather than break. Huts, like those on the Mississippi rafts, are built on board, and you may see tawny "water-babies" merrily toddling about the rude

deck, or racing from end to end of its sinuous length, without much consciousness of risking life or limb. Captain Laplace, a French naval officer, wondering at the general propriety and orderliness of these poor boat people, observes:—"The Chinese are very much our superiors in *true* civilisation—in that which frees the majority of men from the brutality and ignorance which, among many European nations, place the lowest classes of society on a level with the most savage beasts."

Mr. Milne was not long in making himself master of what was then known of the Chinese tongue. So Morrison and he, dividing the work which had now to be done on the Old Testament between them, set to their task in real earnest, and before many years had passed, the translation into intelligible and fairly accurate Chinese had actually been *published* and *circulated* in China. The once "impossible" had been honestly accomplished. The difficulties of the Chinese language had at last been conquered, and against tremendous odds, by these valiant soldiers of the Cross.

Since then the missionaries in China, such as Williams, Chalmers, Meadows, and many others, have done much to make, what is still the most difficult language in the world, capable of being read and spoken by foreigners. And here a few paragraphs may perhaps prove serviceable to the better understanding of these difficulties, and of the task which had to be coped with, before the Bible could be translated into Chinese.

The Chinese language has some striking peculiarities, which cannot be more than touched upon here. As written or printed, its characters are understood at sight by educated persons all over China, and in its neighbouring countries, Corea and Japan. It has thus, in the far East, now a function similar to that which Latin exercised in European countries during the Middle Ages, and, like Latin, may be pronounced in various ways without the sense being affected. Written Chinese is thus a social link between tribes and nations whose spoken words are mutually unintelligible. But it is far different with the spoken language, which is widely different in different districts, to a degree far beyond the usual variations in the pronunciation of Latin. And this arises from the fact that the Latin is an alphabet language, whose characters express *sounds*; while the Chinese has no alphabet, its characters expressing chiefly *ideas* or *things*, whose vocal utterance may vary to a great extent. These characters are written in perpendicular columns, beginning at the top; and the columns are read from the right to the left-hand side.

The usual illustration of this (and it is the best available) is to take a number expressed in Arabic numerals, as understood and spoken throughout Europe. Let us suppose the number is 92. These characters express an actual number, and are read correctly as to the *idea* to be conveyed, throughout all Europe. But they are *pronounced* as follows, even in languages known to be very closely allied:—

English.—*Ninety-two* ;

French.—*Quatre-vingt-douze* (*quatre-vingt-douze*);

German.—*Zwei-und-nunzig* (*zwei-und-nunzig*);

Italian.—*Novanta-due* (*novanta-due*);

and it can be readily understood that the words as *spoken* by one nation are quite unintelligible to the other.

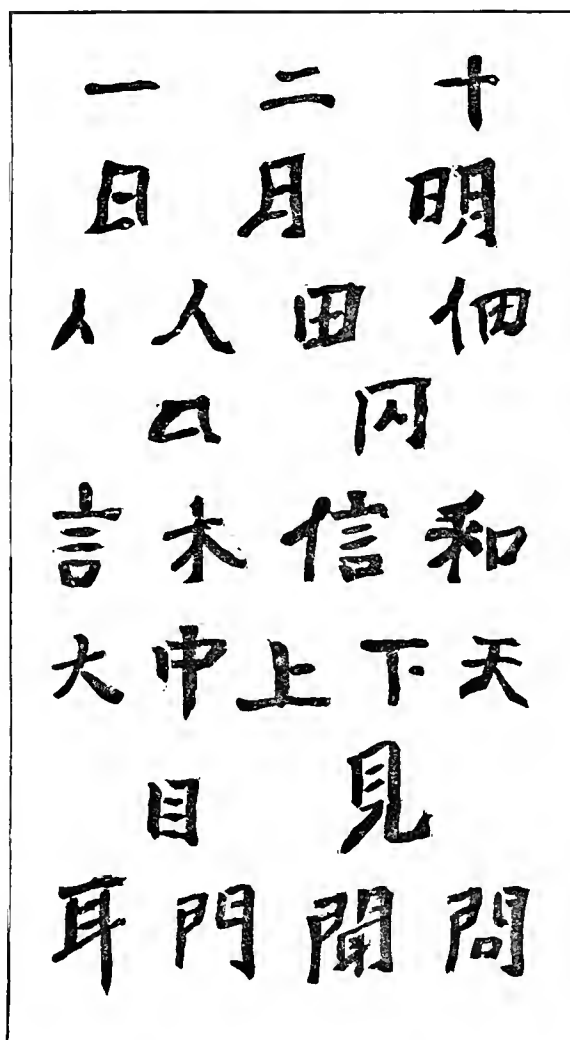
Still further, a *picture* of a horse would be understood everywhere; and if the recognised word for a horse were such a picture of it, in all European nations, the picture would gradually become simplified, and have a sort of conventional form, which would be read everywhere, though the speech might utterly differ.

一	one, or unity	二	two	十	ten (<i>Compare Roman X.</i>)
日	the sun,* day	月	the moon, + month	明	brightness.
个	man or	人		田	rice-field
口	an enclosure.	囚	a prisoner.		(<i>Enclosure, with a man inside.</i>)
	口	mouth			
言	a word	禾	rice	信	sincerity, (a man standing by his word.)
				和	comfort. (rice beside the mouth.)
大	great	中	middle, through	上	above
				下	below
				天	God, heaven, (like Hercules?)
目	the eye			見	to look. (the eye, on legs.)
耳	the ear	門	a door, gate	聞	to listen. (an ear at the chink of the door.)
				問	to enquire, ask. (a mouth at a door.)
		⊙	Old form.	☾	Old form.

SOME CHINESE CHARACTERS, AS PRINTED.

It is believed by many that Chinese writing was originally all pictorial, or what is called "ideographic." This is disputed; but it is at least clear that many of the oldest and commonest characters were of this nature. Let us give here a table of a few common Chinese words. The pictorial character can be clearly seen in such words as that for a field, the older symbols for sun and moon, a gate, the mouth, etc. The symbol for a man consists of two strokes for his

legs, which originally had exactly the spirit of the Japanese trousers so well known, and may be compared with Carlyle's "forked radish;" but the two strokes have become modified in position. Put the man and the field together, and you have the written word for farmer. Other combinations of elementary words will be



THE SAME CHARACTERS, AS WRITTEN.*

readily traced in the table, and the ideographic character of some of them is clearly distinguishable.

As a rule these compounds convey, as will be seen, much more *abstract* ideas, and form a second class of Chinese words. They are very interesting, as showing the

* These characters are not given as what would be called "copper-plate hand," but are photographed as actually transcribed by a native of China residing in London.

prevailing ideas of the people when such words were formed. A very frequently occurring character represents a tuft of grass. If a complicated "hieroglyph" contains that element set prominently in its structure, depend on it the word has something to do with "plants," and it must be sought for in the dictionary where similar words are grouped. Another stands to represent water, and the word of which it forms part is likely to contain some idea related to moisture, or fluidity. One useful sign represents the sun, another the moon. Used in a certain way, the one stands for "day" and the other for "month." Place them together (as in the table), and you have "brightness," or "light." To represent the east, or sunrise, the sun is shown *behind* a tree; noon is set forth by the sun placed *above* a tree; sunset, by the sun sinking *beneath* a tree. A forest may be denoted by three trees; a mountain is set forth by strokes meant to denote three peaks. A woman, in Chinese, is a robed figure; a wife, is the figure of a woman by whose side is placed a broom, showing that, according to Chinese ideas, one of a wife's chief duties was to use the broom. In Japan "a clattering noise" has been sometimes very ungallantly denoted by a concise group of three such robed figures standing together. These robed figures have, however, like the legs of the man, become very conventional in representation. In fact, many of the signs are so contracted by a kind of artistic shorthand, that their pictorial origin can hardly now be recognised. A rice field was indicated by a kind of bird's-eye plan of one, which is but little altered in the modern form. The sun was set forth in old times by a dot within a circle representing the firmament. The moon was a crescent with a dash between its bounding lines. We can only just trace now the way in which a few of these old figures have become transformed, but a careful study of older forms of writing the characters than those which now prevail, sometimes reveals the development from an original pictorial form, that would not readily have occurred to one who was only familiar with the character as it is written to-day.

Another of the Chinese characters is a simple horizontal stroke. It stands for "one," or "unity," like our Roman I. "Two" is represented by two such strokes. Strokes are so placed as to convey the ideas of "above," "below," "within," and so on. This too, is quite simple and easily understood, and represents another component of Chinese written words; but still it is *idea* which is conveyed, and not *sound*.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that Chinese writing, as a whole, affords *no* guide to the pronunciation. As intelligence developed and culture ripened in the Celestial land, the necessity for fresh terms, and new characters to express them, became the mother of a great improvement in the language. A Roman or Arabic numeral, of itself, gives the European no hint as to how it should be sounded; but throughout some two-thirds of the copious vocabulary of modern Chinese—and there are about twenty-five thousand word-characters in common use—there is set, alongside the ordinary hieroglyph, a phonetic character, as Western scholars term it, which serves as an aid to the pronunciation. This subordinate character also often lends a finer shade of meaning to the broad significance of its companion, and thus exercises a function not

unlike that of the second, or specific term, in the nomenclature of natural history, as when we say or write, *Rosa canina*, or dog-rose.

Such are some of the characteristics and difficulties of this wonderful language. It has beauties and advantages of its own, no doubt. Dr. Morrison tells us that "Chinese fine-writing darts upon the mind with a vivid flash, a force, and a beauty, of which alphabetic language is incapable." It conveys ideas directly to a great extent. A Japanese student who has never spoken to a Chinaman, can read the pages of a Chinese author with profit and delight. If he were to travel in China, he could get along by writing down his daily wants by means of the so-called "hieroglyphs" with which Chinese tea-chests have made Western eyes familiar. Indeed, on account of dialectic differences, Chinamen from different provinces cannot always converse intelligibly with each other, and so resort to mimic *writing* with invisible ink on the palms of the hand. The eye follows the tracing, and the picture-symbol speaks for itself. A Japanese, or a Corean, can thus work his way through China by means of the characters, although his pronunciation differs entirely.

But a consequent and very peculiar characteristic of Chinese, is, that you cannot write down *exactly* in his own language what a Chinaman says. In a court of justice, the most scrupulous clerk must translate into *symbols*—of which there may be many suitable ones to choose from—what a witness utters, before it can be officially recorded. In a conference, or presbytery, a resolution may have to be written out and shown round to the members, before they are able to vote intelligently on it. There are no characters at all to represent some current words which are of daily use in the colloquial language. And some 6,000 or 7,000 of the symbols must be learned, before anyone can read an ordinary book or business document.

So much for the written language. As for the spoken tongue, the great differences of dialect have already been several times alluded to. Hosts of workers have been busily engaged with these dialects, and such variations as they reveal must have been going on for many centuries. In more recent times, "tones," not unlike those used by English teachers of elocution, have been added to the earlier elements of the language. This seems to have taken place as the primitive men from the north came into communion, and blended with, the races lying towards Burmah and Siam. Hence arises another great difficulty which the foreigner meets in grappling with this wonderful tongue. Many words being of only one syllable, the same syllable may mean many quite different things, unless a certain distinctiveness of tone can be given to each. It is the poor Frenchman's difficulty as to the many senses of the English word "box," only on a larger scale. Let us give an actual example. The late Professor Ko Kun-hua, of Harvard University, wrote and sent to Dr. Wells Williams the following melodious lines, which may here serve to illustrate the necessity of using tones to distinguish Chinese words of similar sound. It is perfectly good Chinese verse:—

"Ping ping ping tso tso,
Ping tso tso ping ping,
Tso tso ping ping tso,
Ping ping tso tso ping."

The author himself turned the lines into English, thus:—

“In the light of the spring sun far over the sea,
The City Imperial shines in my view ;
But fairer and dearer than this is to me
Are the clouds and the water of your land to you.
The teacher's red curtain once used by Ma Yung,
At Yale and at Harvard for us has been hung ;
And thanks to the hole which your learning has drilled
In the wall of your language, with light I am filled.” *

It will be seen how *two syllables only*, in the Chinese original, are made by differences in tone and pronunciation to express all the complicated ideas rendered in the translation. The allusion in the last two lines is to a famous poor scholar of antiquity who, unable to afford artificial light for himself, bored a hole through the wall so that he might enjoy the benefit of his neighbour's lamp. Ma Yung was an ancient professor who sat before a red curtain when teaching his students.

Amusing mistakes happen through the difficulty foreigners have, at first, in catching the “tones” properly. Miss Fielde, in her attractive series of sketches of life in China, called “Pagoda Shadows,” tells of a foreign housekeeper who sent her cook to buy tree strawberries, and was surprised to see him return bringing a sheep's tail! Another comical experience she mentions, which “happened in North China to a young missionary lady, eager to be spiritually useful to the people, who began, after a few months' study of the language, to teach a class of boys in a Sunday-school. She was telling the boys about King David, and referred to his having once slain a lion. She found that the boys were not impressed as she expected by this evidence of David's courage, and was a little surprised after the class was dismissed, by overhearing one of the boys saying to another, ‘I do not see that David was so very brave in killing that creature; I myself have killed a great many of them.’ On careful reconsideration of what she had said, she discovered that *shai* meant a lion, but *shāi*, as she had said it, meant a louse!” You perhaps ask for a bow and your servant brings you a saddle. You refer solemnly to a corpse, and your Chinese friend stares, thinking you are speaking about a spoon. “*Tarc*,” says Miss Fielde, writing of the Swatow dialect (which, in common with all the southern, has eight tones, the northern dialects only having four), “is a knife, a cluster, a pocket, or the floor, according to the tone in which it is uttered.”

Another distinction is often made by combining two words to help out the meaning; as we might say, the sky-sun, not the child-son, or as John Leech's cockney barber distinguishes the *'air* of the *'ead* from the *hair* of the *hatmosphere*. English examples of this method are, school-master, ship-master, and so forth. Up to the very last, it has been found difficult to find a word that shall express in a satisfactory manner the idea of God; and this for the reason, that it is concrete ideas which have to be used as components, whilst our vocal *names*, though including ideas (of, however, a more abstract form), leave room also for that indefiniteness which best

* “Life and Letters of S. W. Williams, LL.D.,” by his son, F. W. Williams. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.)

suits the majesty and infinity of the Divine nature.* But sufficient has now been said to give some idea of the difficulties which had to be encountered with the language itself, in the earlier stages of Chinese missions.

Dr. Morrison, in acting as interpreter for the East India Company, had many opportunities of doing kind and Christ-like services, not only to his own countrymen, but also, as their confidence was gained, to Chinamen, and to the merchants, shippers, and seamen doing business under other flags. A touching incident occurred in 1828, which justly caused it to be said of Morrison that he "was destined on this occasion to experience a very gratifying reward for his pains in acquiring the language." †

A French ship which had been battered about greatly off the coasts of Cochin China, and had become, in consequence, quite disabled, one day put into Touron Bay. There her disheartened owners were only too glad to sell the hulk for what it would bring. Having done so, and with a collection of rather costly goods which formed part of the unfortunate vessel's cargo, they took passage with an evil-smelling, motley crowd of Chinese, in a large passenger junk bound for the old Portuguese town of Macao. The unfortunate French captain, blind to the serious risks he ran, was satisfied with the formal watch which was usual on such occasions. But there was on board one loyal old Chinaman, who tried by various signs to draw his attention to the menacing looks and eager whisperings which were ever going on among the rough-looking lot that lay closely huddled on the by no means too spacious deck. Just as the ship drew in towards the landmark indicating the opening of the peculiar sinuous passage that leads to the harbour of Macao—which lies amongst an intricate system of creeks and islands, to this present day infested with daring and troublesome bands of pirates—the more respectable of the Chinese on board made for the landing-boats with suspicious alacrity.

No thought of treachery seemed yet to dawn upon the Frenchmen, and as night drew on they all went off quietly to sleep, thinking doubtless that the risk of robbers was now over. But when the cold pale light of morning dawned upon the noiseless deck of that junk, it was all red with the blood of the poor Frenchmen. In the quiet of the early morning the Chinese crew had arisen stealthily, and with knife and hatchet made short work of the slumbering foreigners. The captain fought gallantly for his life, and had laid several Chinamen dead at his feet before he himself fell, the last to succumb. Only one man escaped to tell the frightful tale, which, of course created the utmost horror and consternation in the small foreign community.

This poor seaman's escape was little short of a miracle. Armed with a stout crowbar of some kind, he, though badly cut about the head and bleeding freely, kept his cowardly pig-tailed assailants at bay for a while. At last, seeing that further resistance was altogether useless, he leaped into the sea. His enemies no doubt supposed that he would inevitably be drowned; but, being an expert swimmer, he succeeded in

* We shall have a further opportunity of stating the main points in the great "Term question," which is so important to the missionaries in China.

† The chief particulars of the incident here narrated are given by M. Laplace, a French naval officer, already quoted, who was in Chinese waters during that stirring period. Some additional details are drawn from the narrative of Sir J. F. Davis, Her Majesty's Minister in China.

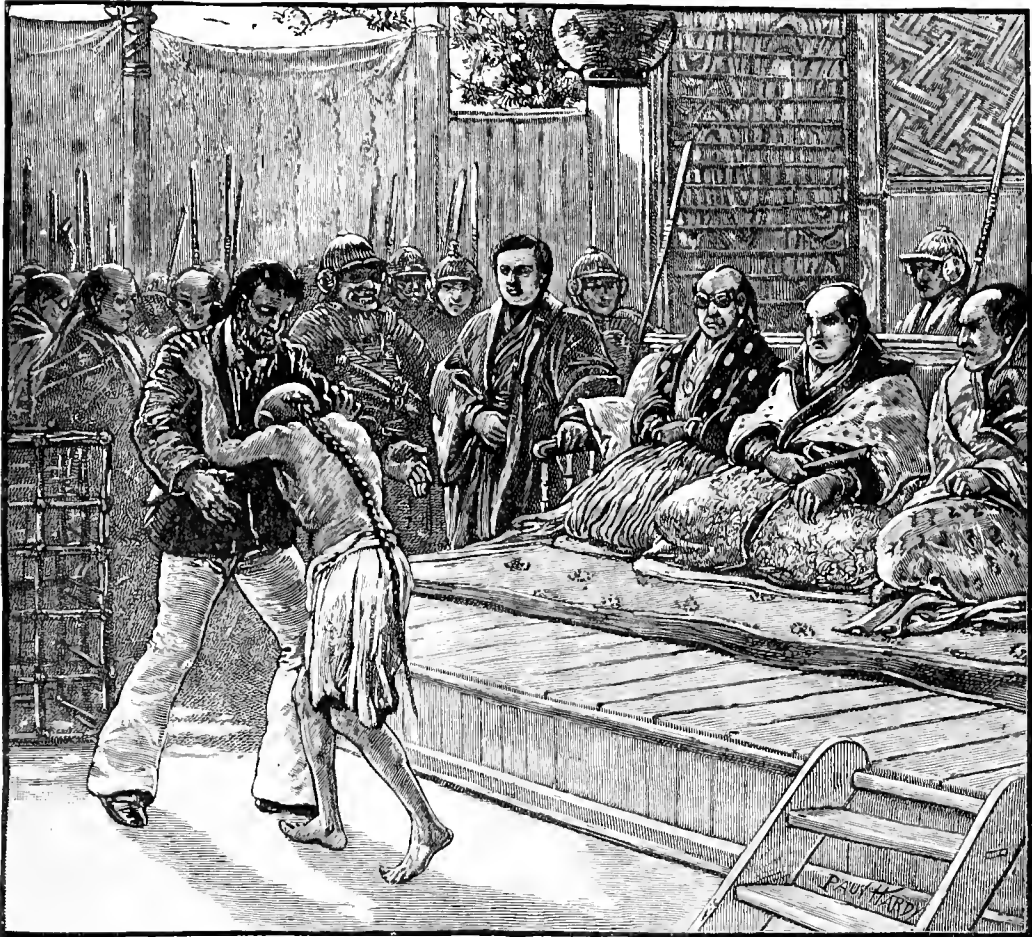
getting into a friendly boat, and was landed at Macao, sick, exhausted, and badly wounded. There kindly help and skill were rendered by the Jesuits, and on communicating with the Mandarins, who all hate pirates and piracy, they were soon at work hunting the sea-robbers. The evidence against them was certainly clear enough, for the more respectable Chinamen on board, hitherto afraid of revenge if they informed, came forward and gave testimony. The assassins were speedily caught, put into iron cages, and sent up to Canton to be tried—and condemned.

Now the Emperor himself had commanded that the trial and punishment were to be conducted before the Europeans living there, as proof of good faith, and Morrison had to be present in his official capacity as interpreter. While standing in court he heard repeated cries and pitiful protestations of innocence from one trembling inmate of an iron cage—an old man. Morrison bent his ear to him, and understanding, as few foreigners then did, the meaning of this old boatman's *patois*, he heard him call for the Frenchman, whose life he had really tried to save. The missionary promptly went up to the stern-eyed Mandarins on the bench and told them the old man's story, recalling with great tact the noble truth embedded from olden times in Chinese law, that it is better to let even the guilty escape than to punish the innocent.

The judges agreed that the old man should be confronted with the sailor. This was at once done, and a scene followed as pathetic and beautiful as any that romancers have imagined. The two men embraced, shedding tears the while, and the whole audience was melted with sympathy. The judges, officials of high culture in China, were glad to set the old man free. Only one person in that tragic assembly, we may be sure, could be happier than he, and that one was Robert Morrison. The rest of the prisoners were at once, and in the presence of the court, beheaded, except the leader of the pirate gang. He was slowly and elaborately tortured to death in the Chinese manner, before the horror-sick Europeans who had to bear witness of the execution.

The most merciful form of capital punishment in the code of China is strangulation. It involves no loss of members to be perpetuated in the other world. Not so with the next form, decapitation, reserved for worse offenders, who must reappear in Hades as headless ghosts; till, by long eras of suffering and remorse, the evil-doer has purged the sins of his mundane career. The third and most terrible form of execution is called *Ling-chy*, "the disgraceful and lingering death." In this form, reserved for the gravest offences known to Chinamen, the victim is said to be sliced almost to pieces by a series of cuts, made in a fixed order so as to leave all vital parts intact, that the suffering may be continued as long as possible.

Dr. Morrison, together with Mr. Olyphant, a good Christian merchant in China, had urged the American Board to send out a missionary. The latter-named gentleman offered, very generously, to pay all the missionary's expenses outward, and to furnish him with a home for one year. A representative of the Board, therefore, went to their college at Andover without delay, to look for a suitable man. From a quiet farm-house in Massachusetts had come a young student of deeply religious feeling, whose ancestors were



MORRISON SAVES AN INNOCENT CHINAMAN.

of that genuine old Puritan stock which laid the foundation of America's greatness. Elijah Coleman Bridgman (born in 1801) was not slow to respond to the clear-toned call to the East, and was off to China, amid much work and worry, in three weeks from the date of his first summons to the mission-field. After a voyage of four months he landed safely in Canton in the year 1830. Here Morrison received the young American with open arms, helped him with much kindly counsel, and gave him some footing amongst the people, who were still suspicious of most foreigners, even to hostility. As a missionary, indeed, no foreigner was yet formally tolerated by the Mandarins, and there was shown not a little actual enmity, which seemingly awaited but a favourable occasion to display itself in semi-legal villainy. Bridgman's life was quiet and uneventful, but not without influence on China, as we shall see by-and-by.

When the New Testament was ready for circulation, Milne, who was soon followed by others, made extensive journeys among the Chinese scattered about the South Seas in the vicinity of the Malayan peninsula, visiting Batavia, the island of Java—to whose

Emperor he had the honour to be presented—and Madura, whose Sultan invited him to spend a night in his palace.

At Malacca a college was founded by Milne, the genuine precursor of those in India with which Dr. Duff's name will be for ever associated. To this institution, which was expected to aid the spread of Christian culture and truth over south-eastern Asia, Morrison, out of his earnings as interpreter, generously gave a subscription of £1,500. The college at Malacca does not, however, seem to have met with very brilliant success. The conditions which proved so favourable in India could hardly be said to exist in Southern China or its vicinity. Numerous schools of a less pretentious character were opened for the Chinese, Malay, and Indian children, and preaching was now vigorously and openly carried on wherever audiences could be obtained.

Wandering about in this way, seeking to get amongst the Chinese (for China herself was not yet open in any true sense), who formed little close communities in the various neighbouring ports where any business was to be done or money to be made, Milne began to observe that the Chinese colonists or emigrants were often secretly banded together, not always for strictly legal or moral objects. Indeed, he saw that they thus formed many a wild scheme to rob and thwart the local authorities. Chinese society has often, in disturbed times, been perfectly honeycombed with secret guilds, which have sometimes tried to accomplish, by organising bloody rebellions, the political changes our working men's clubs seek to achieve by peaceful means.

Dr. Milne made a close study of one of the largest of the secret bands, called the *Triad Society*, and in 1823 he published some observations on the subject. Outwardly it was a kind of mutual aid society, but, besides certain laudable aims, it sought to identify its members with bold schemes of rebellion, robbery, and revenge. Their motto was—

“The blessings mutually share,
The woes reciprocally bear.”

In Chinese systems of thought there are always three phases or departments of the Universe—*Heaven, Earth, Man*. This, then, is the august “triad” from which the rebel guild borrowed its sanctimonious title. The force of the title is the prophetic hint it conveys to the initiated, that when these great influences combine, the reigning dynasty of the Manchus or Tartars (which commenced to rule China in A.D. 1644) must totter and fall. At the beginning of the century this conspiracy spread like wild-fire under another name, and it had nearly succeeded in its bold design, but in 1803 it was almost, though not quite, crushed out of existence by measures of great severity. It revived, however, and still goes on with kaleidoscopic changes of form. The new “brother” used to be initiated at the dead of night by passing under a bridge of swords, one member reading the form of oath to him, he duly responding to each article, and sealing his testimony by cutting off a cock's head, as an assurance that a similar fate will befall him if faithless. Many of the ceremonial details remind one of Western freemasonry.

It is pretty certain that much of the jealous dread of Christianity on the part of

Chinese officialdom, arose from a fear of such secret guilds working injury to established law and order.

After some exploratory work on that seemingly bottomless quagmire—the language—through which Morrison had placed in various directions not a few solid stepping-stones, Bridgman began, at the suggestion of his English predecessor, to conduct a magazine, which was destined to attain its object very clearly, and became in reality, as well as in name, “The Chinese Repository.” He remained its editor for about twenty years, showing remarkable tact and ability, and giving a great stimulus to studies pertaining to China. This work is now rather rare and valuable; but we understand that some portion of it has been republished. It is a perfect mine of information upon every subject connected with the Far East. Bridgman was succeeded as editor by Dr. Wells Williams, another able and scholarly American, author of one of the very best books on China, “The Middle Kingdom.” But we must tell of the great work Dr. Williams did for China later on.

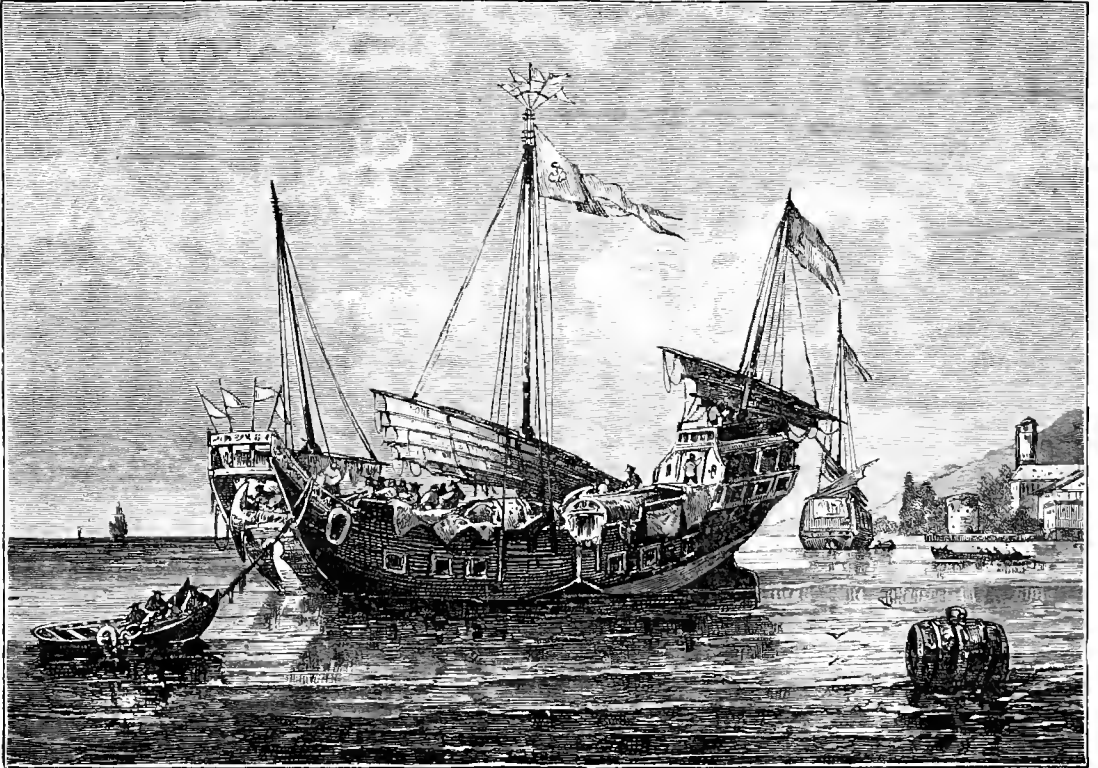
The Chinese as a people have always been fond of reading, and, although the common people have little leisure for real study, a very large proportion of the *men* can read and enjoy a simple tract or story. The Buddhist priests, long ago, provided the populace with little booklets, giving some conception of the life and aims of the great Indian whose system they profess to teach and follow; and many collections of pious and moral tales exist, of which copies are sold for a mere trifle.

The Christian missionaries now began to utilise the opportunities which free access to the boat population, and to the emigrants from China into the neighbouring countries and the Straits Settlements, afforded them for circulating tracts and Bibles. The labourers were now becoming more numerous. Dr. Gutzlaff, a Prussian by birth, sent out by the Netherlands Mission Society, and Dr. Medhurst, with Messrs. Tomlin and Stevens, made long journeys along the coast, and circulated in this way perhaps about seven and a half millions of booklets and tracts. They used to go on board the junks, and there they would find, strangely grouped, natives from every province in China, traders from Malacca, Singapore, and Penang, Jews and Mahommedans, Portuguese and Parsees, and crowds of Malays from the Straits. Whatever judgment has since been passed on this work, the workers were inspired by an ardent conviction that they were doing the right thing at the time, and that this mode of reaching the Chinese heart and soul was the best then available in the state of the country.

It is true that subsequent writers have expressed a very different judgment in most unhesitating terms. Dr. Brown, the generally calm and judicious historian of Missions, says with some degree of severity, “Extensive as was the distribution of books, little or nothing was ever known of spiritual good being effected by them, nor are there any traces of their having had any bearing or influence as regards the spread of the Gospel in China, or in any of the other countries to which they were carried. They were distributed not only much too freely, but much too indiscriminately.” This could hardly have been the case if the books and tracts were in themselves good and instructive. The sailors could sometimes not read them. That, at least, has been said,

and it is quite probable in itself; but, on the other hand, it was admitted by one of the severest critics of this "indiscriminate distribution" that "in no junk did we find the crew so ignorant that none could read." That the works were imperfect in substance and style may be freely conceded.

What, however, was the result of all this enormous expenditure of time, energy, and money? Dr. Wells Williams, writing in 1838, said very candidly:—"Hitherto



A CHINESE JUNK.

we have had no proof that the thousands of books thrown among this people have excited one mind to inquire concerning them, have induced one soul to find a teacher among the foreigners in China, or have been the means of converting one individual." This may seem to be very conclusive testimony, as coming from one of the leading missionaries engaged in the work. Williams went on to express his disappointment at the result, on which he bases his disapproval of the means. He says:—"I have seen books on board the junks which were received at Bangkok or Batavia; but I have never had a question asked concerning their meaning, have never heard an objection started, nor a request made to have a doubt solved, though the sight of the books I had brought was the occasion of their *showing me the books they had received.*" (The italics are ours.)

Is there not, however, something in this one fact, that *they had retained the*

books, and knew about them a little, if not much? Again, when the English captured the town of Tinghai in 1840, a copy of one of the Gospels in Chinese was found on board the junk which carried the admiral's flag. It had not only been read, but had marginal notes upon it.

It must be remembered that at this time there was no permission to visit or missionise the interior, and the work was at first sternly restricted to the coast and river population. This was almost the only way by which the seed could then be sown. Twelve or thirteen years afterwards, from among that same population, there burst forth the wildest rebellion of recent times that China had witnessed—the rise of the *Tai-p'ings*, which will be referred to more particularly presently. But here we simply note that this movement was *a Pagan version of Christianity*, the exact origin of which is still obscure. It sought to abolish idolatry and promote the worship of one true God. Every Englishman in China knows that this movement would probably have been fatal to the ruling dynasty of China, but for the genius and vigour displayed by “Chinese Gordon,” who crushed it ere it attained dimensions, as it threatened to do, with which no army could have successfully coped. It is quite certain that those scattered leaflets aroused Chinese sailors and peasants *to think* for the first time, however crude and erroneous their thoughts might have been.

Constant and grinding work at the language told upon the health of Dr. Morrison, so that he was, though with heartfelt regret, compelled to plan a return to England for a time. But with whom could he venture to entrust the delicate affairs of so young a mission, in circumstances so momentous as the times presented? A Chinese Christian named Liang A-fah, no doubt after much prayer and thought, had been set apart as an evangelist. To him was confided the management of affairs; and amidst the severest troubles and persecution, which occurred several years afterwards, he proved himself to be in every way worthy of the great confidence placed in him by his spiritual father, Dr. Morrison.

Liang A-fah, amongst other proofs of Christian zeal and activity, wrote a Chinese tract called “Good Words to Admonish the Age.” It does not appear that admonition was exactly what the age was craving for just then, and the fact came into prominence very distinctly and very disagreeably in this way.

Nearly every kind of official eminence and political success in China is based on *education*, as a first step, and as tested by a grand Imperial system of examinations towards the taking of degrees. Indeed, the system is not unlike that pursued by the London University. The examinations are open practically to all who wish to present themselves, nor do the students require to have been resident at any particular school or university. They may have been entirely self-taught, for aught that is asked on this point. Now it happened that in the year 1833 not less than 24,000 of these students—young lads, most of them, from various parts of the country—had come to Canton to be tested by examination in the usual way. Good Liang A-fah, zealous to utilise such a glorious opportunity of addressing what might justly be deemed the cream of the people, men of intelligence and culture, who would, many of them, soon occupy the highest positions of honour and responsibility the State could

confer, circulated amongst them some 2,500 copies of his innocent little "Good Words," which, alas! nearly proved very costly to him.

Just about the time that Lord Napier was appointed British Consul in China—with Dr. Morrison, by the way, as Secretary and Interpreter at a salary of £1,300—a bitter and violent popular outcry was raised, as had once or twice been done before, against "traitorous" Chinamen lending assistance to the foreigners in learning the language. A senseless proclamation was therefore issued by the Mandarins against those who get up the "evil and obscene books of the outside barbarians," or, as we should perhaps say, unorthodox books. It referred pretty plainly to certain evil-doers who pretended to "admonish the age," and as Lord Napier (with Morrison's official help, no doubt) had issued an appeal to the Chinese, it spoke of the help that it was thought natives must have necessarily rendered, as traitorous. Orders were given to search for the offenders, and poor Liang A-fah and his press assistants were naturally suspected. Dr. Wells Williams thus relates what took place:—"Two of the latter were seized, one of whom was beaten with forty blows upon his face for refusing to divulge; the other made a full disclosure, and the police next day repaired to his shop and seized three printers, with four hundred volumes and blocks; the men were subsequently released by paying about eight hundred dollars." A quantity of type used for printing the Chinese Bible, of which Dr. Morrison had presented His Majesty George IV. with a copy when in England, and many fine cut blocks, were destroyed. The boys' school was quite broken up, and Liang A-fah sought safety in flight to Macao, relentlessly pursued by the Chinese police. He ultimately found a safe retreat at Singapore, where, under British rule and protection, he could work to his heart's content among his Chinese countrymen, who resided there, as they do still, in great numbers.

The police succeeded in capturing three of A-fah's relatives at his native village, and in accordance with national laws or customs, they were promptly dealt with, and his house closed up with official stamp and seal. Bridgman thought that if A-fah had fallen into official hands, he would have paid the penalty with his life. The poor Chinese sufferer for his faith afterwards wrote: "I call to mind that all who preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus must suffer persecution; and though I cannot equal the patience of Paul or Job, I desire to imitate the ancient saints, and keep my heart in peace."

But what came of the leaflets that Liang A-fah had scattered amongst the students? One of them, at least, if it could now be obtained, would be well worthy of preservation in a Chinese national museum, as an historical monument interesting to all time. For it was handed by A-fah to a young man named Hung-sen-tseuen, as he entered the Hall of Examination. This young man read it over carefully: tossed it aside as heretical and un-Chinese; re-read and re-read it, and still its message seemed to ring in his poor pagan ears as a new and living word of truth for him and for his anxious and distracted age. The rest is not very clear, but it is thought that he went and talked over the matter with one or two of the missionaries, without being much noticed; and it is believed that he got from one of them a copy of the Old and New Testaments in Chinese.

The Bible, apart from all theories of its Divine inspiration, is itself an inspiring book. To an inquiring, restless, pagan mind it is full of fresh and high ideals of life; so this young man, dissatisfied with all the hard conventionalism around him, felt, amidst gross ignorance of all that we deem the true spirit of Christ, that he would now like to become a Christian. He made open profession of his new faith, but bitter persecution at once arose, so that he joined some like himself who were just emerging from the profound darkness of heathenism, without—alas! for the shortsightedness of the Government—the control and counsel of living and experienced guides. These few poor men were attacked, and cruelly driven away from their homes. Their democratic blood arose (and Chinese blood is *very* democratic), so that they offered resistance to the authorities, and at last they became emboldened, by the recklessness of perhaps despair (for their cause did not seem at first at all likely to become popular), and attacked with great vigour the Imperialist troops sent to subdue them. They shattered them; they even succeeded in capturing a little city, and seized a quantity of arms and ammunition. Others, with no flavour of Christianity, rallied to this strange parody of the standard of Jesus, and the new and wild movement was soon recognised as a somewhat hopeful-looking Cave of Adullam for the hordes of lawless and disaffected who swarm all over the southern parts of the Empire.

China was soon in a blaze. A large, powerful, and very courageous rebel army was organised, and the final design came to be the overthrow of the reigning Manchu or Tartar dynasty, and the re-establishment of some branch, probably, of the old genuine Chinese dynasties. The rebels swept rapidly and with irresistible force over the country, fighting fierce battles and laying whole provinces desolate. When Chung-chow was captured by the rebels, close upon six or seven thousand were slain in the conflict, or succumbed to disease. The central provinces were desolated as if some great plague had rapidly swept over them, “perhaps the greatest scourge to which the race has been exposed for many centuries.” Many cities were laid low and almost depopulated, their smoky ruins reeking with blood, and the richly cultivated fields, which had made the land like one vast smiling garden, were rendered desolate and barren.

Before the reigning dynasty of Manchus became the masters of China, there was for two hundred and seventy-six years the Chinese dynasty of the Mings (A.D. 1370 [?]—1650). The word means brightness or light, a very good catch-ery for the rising party to adopt. This dynasty was begun by the rise from obscurity of a youth, who, half-starved, took refuge in a Buddhist monastery, became the soldier of Fortune, and found her a very good mistress. The last emperor, in despair, stabbed his own daughter and hung himself. It was during the sway of this line that the Jesuits received so much favour in China. Astronomy was studied with much ardour. Then, too, was published that miracle of industry, the great Chinese Encyclopædia, in some twenty-two thousand volumes, with a convenient little index of some three thousand pages.

The rebels made the old Ming capital of Nanking—whence *nankeen* cloth gets its name—their capital, capturing it in 1653. It lies not very far from the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and was noted for its beautiful and costly Porcelain Tower. The

strange edifice was never completed, but from an account given by Dr. Charles Taylor, an American missionary, some conception may be formed of this most remarkable tower. Its actual height was two hundred and sixty-one feet, and it was all faced with fine porcelain clay, the tiles, which showed fully on each of its nine completed stories (thirteen was the number in the design) throwing a greenish hue over the whole edifice. The tiles and bricks, by no means of one uniform colour, were highly glazed, and the whole was bedight with gay lanterns and bells, some hundred and fifty of each. Within was a spiral staircase; the woodwork was strong, curiously carved, and so richly painted, that when the sun lighted up this singular structure it had a most bewitching and lovely appearance. The rebels blew it up, and carried off the tiles lest it should, in some mysterious way, prove an obstacle to their designs.

At last this rebel stronghold fell. Let Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., tell the story of the events that followed* :—“The three days and nights following the fall of the city were spent in massacring the inhabitants, and then all who bore the fatal brand of the long-haired rebel were summarily destroyed. The city moat around the walls flowed with blood, and was heaped with the ghastly relics of the slaughter. Ten years after this dreadful episode, Nanking was still in ruins; acres upon acres of streets, once busy and teeming with thousands of industrious citizens, stretched out within the walls, like miles of grass mounds, hushed, desolate, and overgrown with rank weeds. Here and there, faint as if still subdued by dark memories, the hum of reawakening life might be heard, mingled with the fitful sound of labourers and builders at their task of reconstruction. Outside the walls the deserted plains, where little else but reeds and grass were to be seen, testified how completely the region had been depopulated.”

But the final history of the great Taiping rebellion—and how it was crushed by our “Colonel” Gordon, acting for the Imperial Government of China—belongs to a much later period than that we are now interested in. It is enough to know that the American shipper’s sneer to Morrison had been answered: the great mass of China *had* been impressed by the Bible.

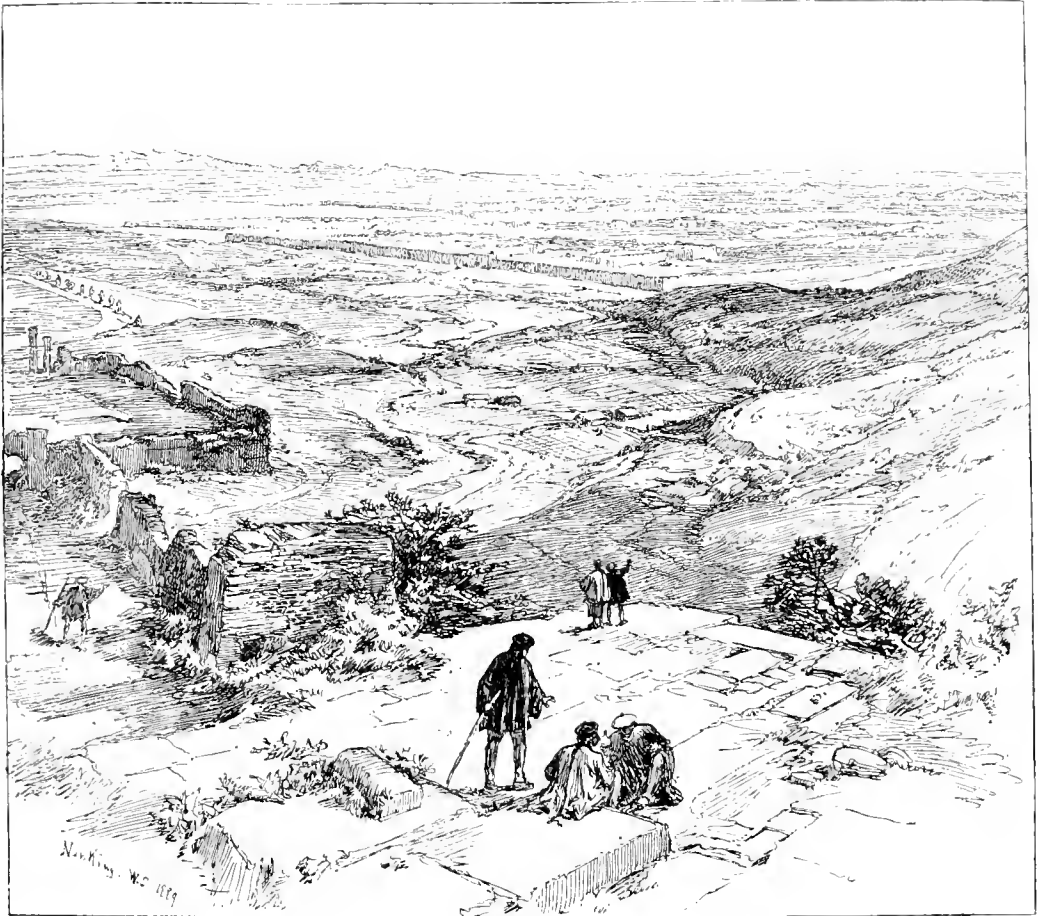
Dr. Milne was not long spared to labour in China. Dr. Morrison followed him twelve years afterwards, but not till, with incredible labour, he had completed his great Dictionary of Chinese, in six quarto volumes. It was for a long period the standard authority, though later scholarship has advanced beyond what was possible for a pioneer like Morrison. It has been said that the true monument of these two men “is the Chinese Bible and the Chinese College.”

Morrison died in 1834, and in the same year Lord Napier, the English ambassador, succumbed to the same unhealthy season, which had been marked by heavy rainfall and long-continued inundations. Sir John F. Davis mourned “the severe loss experienced in the recent death of Dr. Morrison, the Chinese Secretary, more particularly versed in the language than any European.” He had been richly endowed by nature with gifts of memory and intellect, while culture had been nobly and persistently applied to their development. He often manifested the caution which, perhaps, had

* We take the account from “The Land and the People of China,” published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

come to him from his Scottish ancestry. Indeed, the extension of English influence and missionary progress in China were greatly aided by the firm and cautious steering of Morrison.

It was said of Morrison that he possessed "talents rather of the solid than of the



NANKING.

showy kind; fitted more for continuous labour than for sudden bursts of genius," and no much higher compliment could have been paid to him. It is questionable if this great and good man made personally many converts to Christianity. No one did more, however, to advance the cause of missions in China, and to give them dignity and importance even in the eyes of the most worldly merchants and statesmen. His warm friend Mr. Bridgman preached his funeral sermon from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Mr. Bridgman, who was now engaged on a great work of 730 pages, the "Chinese Chrestomathy," received the degree of D.D. He afterwards became secretary and chaplain of the American Legation. Dr. Bridgman then entered very heartily into the

revision of the Chinese Bible. Delegates were appointed, but the Americans and English could no longer completely agree as to the name to be used for the Deity. The discussion on this point, the difficulty of which has been already mentioned, with the nature of it and the reasons for it, was very keen and protracted, and still echoes through China: probably, indeed, as we have already said, an entirely unobjectionable term could scarcely be found. At all events, henceforward different versions have been adopted. The Delegates' version is held by many English missionaries to give the best results of scholarship; but there is great difference of opinion as to the style, which is flowing and *literary*, in the Chinese sense, rather than literal. It is written in the style called *Wen-li*, the "book-language" used all over China, as Latin was in Europe, and is, like Latin, a dead or unspoken language, so that the lessons are not directly read from it in Chinese churches.

A very sad event was associated with the meeting of the delegates in 1847. Many months were to be spent on the revision, and Mr. Lowrie, an American missionary, whose station was Ningpo, had intended to remain until the work was accomplished. But an urgent message one day came to him from the station, requiring his presence at once. Little did he or his friends foresee how tragically this journey would end. Mr. Lowrie, who was a young man of a kindly disposition and of much promise, very promptly responded to this sudden call, and, along with two native attendants, took passage in a canal-boat to a little Chinese port near the mouth of the Shanghai river. There they got on board a large passenger junk, bound direct for their mission station, Ningpo.

What little wind there was, was against them, and they were floating very lazily along through the yellow-tinged waters off the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. They might have made some ten or twelve miles only, when a large three-masted junk, swiftly propelled by eight great oars, appeared on the horizon, and at this the buzzing sing-song of the Chinese passengers became hushed. The craft was much in appearance like those that plied about the little port they had just left behind them. As it continued to bear steadily and rapidly down upon them, the company on board Mr. Lowrie's vessel, who were alert to every seemingly insignificant manœuvre, were seized with sudden panic, and with loud, anxious cries urged the captain to change his course, and go back towards the place they had sailed from. With such a wind, probably nothing could be done. Mr. Lowrie tried to restore confidence, and, waving a little flag upon which were the stars and stripes of America, he stood up and waited to see what the pirates, as they seemed to be, would do. The strange junk fast drew near, and, as it approached, the pirates kept firing on the defenceless passengers. At last twenty cruel-looking villains leaped on board, and began to hunt out from their hiding-places the pallid-terror-stricken Chinamen, who had no idea of resisting such an attack as this. These bandits of the sea, armed with swords and spears, or old-fashioned matchlocks and the like, then rushed about the deck beating, thrusting with their spears, slashing and shooting whoever looked as if disposed to object. The remainder of the passengers and crew they stripped naked.

Poor Mr. Lowrie, seeing the utter uselessness of resistance, handed the blood-stained villains the key of his trunk, which they were trying to smash open. This

well-timed civility seemed to have a pacifying effect even on such brutes as these. They left even his watch and his pocket money untouched. Suspicious, however, that something might come up against them afterwards, the pirates seemed to confer hurriedly. Two of their number were told off for some purpose. These men at once came up to Mr. Lowrie, seized him, and made a wild and strenuous effort to throw him overboard. He resisted them strongly, and another man had to come to their help. In another moment Mr. Lowrie was struggling amid the hungry billows of the Yellow Sea. One of those who escaped tells that "He swam about for some time, and was seen to turn several times in the water, as if he would struggle toward the boat; but as one of the pirates stood with a long pole in his hand ready to strike him should he approach it, he gave up the attempt, and, the waves running high, he soon sank to rise no more." The pirates then rendered the ship helpless, and left it to drift rudderless on the waters with its shivering and naked company. These got to land somehow, and so escaped with their lives only.



DEATH OF MR. LOWRIE.

V.—THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE MISSIONS BEGAN.

South-Sea Missions first suggested by the Countess of Huntingdon—London Missionary Society Founded—Purchase of the *Duff*—A large Mission Colony—Landing and early Success of the Mission at Tahiti—Hasty and fickle Enthusiasm at Home—Second Voyage of the *Duff* and its disastrous Issue—Misfortunes at Tahiti, and Return of the greater Number of the Missionaries—Lamentable Cases of Apostasy amongst the Remainder—Success of those who Persevered—Early Life of John Williams—Marriage and Dedication to Missionary Work—Early Work at Raiatea—The People Civilised and Reformed—Voyage to Sydney—Rarotonga—Sets to Work to build a Vessel with his own Hands—*The Messenger of Peace*—Her Trial Trip and its Perils.

SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon, lay dying. She had borne her part in the great revival under Wesley and Whitfield—the latter of whom she had appointed her chaplain; and had founded a sect which is known as “Lady Huntingdon’s Connection.” Sixty-four of her chapels were then in existence (1791), and to-day there are still, according to recent religious statistics, thirty-four chapels belonging to that connection in England and Wales.

Not long before she died, the Countess had been reading an account of Captain Cook’s voyages, in which that intrepid sailor told of the numberless groups of little islands lying in the Southern Seas, guarded by rings of coral, bedecked with gorgeous vegetation, and smiling throughout the year beneath a summer sun. In her dying hours the heart of the Countess went out to the poor heathen in those glorious isles, ignorant of God, morality, or civilisation, and sunk in every form of barbarity, superstition, and vice; and she entreated that missionaries might be sent over to help them, to which end she herself subscribed liberally.

Four years later the London Missionary Society was established, and it was resolved by the founders and directors—evangelical Christians connected with the Church of England, various sections of the Presbyterians, and the Congregational body—that the first effort of the Society should be to send missionaries to the South Seas. A subscription was set on foot, and the sum of ten thousand pounds was collected, with part of which a ship called the *Duff* was purchased. On the 10th of August, 1796, the banks of the Thames were lined with eager crowds as the *Duff*—the first ship that had ever been fitted out for the express purpose of conveying the messengers of the Gospel to heathen lands—set sail on her voyage to Otaheite (Tahiti). It was not, perhaps, that the thousands who congregated on and beside the Thames that day, took any overwhelming interest in the missionary enterprise; but the subject of the South Sea and its islands was then one of the most interesting of the times. The narratives of Captain Cook had been read everywhere; and the islands, many of which he had named, had fallen into the hands of European swindlers who had infamously traded upon human cupidity, until the great “South Sea Bubble” had been blown and had burst.

OCEANIA.

—♦♦—

MISSION STATIONS underlined> on the Map, alphabetically arranged to show the various Societies working at each. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

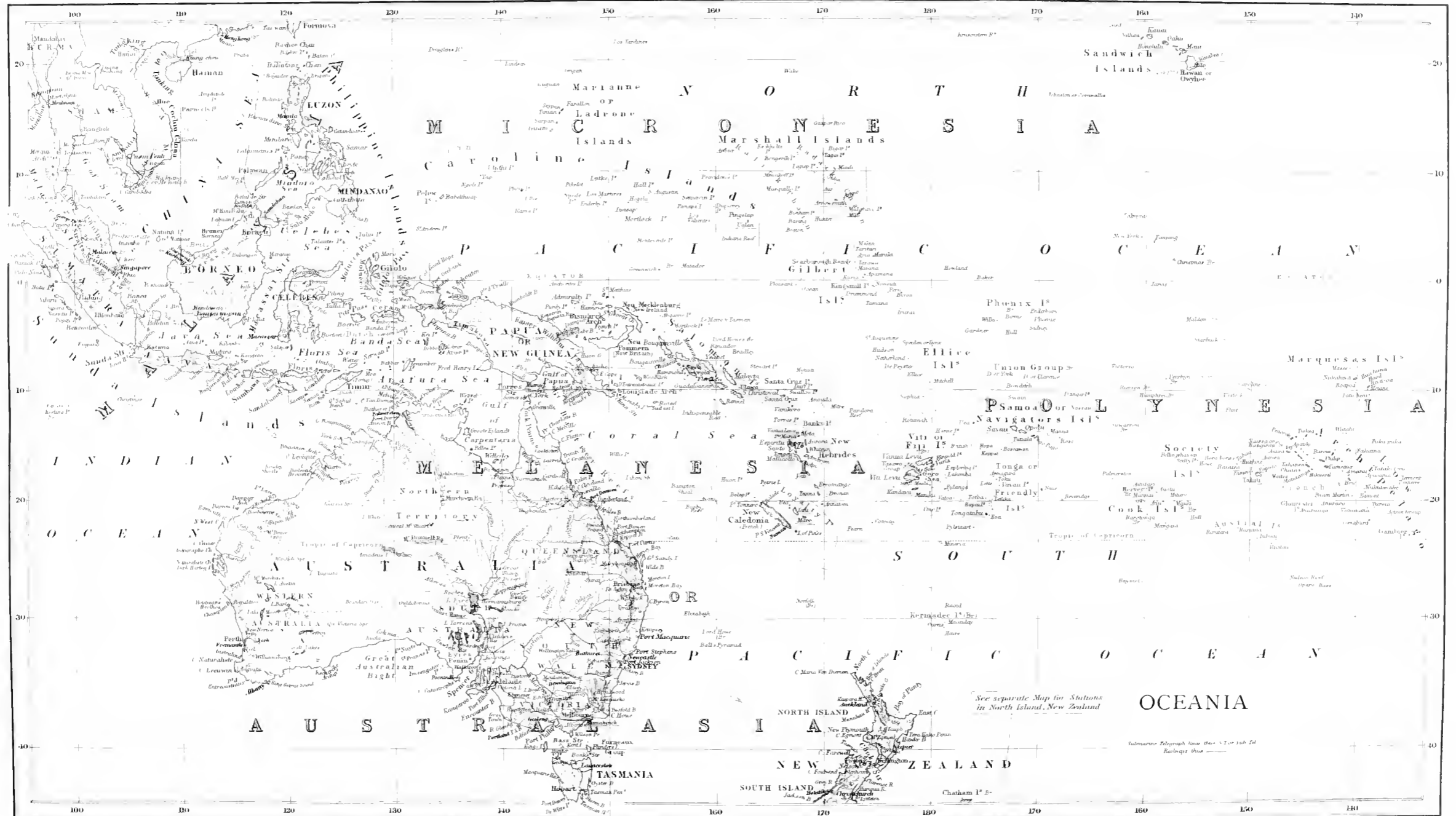
<p>C. M. S. . . . Church Missionary Society. S. P. G. . . . Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mel. . . . Melanesian Mission. L. M. S. . . . London Missionary Society. Free Ch. Scot. . . Free Church of Scotland Foreign Mission. Morav. . . . Missions of the United Brethren, or Moravians. Herm. . . . Hermannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society. Paris Evang. . . Paris Society for Evangelical Missions. Rhenish . . . Rhenish Missionary Society. Utrecht . . . Utrecht Mission Union. Neth. Miss. Soc. . Netherlands Missionary Society.</p>	<p>Neth. Miss. Un. . Netherlands Missionary Union. Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch. . Netherlands Christian Reformed Church Mission. Mennonite Un. . Mennonite Union for the Propagation of the Gospel. Ermeloo Ch. Miss. . Ermeloo Church Missions. Java Comité . . Java Comité, Home and Foreign Missions. Aust. Presb. . . Missions of Australasian Presbyterian Churches. Aust. Wes. . . Missions of Australasian Wesleyan Churches. Can. Presb. . . Canadian Presbyterian Church Foreign Missions. Am. B. F. M. . American Board of Foreign Missions.* Hawaiian . . Hawaiian Evangelical Association.*</p>
--	---

* These two Societies work in concert in Micronesia.

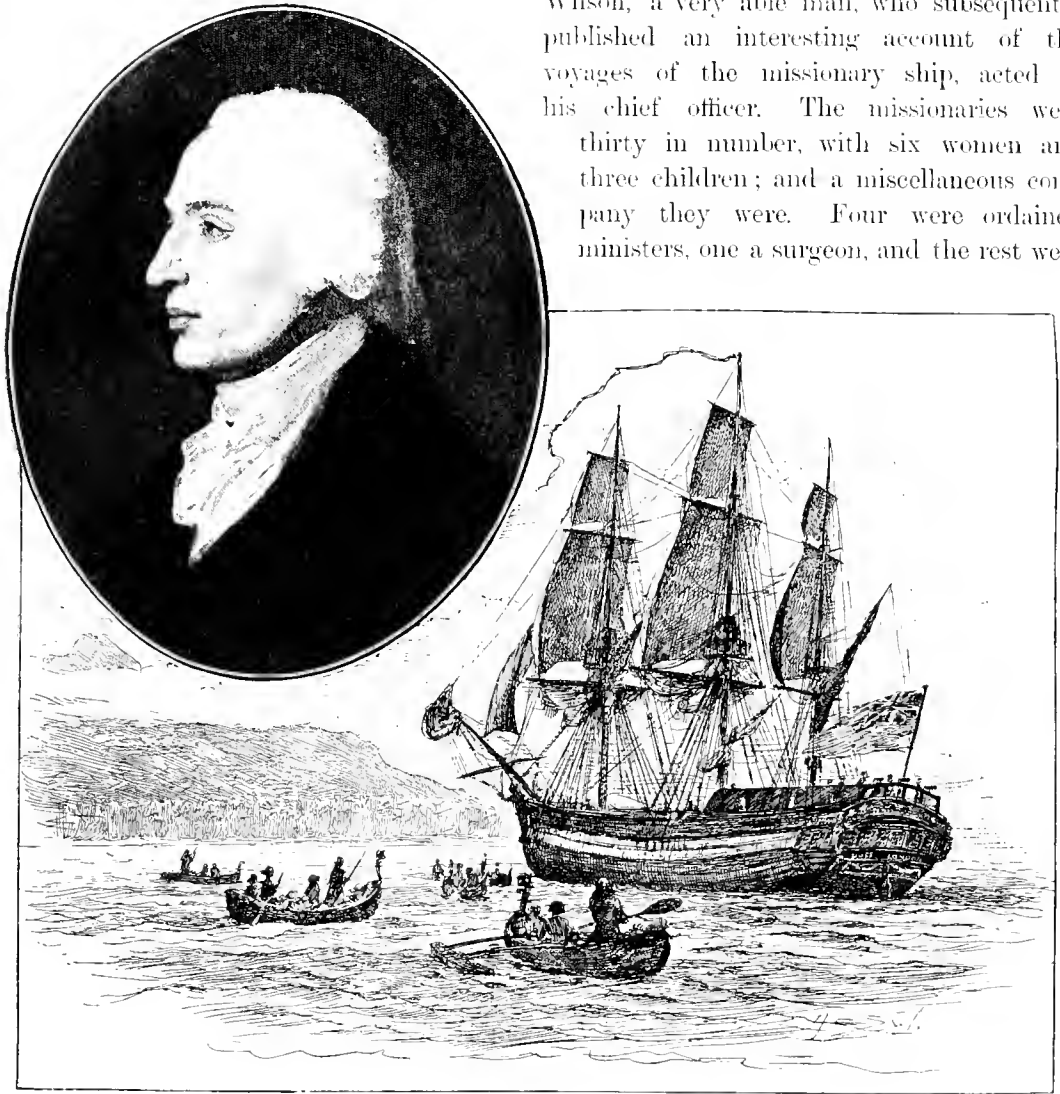
N.B.—In Sumatra, Java, Borneo, &c., it has been found impossible, owing to the scale of the Map, to indicate more than a few of the Mission Stations. In such instances, however, the number of Stations occupied by the various Missionary Societies is given in the following list instead. Separate Maps of British Borneo and New Zealand (North Island) will be found elsewhere.

<p>AITUTAKI . . . Cook Islands . L. M. S. ALMAHERA. <i>See</i> Gilolo. ANDAI . . . New Guinea . Utrecht. ANNATOM . . . New Hebrides . Free Ch. Scot. (<i>Ancitymm</i>) API . . . " " . Aust. Presb. APIA . . . Gilbert Islands . Am. B. F. M. ARHNO . . . Marshall Islands . " ARROWSMITH . . . " " . " (<i>Majaro</i>) AVR . . . " " . " AURORA . . . New Hebrides . Mel. AUSTRALIA . . . — . Herm., Morav. AUSTRAL IS. . . — . L. M. S. BANJARMASIN . Borneo . . Rhenish. BANKS IS. . . New Hebrides . Mel. BATAVIA . . . Java . . . Neth. Miss. Soc., Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch. Java Comité. BATU IS. . . Sumatra . . Dutch Luth. BOEROE, <i>Island of</i>. . . — . Utrecht. BOGADJIM . . . New Guinea . Rhenish. BONHAM IS. . . Marshall Islands . Am. B. F. M. (<i>Jaluit</i>) BORNEO, BRITISH . . . — . S. P. G. (<i>see separate Map</i>). " DUTCH . . . — . Rhenish (<i>5 stations</i>). BOSTON . . . Marshall Islands . Am. B. F. M. (<i>Ebon</i>) CAROLINE IS. . . — . " CELEBES . . . — . Neth. Miss. Un. (<i>2 stations</i>).</p>	<p>COLONIA . . . Australia . Herm. COOK IS. . . — . L. M. S. DOREI . . . New Guinea . Utrecht. DRUMMOND . . . Gilbert Islands . Am. B. F. M. (<i>Taputeouea</i>) EBENEZER . . . Australia . . Morav. EBON. <i>See</i> Boston. EFATÉ. <i>See</i> Vati. ELLICE IS. . . — . L. M. S. ERROMANGO . . . New Hebrides . Can. Presb., Aust. Presb. ERRONAM . . . " " . Free Ch. Scot. (<i>Futuna</i>) FIJI ISLANDS. S. P. G., Aust. Wes. (<i>10 stations</i>). FLORIDA IS. . . Salomon Is. . Mel. FRIENDLY IS., OF TONGA. Aust. Wes. FUTUNA. <i>See</i> Erronam. GILBERT IS. L. M. S., Am B. F. M. GILOLO, <i>Island of</i>. . . — . Utrecht (<i>2 stations</i>). (<i>Almahera</i>) HAPAI IS. . . . Friendly Is. . Aust. Wes. HERMANSBURG . Australia . Herm. (<i>Katalpaniuna</i>) HERVEY IS. . . Cook Is. . L. M. S. HILO . . . Sandwich Is. . Am. B. F. M. HOGOLU . . . Caroline Is. . " (<i>Rok</i>) HONOLULU . . . Sandwich Is. . Am. B. F. M., S. P. G. HUAHINE . . . Society Is. . L. M. S.</p>
---	--

JALUTT. <i>See</i> Bonham Is.			
JAVA	—	Neth. Miss. Soc (10 stations), Neth. Miss. Un. (4 stations), Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch. (2 stations), Erme- loo Ch. Miss. (5 stations), Men- nonite Un. (1 sta- tion), Java Co- mité (2 stations).	
KANDAVU	Fiji Is.	Aust. Wes.	
KEREPUNU	New Guinea	L. M. S.	
KILALPANINNA. <i>See</i> Hermannsburg.			
KUCHING	Borneo	S. P. G.	
(<i>Sarawak</i>)			
KUDAT,	"	"	
KUSAIE. <i>See</i> Ualan.			
LAKEMBA	Fiji Is.	Aust. Wes.	
LEPERS IS.	New Hebrides	Mel.	
LEVUKA	Fiji Is.	S. P. G.	
LIFU	Loyalty Is.	L. M. S.	
LOYALTY IS.	—	"	
LUASAP	Caroline Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
MAIANA	Gilbert Is.	"	
MAJURO. <i>See</i> Arrowsmith.			
MALAYTA	Solomon Is.	Mel.	
(<i>Malanta</i>)			
MALICCOLLO.	New Hebrides	Aust. Presb.	
MANGAIA	Cook Is.	L. M. S.	
MANUA	Samoa	L. M. S.	
MARAKI	Gilbert Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
MARÉ	Loyalty Is.	L. M. S.	
MARSHALL IS.	—	Am. B. F. M.	
MAUI	Sandwich Is.	S. P. G.	
MENDAWEI	Borneo	Rhenish.	
MILLI	Marshall Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
MORTLOCK IS.	Caroline Is.	"	
MOTA	Banks Is.	Mel.	
MURRAY IS.	New Guinea	L. M. S.	
NEW BRITAIN	—	Aust. Wes. (3 sta- tions).	
NEW GUINEA	—	Rhenish, L. M. S., Utrecht, S. P. G.	
NEW HEBRIDES	—	Free Ch. Scot., Can. Presb., Aust. Presb. (<i>united mission, 18 sta- tions</i>), Mel.	
NEW ZEALAND	—	C. M. S., Herm., Aust. Wes. (<i>See separate Map</i>).	
(<i>Missions to Maoris</i>)			
NIAS. <i>See</i> Pulo Nias.			
NIUE	Friendly Is.	L. M. S.	
(<i>Savage Is.</i>)			
NONOUTI	Gilbert Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
NORFOLK IS.	—	S. P. G., Mel.	
OPOLU	Samoa	L. M. S., Aust. Wes.	
(<i>Upolu</i>)			
OTAHETE. <i>See</i> Tahiti.			
PADANG	Sumatra	Rhenish.	
PAPIETE	Tahiti	Paris Evang.	
PENTECOST. <i>See</i> Whitsun Is.			
PINGELAP	Caroline Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
PONAPE	"	"	
PORT MORISBY	New Guinea	L. M. S.	
PULO NIAS (<i>Nias</i>).	Sumatra	Rhenish (3 sta- tions).	
RAIATEA	Society Is.	Paris Evang.	
RAMAHYUCK	Australia	Morav.	
RAROTONGA	Cook Is.	L. M. S.	
RHOON	New Guinea	Utrecht.	
RÖTUMAH	Fiji Is.	Aust. Wes.	
RUK. <i>See</i> Hogolu.			
SALOMON IS.	—	Mel.	
SAMOA	—	L. M. S., Aust. Wes.	
SAN CHRISTOVAL	Salomon Is.	Mel.	
SANDAKAN	Borneo	S. P. G.	
SANDALWOOD IS.	—	Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch.	
SANDWICH IS.	—	S. P. G., Am. B. F. M., Hawaiian.	
SANTA CRUZ	Santa Cruz Is.	Mel.	
SANTA MARIA	Banks Is.	"	
SARAWAK. <i>See</i> Kuching.			
SAVAGE IS. <i>See</i> Niue.			
SAVAH	Samoa	L. M. S., Aust. Wes.	
SAVOU, <i>Island of</i>	—	Neth. Miss. Un.	
SIBOGA	Sumatra	Rhenish.	
SOCIETY IS.	—	L. M. S., Paris Evang.	
SUMATRA.	—	Rhenish (14 sta- tions), Java Co- mité (1 station), Mennonite Miss. (1 station).	
SUVA	Fiji Is.	S. P. G.	
TAHITI (<i>Otaheite</i>).	Society Is.	Paris Evang.	
TANNA	New Hebrides	Free Ch. Scot., Aust. Presb.	
TAPUTEOUEA. <i>See</i> Drummond.			
TARAWA	Gilbert Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
TARITARI	"	"	
TORELAU. <i>See</i> Union Group.			
TONGA. <i>See</i> Friendly Is.			
TONGATABU	Friendly Is.	Aust. Wes.	
TONGOA	New Hebrides	Can. Presb., Aust. Presb.	
TORRES IS.	Banks Is.	Mel.	
TUTUILA	Samoa	L. M. S.	
ULAN (<i>Kusaie</i>)	Caroline Is.	Am. B. F. M.	
UPOLU. <i>See</i> Opolu.			
ULAWA	Salomon Is.	Mel.	
UNION GROUP,	—	L. M. S.	
or TORELAU.			
VANUA LAVA	Banks Is.	Mel.	
VATI (<i>Efaté</i>)	New Hebrides	Can. Presb.	
VAVAU IS.	Friendly Is.	Aust. Wes.	
WHITSUN IS.	New Hebrides	Mel.	
(<i>Pentecost</i>)			
YSABEL	Salomon Is.	"	



The *Duff* was under the command of as good a Christian, and as good a sailor, as ever trod a quarter-deck—Captain James Wilson, an outline of whose marvellous career we have given in our introductory chapter*—while his nephew, Mr. William Wilson, a very able man, who subsequently published an interesting account of the voyages of the missionary ship, acted as his chief officer. The missionaries were thirty in number, with six women and three children; and a miscellaneous company they were. Four were ordained ministers, one a surgeon, and the rest were



THE *DUFF* AND HER COMMANDER.

of the artisan class—carpenters, weavers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and butchers. But all seem to have been inspired with one idea, namely, to carry out the message of the Gospel, and at the same time to introduce a form of Christian colonisation, such as the United Brethren or Moravians had, as we have seen, been doing elsewhere.

The *Duff* was detained at Spithead for a month waiting for a convoy; and again

* See p. 33.

at Cape Verde Islands and Rio de Janeiro for provisions; but after a six months' voyage she came to anchor in Matavai Bay, off the coast of Tahiti, the chief of the Society Islands. Great was the joy of the natives, not so much because missionaries had come amongst them, as that the arrival of a ship meant beads and hatchets, looking-glasses, gay-coloured cloths, and other things in which barbarous peoples delight. The chiefs and people came fearlessly on board, and when the missionaries were preparing to land, a crowd of natives ran along the beach, and dashing into the sea, drew the boats through the surf, and carried the strangers ashore on their shoulders.

Captain Wilson lost no time in informing the king, Pomare, through an interpreter,* of the object the missionaries had in view, which was, to be of use to his people in teaching them good and useful things, and, above all, the knowledge of the true God; and that all they required in return was a grant of land on which they might erect their houses. This Pomare readily granted, and a dwelling which had been put up by Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*, when collecting bread-fruit, was given them for their use in the meantime. Soon after this the first missionary service was held on the shore, which the king, with his chiefs, attended.

"At ten o'clock," says Mr. William Wilson, "we called the natives together under the cover of some shady trees near our house, and a long form being placed, Pomare was requested to seat himself upon it with the brethren, the rest of the natives standing or sitting in a circle round us. Mr. Cover then addressed them from the words of St. John, 'For God so loved the world,' etc., the Swede interpreting sentence by sentence as he spoke. The Otaheitians were silent and solemnly attentive. After service, Pomare took brother Cover by the hand and pronounced the word of approbation, 'My ty, my ty.' Being asked if he understood what was said, he replied, 'There were no such things before in Otaheite, and they were not to be learned at once: but that he would wait the coming of God.' Desiring to know if he might attend again, he was told 'Yes.'"

Other services soon followed, at one of which the brother-in-law of the king said he was willing to throw away his gods and worship the "English God," which proved that he had not been a good heathen and would probably make a very indifferent Christian. After the meeting, Manne-Manne, the aged high-priest, a Demas in heart, observed—"Missionaries give plenty of the Word of God, but not many axes, knives, or scissors." Times without number this wretched old heathen had officiated at human sacrifices, and other horrible rites, all of which he professed himself willing to abandon—for a consideration! Half the people in the congregation had been guilty of infanticide, and there was among them a society, called the Arrecoies, who were under compact to murder every new-born infant.

It was resolved to leave eighteen missionaries in Tahiti, and to plant the others elsewhere. While the good ship *Duff* is on its way to the Friendly Islands, therefore, let us tarry a moment with those who remained, and see how they fared with the Tahitians.

* Two shipwrecked Swedes were found, naturalised, among the natives. They spoke English fairly well, and the native language fluently.

The building of the mission station and the "introduction of the arts and sciences" filled the native mind with wonder and delight. Two of the missionaries were blacksmiths, and, when they had set up their forge, the natives would stand round as long as ever it was at work, and watch—

"the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

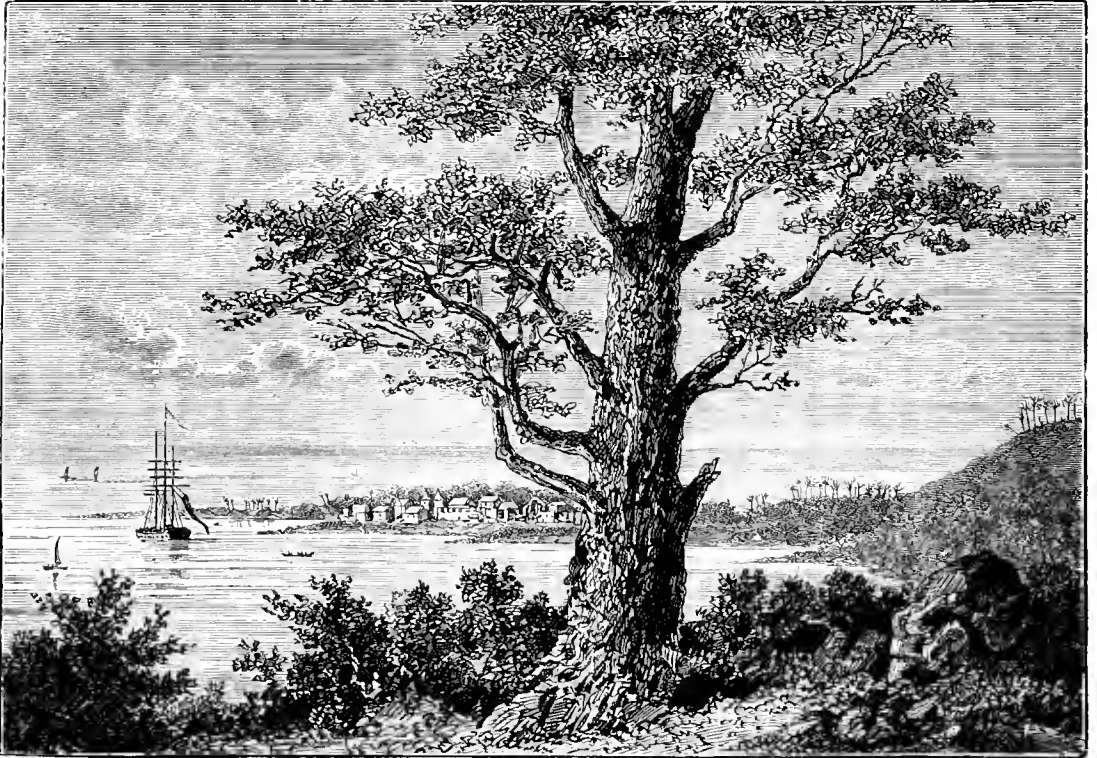
When, however, the red-hot iron was placed in water, causing it to hiss and splutter, they fled in dismay, and it was long before they could persuade themselves that they were not in bad company when the missionaries performed this "rite." Pomare fell in love with the bellows, and, like many another child, wanted to know what was inside that could produce such extraordinary effects. After watching for the first time the whole operation of one of the missionary smiths at the forge, he took him, grimy as he was, in his arms, and "rubbed noses" with him—that act in the Southern Seas being equivalent to kissing.

Slowly the buildings of the mission station rose; daily the missionaries held services with the natives; good works of one kind and another were being carried on, and everything gave promise of success, until events arose which we will narrate hereafter. Meanwhile the *Duff* proceeded to the Friendly Islands, where, at Tongatabu, one of the chief of the group, she landed ten of the remaining missionaries, who were received cordially by the natives, and where, by a singular coincidence, they again found two deserters, an Englishman and an Irishman, who were able to act as interpreters. Then the *Duff* again sped onwards, and reached the Marquesas group, where the remaining two missionaries were to be landed: but one of them turned chicken-hearted, and declined to remain; while the other, Mr. Crook, a young man of twenty-two, greatly to the regret of Captain Wilson and of all concerned, was left alone on the island. After this the *Duff* returned to Tahiti, where Captain Wilson was rejoiced to find the missionaries quietly establishing themselves, and apparently enjoying the confidence of chiefs and people.

When the *Duff*, at the expiration of two years, returned safely to England, great was the rejoicing among the members of the London Missionary Society. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, and very high-flown and sanguine speeches and sermons were delivered. So great was the enthusiasm—partly kindled by the glowing but mistaken rhetoric of Dr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire, a very active worker in this cause—that within three months, preparations were made for the *Duff* to start again for the South Seas, multitudes being eager to go as missionaries.

In December, 1798, she sailed once more, this time under the command of one Captain Robson, with twenty-nine missionaries on board, Mr. William Wilson still retaining the post of chief officer. At first the voyage was pleasant and prosperous: but when off Rio Janeiro, the ship was captured by the *Bonaparte*, a French privateer of twenty-two guns and two hundred men. The *Duff* was boarded by the Frenchmen, and all the men were ordered to go at once on board the *Bonaparte*. Great was the

consternation, and especially of the married brethren, who had to leave their wives and children in the hands of lawless sailors. For some time the missionaries did not know whether they would be detained indefinitely as prisoners of war, or whether their liberty would be given back to them on their arrival in port. The commander of the French privateer, Captain Carbonelle, when he discovered that he had captured a missionary ship, and learned the nature of the undertaking in which his prisoners were engaged, greatly regretted what he had done, and declared that



MATAVAI BAY, TAHITI.

had he known who they were, and the cause in which they were embarked, he would gladly have given five hundred pounds out of his own pocket rather than have molested them.

Within a fortnight two other prizes fell in his way, and he was obliged to alter his original plan of a three months' cruise, and sailed forthwith to Monte Video. Here the *Duff* had already arrived, and great was the joy of the missionaries in being again united to their wives and children.

The *Duff* was sold at Monte Video, and never again took part in missionary enterprise. The voyagers, through the influence of Captain Carbonelle, were not confined as prisoners of war during their stay in South America. Their position however, after a time, was anything but agreeable, as, later on, the Spanish Viceroy

issued an order to make them all prisoners unless they left the country within a week. Had it not been for the kindness of Captain Carbonelle, this order would have been enforced; but, at much trouble and expense, he procured for them a passage in a small brig, bound for Rio Janeiro. The voyage lasted twice as long as they had expected, the vessel was very small, and crowded to excess, but the missionaries kept up heart of grace until they had the prospect of speedily entering the harbour of Rio Janeiro. Then all their hopes were dashed to the ground, for a large frigate of



POMARE.

forty guns bore down upon them, and they were captured a second time. Here many strange adventures and privations awaited them, and a painful and wearisome time elapsed before they arrived in Lisbon, where, however, they were set at liberty, and soon afterwards returned to England, having spent ten months on their fruitless and painful journeyings.

While all this had been going on, terrible disasters had befallen the mission in the South Sea Islands. Scarcely had Captain Wilson lost sight of Tahiti on his return journey, than the natives, covetous of the property of the Europeans, formed a design to seize it. It was a matter which, it would appear, a little tact and conciliation might have remedied. This, however, was wanting, and some of the missionaries were exposed to outrage, several of them being robbed of all their clothes, and dragged naked to the river, where it was doubtless the intention of the natives to drown them;

but the missionaries escaped from their persecutors, and returned to the station, where a meeting was called to discuss the situation. As a matter of fact, all that they had suffered was the loss of a few unimportant articles; most of the things which had been stolen having been already restored, and friendly overtures having been renewed. Nevertheless, faint-hearted and dispirited, eleven of the missionaries, with four women and four children, came to the hasty determination to leave Tahiti in the *Nautilus* a vessel which was lying in Matavai Bay, ready to sail for Port Jackson. Forthwith they went on board, thus abandoning not only the island of Tahiti, but missionary enterprise altogether.

Seven of the missionaries remained, under the protection of Pomare, who continued to befriend them, and it seemed as though a new career of prosperity would open out to them; but no great length of time elapsed before one of their number united himself to a native woman, and, separating from his brethren, "he learned the way of the heathen." Not many months later he was found dead; murdered, it is believed, by the woman, with whom he had lived only on unhappy terms.

Sad as is the story of this man, that of another is even more distressing; he not only fell into immorality, but openly renounced Christianity. Happily he left the island, and nothing was heard of him for many years, when one day he appeared in India, and presented himself to Mr. Marshman, the noble labourer in the Serampore Mission, who became interested in his welfare. The renegade missionary lay on a sick-bed at Calcutta, where Mr. Marshman visited him, but without any notion as to who he was. During his sickness the truths which he once had believed, again came back with force to him, and one day, on his recovery, he called upon Mr. Marshman, and, after telling him his history, exclaimed, "You now behold an apostate missionary; I am he who left his brethren in Tahiti nine years ago; it is not possible you can look on me without despising me!" Marshman and Carey, with much sympathy and kindness, sought to fan into a flame the sparks of the old faith, and the man expressed a desire to go back to Tahiti. That desire, however, was not realised. He sailed on a voyage elsewhere, and was never heard of more, the supposition being that the vessel had foundered at sea, and that all on board had perished.

It will be a relief to turn from such melancholy episodes, to those men who remained loyal to their trust, and, amid many adverse circumstances, were seeking to bear up the standard of the Cross in the Southern Seas, although they also had a chequered history. Mr. Crook, who had been left alone on the Marquesas Island, struggled on for a time, labouring under every disadvantage. One day a ship visited the island, and, while he was on board, a violent storm arose. The ship slipped her cable, and stood out to sea. He was put on shore on another island. There he bravely toiled without one glint of success to encourage him, until, when a passing vessel presented the opportunity of returning to England, he left in order that he might represent the condition of the Marquesas, and return with reinforcements. Ultimately he returned to Tahiti, where he laboured manfully for many years.

From time to time missionaries were sent to the South Sea Islands, and much good work was done. Many barbarous practices were abolished, many of the idols were

overthrown, and here and there interesting evidence was given that those who had been in darkness now saw the light.

In 1811 an event occurred which altered the aspect of affairs in the Tahitian Mission. Pomare II. publicly renounced the religion of his ancestors, and embraced the Gospel, and his example produced a powerful influence. In a short time it was found that the praying places were full, not in Tahiti only, but in the neighbouring islands; and it was estimated that some five or six hundred persons, including the principal chiefs, had renounced idolatry. This gave rise to a hostile feeling on the part of those who clung, under the guidance of their priests, to the old system, and a plot was organised, by which it was arranged that they were to attack all the professors of the new religion, and slay them without mercy. The secret of the plot was, however, divulged to one of the converts, who warned the brethren in time, and the threatened slaughter was averted.

Troublous times ensued, and a state of warfare prevailed between the heathen party and the Christians, insomuch that when the latter attended public worship, it was necessary to go armed. Out of this apparent evil good came; the crisis being brought about by a battle in which Pomare was the victor. Instead of carrying his victory to persecution, he treated the vanquished with great moderation—would not allow any injury to befall the helpless women or children, and, contrary to the common practice, caused the bodies of the slain to be decently interred. So signal was the triumph, that the heathen party became convinced that it was of no use to trust longer to their wooden gods; they therefore resolved to embrace the new religion; idolatry was completely abolished, both in Tahiti and Eimeo, and Pomare II. was, by universal consent, established in the government of the whole of Tahiti and its dependencies.

This brings us to an interesting period in the history of the South Sea Mission. Hitherto no striking character had stood forth from among his fellows to stamp his individuality upon the work which had been going forward by patient effort through the past years. But now there was to enter the field one whose name will be memorable as long as the world lasts—John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga.

In the City Road, London, there might have been seen, in the year 1814, an active young fellow of eighteen, working at a forge with shirt-sleeves turned up, and all the energy of his nature concentrated on the work he had in hand. He was an apprentice of one Mr. Tonkin, an ironmonger, and although his indentures exempted him from the more laborious part of the business, it was his choice to work at the forge, or to sally forth with a basket of tools on his back to execute repairs. Of a lively disposition, he had many friends, some of whom were undesirable companions, and their influence threatened to produce a baneful effect upon his character. One Sunday night in 1814, he had engaged to go with a party of these kindred spirits, to pass away the hours in the idle and frivolous amusements of a tea-garden. Just as he was about to enter, Mrs. Tonkin, a good and religious woman, who was interested in the well-being of the young apprentice, came up to him, and begged him to accompany her to the Moorfields Tabernacle hard by. The youth, somewhat reluctantly no doubt, consented, but as long

as he lived, he looked back to that hour with joy and gratitude. The Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, was the preacher, and he delivered so deeply impressive a sermon that the whole being of young John Williams was stirred. From that night forth he renounced the habits of his past life, united himself to the religious community assembling at the Tabernacle, assisted in the formation of a young men's mutual improvement society, and became an active Sunday-school teacher.

While he was occupied with these things, and giving proof of the great change that had come over his life, he heard of the movement going on in the South Seas. His imagination was fired by the accounts given him by Mr. Wilkes, the pastor of the church, of the progress of the Gospel there, and this interest increased until, in his twentieth year, John Williams offered his services to the London Missionary Society. Good Mr. Tonkin could ill afford to part with so useful an apprentice, but he freely gave his young assistant opportunity and means to prosecute his studies (which had been woefully neglected), and cancelled his indentures; while the Society gladly accepted him for the South Sea Islands, from whence an urgent call for labourers had come.

It was the practice of many of the Societies to recommend marriage to their missionaries, and John Williams was by no means loath to accept the recommendation, for he had won the heart of Mary Channer, a fellow-worshipper at the Tabernacle, and she proved to be the greatest blessing any missionary can have—a brave, helpful, and loving wife. Soon after they were married a meeting was held, and John Williams was publicly dedicated to his great work. Nine men, of whom he was the youngest, were sent forth from that meeting into the vast harvest-field of heathendom. Four went to Polynesia and five to South Africa, amongst the latter being Robert Moffat, the hero of Bechuanaland, and the father-in-law of Livingstone.

The incidents of that night ever remained fresh in the memory of John Williams. John Angell James of Birmingham was there, and Mr. Wilkes, under whose faithful ministry Williams had derived so much benefit. Good Dr. Waugh was also there, and, moved by the sight of the boyish young servant of the Cross, addressed him in these words: "Go, my dear young brother; and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from their shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for Him there."

On the 16th of November, 1817, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, in company with several other missionaries, sailed for Sydney, where they were welcomed by the Rev. Samuel Marsden—of whom we shall have more to say hereafter—and about twelve months from leaving England they arrived at Eimeo, one of the Society Islands.

Notwithstanding the fact that Williams lacked the advantages of education, he possessed natural abilities, which stood him in even better stead. He was a man who thought for himself, and had endless enterprise and originality; robust in body and in mind, he was "a quick-witted man, ready to adapt himself to any circumstances, and make the best of them; a hearty, good-natured, and sympathetic man, who made friends wherever he went; and a man so firm, honest, and true, that people, civilised

or savage, believed in him whether they agreed with him or not. In short, John Williams possessed just those qualifications which are required in a pioneer missionary."

During his stay in Eimeo, he studied the Tahitian language diligently, and soon became familiar with it. He made all the ironwork for a small ship, to enable Pomare to open up trading relations with New South Wales; he took his part in the meetings in the chapel, where, to his surprise, he found eight hundred worshippers



JOHN WILLIAMS.

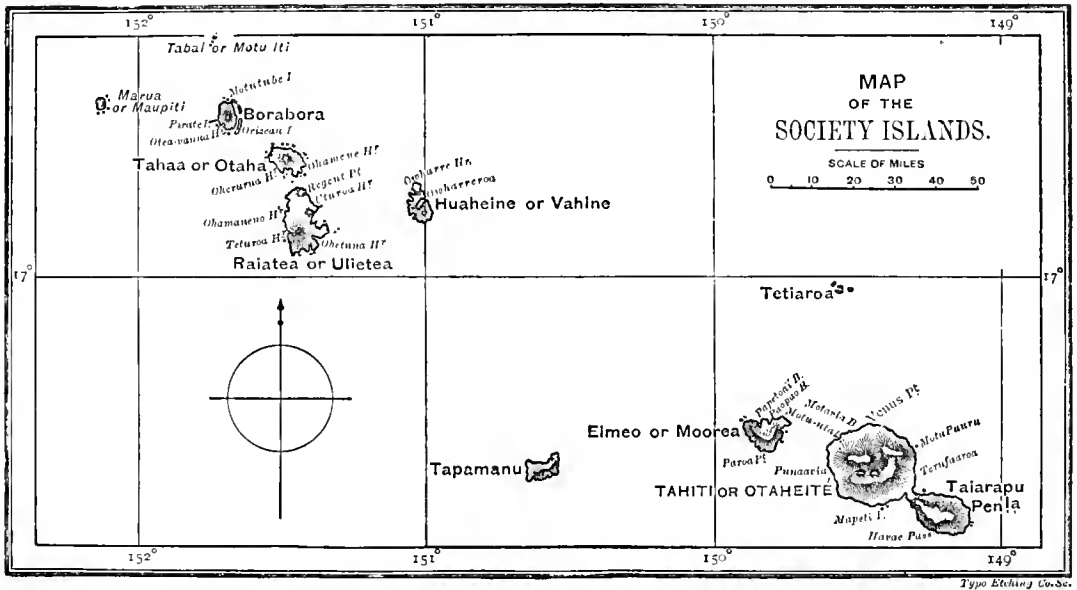
went to assemble; and he shared also in the duties of his home-life, when Mrs. Williams was rejoicing over her firstborn.

But Eimeo was not to be the scene of the great labours of John Williams. Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, had heard of the arrival of the fresh batch of missionaries, and came over to beg that some of them might be sent to his island, the second largest, and most beautiful, of the Society group. It was, moreover, the centre of the idolatrous system of the islands, and contained "the archives of their religious legends, the temple and altar of Oro, the Mars and Moloch of the South Seas," while its principal chiefs received divine honours, as well as civil allegiance and tribute, from the neighbouring isles.

An interesting man was this Tamatoa, and withal eager for a fuller knowledge of Christianity. Two years before the arrival of Williams in Eimeo, the Rev. Mr. Wilson,

a missionary, in company with King Pomare and nineteen of his subjects, was driven by stress of weather to Raiatea, where the Gospel was proclaimed with so much faithfulness that the heart of Tamatoa was touched, and when the voyagers had gone, he built a place of worship, where he gathered together some of his people, and rehearsed with them all that they could remember of Mr. Wilson's teaching.

Williams gladly accepted such a call to Raiatea, and in company with Mr. Threlkeld, soon commenced his work there, the other missionaries who had gone out with them taking up positions in the neighbouring islands. A most cordial welcome was given to Mr. Williams by the Raiateans, who made a great feast, at which they presented him with five pigs for himself, five for his wife, and five for the baby, as well



as large crates of yams, bananas, and cocoa-nuts! The people at once expressed their willingness to "become Christians," flocked to hear the missionaries preach, and gave up Sunday as a day of rest.

But these things were not what our missionary was seeking. He found that the people were inveterate idlers, and that any excuse for wasting time was acceptable to them; their moral tone was exceedingly low, and in their habits they were debased and vicious, while ignorance reigned supreme. He had no sympathy with that kind of work which has, unhappily, been done in many heathen lands, of resting content with a formal and perfunctory acceptance of Christianity by the rite of baptism, or by any oral profession of being "converted." He aimed at bringing out not only morality, but purity, from the lives which had hitherto been sunk in degradation; he sought to cultivate their minds, in order that they might be prepared to receive the truths of Christianity; and he desired to interest them, first in the cleanliness of their persons, and the sanitary arrangements of their own dwellings, rather than in church or chapel building.

Being an essentially practical man and an excellent workman, and feeling also that he must first overcome their inveterate idleness, without which it would be impossible for him to succeed in his plans concerning them, he began to teach them by example. He constructed for himself a pleasant eight-roomed house, with sash-windows, Venetian blinds, and verandah; he laid out and planted a beautiful garden, and he furnished his house with polished furniture, all the work of his own hands. Soon the natives wished to learn to dig and to build, and they were further encouraged in this, as the king set about building a house for himself like the missionary's. In a crude sort of way science and art became popular; one by one the old mud hovels were abandoned, and within two years of the landing of John Williams in Raiatea, there stood a well-built chapel and schools in the midst of pleasant gardens and healthy cottages. The natives showed their appreciation of the comforts of civilised life by adapting the materials of their own clothing into garments similar to those worn by the missionaries; and as time went on they furnished their houses with such elegancies as chairs and tables, sofas and bedsteads, carpets and window-hangings.

Side by side with these improvements in their outward condition, there grew up a new order of things in their moral world; the school was well attended, and the instruction enjoyed; three times on Sunday large congregations assembled for public worship; in almost every home there was private prayer; and a proof that all this was not mere sentiment was furnished in the fact, that the old life of the people became a thing of the past. Cannibalism and infanticide no longer existed. At their own request a meeting was convened for the purpose of establishing legal marriage, and a complete code of laws based on the Ten Commandments was adopted by the vote of the people, who also organised an efficient executive government. Perhaps there was nothing which showed the genuineness of the change that had been effected among them, more than the unsolicited expression of their desire to establish a missionary society, to extend to the other islands the blessings which they had themselves received.

Among the many benefits which Williams conferred upon these people was the instruction he gave them in boat-building, and in the cultivation and preparation of tobacco and the sugar-cane for the markets; thus laying the foundation of future commercial prosperity.

When all these things were in good working order, and the Raiateans were in a fair way to help themselves, Williams felt that he must no longer tarry among them, but with the help of God must organise the same kind of efforts elsewhere. This met with great opposition, but a serious illness assisted him in carrying out his plan. It became necessary for him to go to Sydney for the sake of medical advice, and also to find a market for the produce of the Society Islands. There was, besides, one motive stronger than any other, which induced him to disregard the entreaties of the Raiateans to stay amongst them. He had conceived the idea, that if he could secure a small vessel to be engaged permanently in the service of the South Sea Missions, it would greatly facilitate the possibility of visiting the various islands, to plant the seeds of civilisation and Christianity, and to water the seeds already planted. Accordingly he visited

Sydney, where he caused parts of the Holy Scriptures, catechisms, and spelling-books to be printed, and where he purchased a small schooner of about ninety tons burden, called the *Endeavour*. On his way to New South Wales he landed two native teachers at Aitutaki, one of the Hervey Islands; but we cannot tarry to tell the story of their year of apparently fruitless toil, or how, at the expiration of that time, a change came over *the whole* of the inhabitants of the island, who burnt their idols so that not one remained, and set up instead a large and handsome place for Christian worship. We would rather, in this place, follow the personal history of John Williams.

For a long time he had cherished the idea of finding out the island of Rarotonga, then only known by the report of a few natives on other islands. At last a day came when he was able to set sail on his voyage of discovery; he failed, however, in his first attempt, but, after visiting Mangaia and other islands, he at last discovered the desired island, the finest and most populous of the Hervey group. Williams did not remain here long on his first visit, but left a native teacher and promised to return.

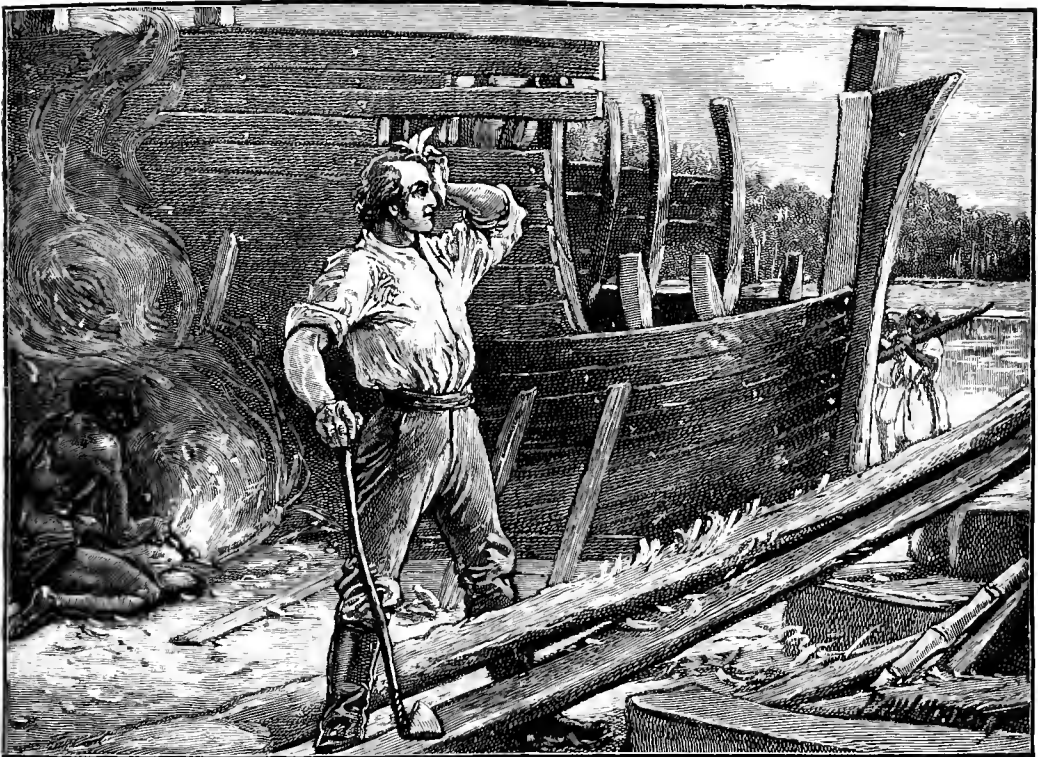
From this time forward fresh plans and purposes and incessant work occupied his attention, and he was planning an expedition to the Navigators' and other islands, when he received a disappointment which, to any man less energetic than he, would have been fatal to further enterprise. The London Missionary Society, under whose auspices he laboured, disapproved of the purchase of the schooner; certain jealous merchants had procured, through the Governor of New South Wales, the enactment of fiscal regulations at about the same time, which rendered the idea of opening up trade hopeless; and the result was that he had to send the *Endeavour* back to Sydney, to be sold together with her cargo. Meanwhile, he returned to labour among the Raiateans, and undertook the task of removing their settlement to the opposite side of the island, to protect them from prevailing storms.

A few years later an opportunity occurred for Mr. Williams, with his wife and child, to again visit Rarotonga, where he settled for some time, conquered the difficulties of the language, reduced it into a written form and grammatical system, and instituted reforms similar to those established in Raiatea. When at length he wished to return, he had to wait for many months in the hope of finding an opportunity of doing so, but no vessel appeared, and with that undaunted energy which characterised his whole career, he set to work to build a ship for himself. When it is remembered that he had but the most limited knowledge of naval architecture, that he could obtain no assistance save that which could be given him by the natives, and that the tools at his disposal were few, it is impossible to exaggerate his perseverance in this difficult undertaking. One or two illustrations may be given in his own words:—

“My first step was to make a pair of smith's bellows, for it is well known that little can be done towards the building of a ship without a forge. We had but four goats on the island, and one of these was giving a little milk, which was too valuable to be dispensed with; so that three only were killed, and with their skins as a

substitute for leather, I succeeded, after three or four days' labour, in making a pair of smith's bellows. These, however, did not answer very well; indeed, I found bellows-making to be a more difficult task than I had imagined, for I could not get the upper box to fill properly, in addition to which my bellows drew in the fire. I examined publications upon mechanical arts, dictionaries, and encyclopedias, but not one book in our possession gave directions sufficiently explicit for the construction of so common an article."

Fortunately he had an old English bellows with him, which he took to pieces—



BUILDING OF THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

not to look for the wind, but to ascertain the reason why his bellows did not blow well. It turned out that, instead of making the pipe communicate with the upper chamber, he had inserted it into the under one as well, by which the wind escaped and the flame was drawn in.

At last the bellows were completed, but the rats, which swarmed in Rarotonga, congregated during the night in great numbers, and devoured every particle of the goats' skin, so that when he entered the work-shop on the following morning he found nothing left but the bare boards! Nothing daunted, he proceeded to construct a blowing machine in which no leather was required.

One of the most interesting chapters in Williams's "Narrative of Missionary

Enterprises in the South Sea Islands" is that in which he gives the details of the building of his ship:—

"As we had no saw," he says, "we split the trees in half with wedges, and then the natives adzed them down with small hatchets which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for an adze. When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and, by splitting this in half, obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger-holes through the timbers, and also through the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a substitute for oakum, we used what little cocoa-nut husk we could obtain, and supplied the deficiency with dried banana stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the *hibiscus*, constructed a rope machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the *aito*, or iron-wood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks. By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks, when we launched a vessel about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her *The Messenger of Peace*, which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty, for, having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pick-axe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but, being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder in case any part of it should give way." ✓

When all was ready Mr. Williams determined to make a trial trip to Aitutaki, a distance of a hundred and seventy miles, before venturing upon a voyage to Tahiti, distant some seven or eight hundred miles. Raising his wooden and stone anchors, and hoisting his mat sails, he put to sea, accompanied only by the King, Makea (who had never been away from his island), and some of the natives. They had not proceeded above six miles from the shore when the natives inadvertently let go the foresail, and, as the wind was strong, the foremast was broken. As they neared land, they filled a cask with stones, which, in addition to the wooden anchor, they hoped might hold the vessel outside the reef; "and if not," says the gallant sailor, "I resolved on the desperate alternative of running upon it, by which the vessel would, in all probability, have been dashed to pieces; but this was preferable to being driven from the island with a scanty supply of provisions, and the ship in a crippled state, in a track where there was not an island within a thousand miles."

Happily the harbour (Aitutaki) was reached in safety, the damages were repaired, and, after a stay of ten days, during which he devoted much time to the spiritual welfare of the people, he set sail on his return voyage to Rarotonga, taking with him a good cargo of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats. The latter proved to be of the utmost value to the inhabitants, for the whole island was overrun with rats. Hitherto the missionaries had never sat down to a meal without having one or two people to keep the rats off the

table; when kneeling in prayer, rats would run over their legs, and Mr. Williams records the fact that one morning, on hearing the servant scream while making the bed, he ran into the room and found that four of these intruders, in search of a snug place, had crept under his pillow. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, the latest missionary arrivals in Rarotonga, neglected to secure their trunks, which were covered with skin, against depredation, and the rats served them as they had served John Williams's bellows; while Mrs. Pitman, having omitted to place her shoes over-night in a place of safety, sought for them in vain.

Soon after the return of Mr. Williams from Aitutaki, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-bye, arrived in Rarotonga. Mr. Buzacott had been a whitesmith, and among his stores was a supply of iron, which was a godsend to John Williams, who was enabled to strengthen his ship before sailing upon those memorable missionary voyages which will form the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGES OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott arrive at Rarotonga—The Work that had been Done—Williams starts upon his Voyage—How a poor crippled Heathen learnt the Truth—The Question of "Mcats" in the South Seas—The *Messenger of Peace* nearly Lost—Sixth Escape of Williams from a Watery Grave—Visits Mauke, Mitiaro, and Aitutaki—The Work mainly Accomplished by Native Teachers—An old Chief at Savage Island—Makes a Friendly Arrangement with the Wesleyan Missionaries—The Samoan Islands—Recent Progress There—The Voyage Ends at Raiatea—Williams returns to Rarotonga—A South Sea Hurricane and its Effects—The *Messenger of Peace* Carried Inland by the Storm—Further Voyages to Tahiti and the Samoan Islands—Williams's Return to England in 1834—Enthusiasm at Home—Another Mission Ship Purchased—Re-visits the Samoas, Raiatea, Rarotonga—Leaves the Samoans for his Last Voyage to the New Hebrides—Erromanga—The Last Tragedy There—Effects of the sad Tidings.

WHILE John Williams was at Rarotonga, fitting out his little ship, the *Messenger of Peace*, for her voyages among the islands of the South Seas, he was, as already mentioned, cheered by the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, who were to occupy the station he was about to leave. Mr. Buzacott had commenced life as a whitesmith in the little town of South Molton, in Devonshire. At an early age he received religious impressions, and devoted himself to Sunday-school and home-missionary work; and eventually entered the Hoxton Academy. One day he heard Richard Knill pleading for missions, and pointing to the place where Buzacott sat, he drew a bow at a venture, exclaiming, "There is a young man in that gallery who is now saying, 'Lo! here am I, send me!'" It made a deep impression, but it was not until his third year at college that another sermon drove home the impression so deeply, that he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and, after two years of theological study, set sail under their auspices for the South Seas.

After a miserable voyage of five months, he reached Tahiti, where he remained another five months, waiting for an opportunity to reach Rarotonga. The voyage, which should have taken only a week, was prolonged to four, but a reward awaited him as

one fine morning the beautiful island burst upon his view. Range upon range of mountains towered above each other, forming to the eye a gigantic ladder or series of terraces, while the lowlands revealed cultivated spots amid stately trees and forests; hills and mountains were covered with dense wood, of varied growth and colour; mountain torrents, cascades, and miniature waterfalls breathed a grateful coolness as they leapt through hills and groves, amid luxuriant vegetation, growing to the very water's edge. Framing the foreground of this exquisite picture was a reef of white coral girdling the entire island, and protecting the soil from the conquest of the rolling Pacific.

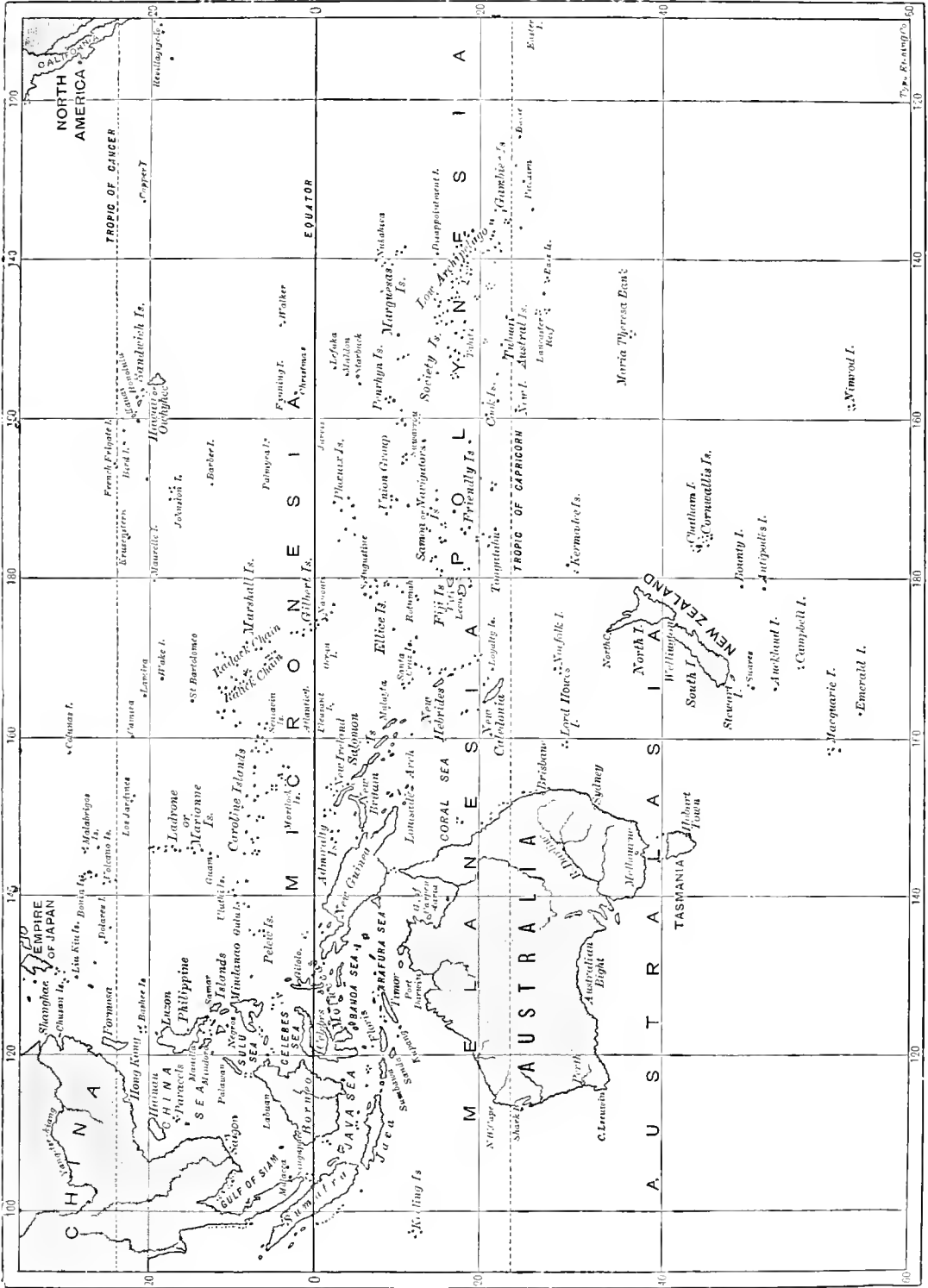
Four years before Mr. Buzacott landed, the people were notorious cannibals; now they were but semi-savages—hideous, indeed, in appearance, with their long hair and tattooed faces, but a people among whom a wonderful work had been going on during those few years. The first teachers that John Williams had introduced barely escaped with their lives, and, dauntless as he was, he would probably have abandoned the mission as hopeless had it not been for Papeiha, a native Christian, who sprang up, and leaping into the sea, cried, "Whether the savages spare me or kill me, I will land among them; Jehovah is my shield, I am in His hand." When this man landed (with only some portions of the Tahitian Bible wrapped in a handkerchief for his luggage), he found himself amongst the wildest of savage tribes, surrounded by warriors who seldom appeared without human flesh suspended from the shoulder, as a badge of honour; others had tattoo marks upon their throats, indicating that they were devoted to lives of vengeance; while all the women of the island were guilty of infanticide, and the common worship of the whole population consisted in the offering of human sacrifices to propitiate the gods, and in licentious rites more horrible than were ever known elsewhere.

It was in the midst of these people that John Williams had made himself a home; and when Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott landed, they found him surrounded by a wondering crowd, who watched the building of his missionary ship with curiosity and delight. They found that idols were abolished, rough chapels and school-houses were erected, in which large congregations assembled, and that children and adults crowded to the schools to be taught. The next day after his landing Mr. Buzacott, who, like Williams, was an excellent mechanic, put on his apron, turned up his sleeves, and began to work at the forge. He had brought a stock of iron materials with him, and these were employed in strengthening the vessel, which, at the end of a month, was again ready to be launched. On the evening when the *Messenger of Peace* hoisted her mat sails, several thousands of natives accompanied Mr. Williams to the beach, and as the boat left the shore, they sang with one voice a song they had composed to express their sorrow at the separation, the refrain of which was:—

"Kia ora e Tama ma
I te aereinga i te moana e!"*

It is impossible to exaggerate the pluck of John Williams in venturing on the long voyages he had in contemplation, in such a vessel as the home-made *Messenger of Peace*.

* "Blessing on you, beloved friends;
Blessing on you in journeying on the deep!"



MAP OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

D. Van Nostrand Co.

It was very insufficiently fastened with iron, was caulked with bark, and covered partly with lime and partly with gum from the bread-fruit tree, instead of pitch; and from these causes and the circumstances under which she was constructed, it did not seem possible that she could stand the buffeting of a storm.

The appearance of the vessel, it need hardly be said, was singular, and Williams noted in his "Narrative" that when, after her voyage of 800 miles, she arrived off Tahiti, "the crews of the ships at anchor, and the friends on shore, observed literally 'a strange sail' at sea. Some took us for South American patriots, others for pirates, and others could not tell what to make of us. As soon as we entered the harbour, the officers of the vessels lying there, and our friends on shore, hastened on board to see the prodigy, and expressed not a little astonishment at every part of the ship, but especially at the rudder-irons."

After a few days spent at Tahiti, Williams sailed to his old quarters at Raiatea, from which he had been absent for a twelvemonth, and there between two and three thousand persons assembled to meet him. Great were the rejoicings of the Raiateans when they heard of the progress of the Gospel in Rarotonga.

Among the many interesting things that Williams told them, was the story of a poor cripple, who one day walked upon his knees into the centre of the pathway Mr. Williams was about to cross, and shouted, "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island!" Williams entered into conversation with the man, and found that he had a remarkable knowledge of Christian truth, and inquired how it was that he came into possession of it. "From you, to be sure," answered the man—"who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?" Williams replied, "True, but I do not remember to have ever seen you before; how did you obtain your knowledge?" "Why," said the man, "as the people return from the services, I take my seat by the wayside, and beg a bit of the Word of them as they pass by; one gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about His Word."

On the 24th of May, 1830, Williams embarked upon the greatest missionary enterprise he had yet undertaken. In company with seven teachers, who, like himself, were leaving wife, children, and dear ones behind, for a voyage of altogether uncertain length, but full of certain dangers, and with the possibility that they might all fall victims to the ferocity of the heathen, he bade farewell, and shaped his course to the Hervey group, and in four or five days reached Mangaia, where the whole character of the place had been altered through the instrumentality of native teachers. On the slope of a hill stood a large chapel, surrounded by the neat white cottages of the native Christians, and backed by groves of banana-trees. About eight hundred persons assembled in a public meeting, at which Williams addressed them from the words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy," etc. Preaching, however, was not so much his object as to ascertain the difficulties of the teachers, and how to meet them. He found at this place, for example, that much annoyance had been experienced from the heathen, who, in contempt of the Christians, performed their barbaric dances

and games close to the Mission chapel. This, combined with the threats of the heathen to burn the houses of the Christians, murder their teachers, "and make use of their skulls as drinking-cups," had led to a disastrous conflict, in which the Christians had been victorious, but had not shown that spirit of kindness and mercy to the vanquished which had acted so beneficially under similar circumstances elsewhere.

Like St. Paul on his missionary tours, John Williams had to give advice to the infant churches on many topics, and among them was the question of "meats." Rats overran the island, and rat-eating was common, the natives declaring that the food was "sweet and good," while a proverb describing anything particularly delicious was, that it was "as sweet as a rat." As there was nothing morally evil in rat-eating, Mr. Williams could only recommend them to take great care of the pigs and goats which he had brought, and which would soon yield them a supply of better food. Another question was the employment of females in severe manual labour. In this case Williams successfully pleaded for their emancipation, and the "ladies" of Mangaia prepared a sumptuous feast to celebrate their liberation from what had hitherto been slavery pure and simple.

On visiting Mangaia a few years later, Williams found that the heathen were again at war with the Christians; and he then determined to visit every heathen settlement in the island, with the result that peace was restored, and the "league" which had been entered into by them, to scatter the Christians, was abandoned.

At Atiu he found the native teachers in the difficult position of not knowing what to teach. "You," they said, "resemble springs, from which knowledge is always bubbling up; but we find it difficult to prepare for the services of the Sabbath," and he was requested to write out heads of discourses for them—a request with which he readily complied, for he could compose a sermon, turn a lathe, or handle a plane with equal facility.

Williams met with several adventures at Atiu, one nearly involving the loss of his ship, and the other nearly terminating his life and labours. On the day after his arrival, a heavy gale of wind arose, and there being no anchorage, his little vessel was driven out of sight of land, and, as there was no one on board who understood navigation, he never expected to see her again. Books, papers, charts, clothes—all the stock-in-trade, in fact, of the missionary—were on board the little ship, and day after day he watched and waited with increasing anxiety for her return, but nothing was descried on the surrounding horizon. Morning and evening he met with the Christians of the island, and prayed to God for direction in these perplexing circumstances; and, believing in the motto "Work is prayer," he spent his time in making arrangements for the erection of a school-house. Just as he had commenced, a report was brought to him that a speck had been seen on the horizon; the night, however, was drawing in, and nothing could then be seen, but long before daylight John Williams was on the shore, and at sunrise had the inexpressible joy of seeing his long-lost vessel. The crew had been in great perplexity and alarm, the gale having carried them out

of sight of land; but, after tossing about for many days, a strong wind in the opposite direction had driven them back again to their desired haven.

On a later visit to this island, Williams was returning to his ship when a billow rolled in and capsized them; the boat and crew were thrown upon the reef, but Williams fell towards the sea, and was carried by the recoil of the wave to a considerable distance from the shore, where he was twirled about in a whirlpool, and sank to a great depth. Being so long under water, he thought he should never rise again,



JOHN WILLIAMS' SIXTH ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

but at length he reached the surface, and swam towards the reef; then another fearful wave was ready to burst upon him, and he would surely have perished had not two natives sprung to his assistance, and they, being almost as much at home in the water as on the land, succeeded in effecting his deliverance. This was the sixth time (up to that period) that he had been rescued from a watery grave.

After visiting the two small islands of Mauke and Mitiaro, he sailed back to Rarotonga, where he found Mr. Buzacott in deep distress, a dreadful and deadly disease having raged among the people, sweeping them away as with a deluge. The disease, like so many others that have wrought devastation among native tribes, was brought to the island by a European vessel, which had shortly before arrived there. As the disease was still raging, and the almost universal reply that Mr. Williams



FRENZY OF AN OLD CHIEF. (See p 190.)

received to any inquiry he made after any one he knew was, "He is dead," or "He is stricken," he deemed it prudent not to tarry; and although it cost him much self-denial, he determined not to enter any habitation on the island, lest he should be the means of conveying the disease to the new and populous groups of islands he was about to visit.

He therefore proceeded to Aitutaki, where he rendered important services in examining the school children, solving difficulties of the native teachers, and in supplying information and advice upon subjects civil, judicial, and religious. He found that marvellous changes had taken place here, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to meet a class of about thirty old women—some lame, others blind, and all tottering on the brink of the grave. One or two of them could read, having learned after they were upwards of sixty years of age; all of them could repeat a catechism which contained the leading principles of Christianity; and several, although they had lived so many years in heathenism, gave evidence of a preparation for the change they must soon experience.

When it is remembered that, only a few years before, old people were treated with the greatest cruelty, and were put to death as soon as they became burdensome, it spoke well for the Christianity of the converts that these women were receiving so much kindness and attention.

Not less remarkable was the fact that when Williams explained to the people, one evening, the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to heathen countries, they expressed deep regret that they had no means "for making the Word of God to grow." Mr. Williams pointed out that the pigs he had brought to the island had so multiplied that they had now an abundance of them, and suggested that some might be sold to the captain of a ship then lying off the shore. The hint was taken, and a sum of one hundred and three pounds was realised. This was the first money they had ever possessed, and every farthing of it was dedicated to the cause of Christ!

Most remarkable of all in relation to the changes produced at Aitutaki, Atiu, Mangaia, and Mauke, was the fact that no European missionary had ever resided on either of the islands, and that the whole of the good work was wrought by native teachers.

Mr. Williams, accompanied by Mr. Barff and eight native teachers, then sailed towards the Navigators' Islands; but, in order to gain information about the inhabitants, they steered first to Savage Island and Tongatabu. The former of these presented an appearance worthy of its name—the shore being iron-bound, the rocks perpendicular, and the island itself destitute of all beauty. Coming to a sandy beach, and perceiving natives on the shore, a white flag, the signal for friendly intercourse, was waved to them; and when a similar flag was waved in return, a boat was lowered. But on approaching the shore, it was found that the natives were arranged in hostile array, each having three or four spears, a sling, and a belt full of large stones. It was a custom of Mr. Williams in his first intercourse with savages, only to send on shore people of their own nation and colour, as this at once disarmed suspicion, and opened an easy way of communication. The natives on the shore accepted the overture, and presented the customary *utu* or peace-offering; this over, they launched some of their canoes, and came towards the vessel. One old chieftain was induced to come on board. "His appearance," says John Williams, "was truly terrific. He was about sixty years of age, his person tall, his cheek-bones raised and prominent, and his countenance most forbidding; his body was smeared with charcoal, his hair and beard were both long and grey, and the latter, plaited and twisted together, hung from his mouth like so many rats' tails. He wore no clothing except a narrow slip of cloth around his loins for the purpose of passing a spear through, or any other article he might wish to carry. On reaching the deck the old man was most frantic in his gesticulations, leaping about from place to place, and using the most vociferous exclamations at everything he saw. All attempts at conversation with him were entirely useless, as we could not persuade him to stand still, even for a single second. Our natives attempted to clothe him, by fastening around his person a piece of native cloth; but, tearing it off in a rage, he threw it upon deck, and, stamping upon it, exclaimed, 'Am I a woman: that I should be encumbered with that stuff?' He then

proceeded to give us a specimen of a war-dance, which he commenced by poising and quivering his spear, running to and fro, leaping and vociferating as though inspired by the spirit of wildness. Then he distorted his features most horribly by extending his mouth, gnashing his teeth, and forcing his eyes almost out of their sockets. At length he concluded this exhibition by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth, and gnawing it with the most savage vengeance. During the whole of the performance he kept up a loud and hideous howl."

The old chief was retained as hostage while the native missionaries went ashore, but was released upon their return. Several attempts were made to come to an understanding with the inhabitants of this island; but extreme caution had to be used, as it was stated that only a few months previously they had seized a boat belonging to a vessel which had touched there, and had murdered all the crew. The teachers from Aitutaki, with their wives, who had come for the purpose of settling among these islanders, were so much discouraged and alarmed that they begged they might be taken on to the Navigators' Islands, or to any other station. This was acceded to, and in order to prepare the way for future usefulness, one or two of the young men from the Savage Island were induced to accompany Mr. Williams to the Society Islands, in order that they might be taught, and, on their return to their native island, excite among their fellows an interest in things relating to their spiritual good.

Leaving Savage Island, a direct course was steered for Tongatabu, the chief of the Friendly Islands (distant about 350 miles), where they were received by Messrs. Turner and Cross, who, with their excellent wives, were working for the Wesleyan Missionary Committee. Here an important negotiation took place. It had been the intention of Mr. Williams to go to the Fiji Islands and New Hebrides before visiting the Navigators'; but now, in conference with the Wesleyan brethren, he ascertained that it was their wish, as the Fiji Islands were so near to Tongatabu, and politically connected with it, that the field should be left open to them; while the Navigators' Group, on the ground of the affinity of language and other circumstances, should be assigned to the London Missionary Society—an arrangement which was adopted, and reflected honour upon both parties. Had the spirit animating these men been more prevalent in the Christian Church, and had the different religious denominations determined only to seek positions unoccupied by their fellow-Christians, Christianity would have made a thousandfold more progress in heathen lands than it has done.

While Mr. Williams was tarrying at Tongatabu a man named Fanea came to him, stating that he was a chief of the Navigators' Islands, and that he was related to the most influential families there; that he had been eleven years absent from his home, and was anxiously desirous to return. He was in every way friendly disposed towards the mission, and promised to use all his influence to induce his countrymen to accord a welcome to the missionary party. This seemed like a providential circumstance, and, when a fortnight had passed, the *Messenger of Peace* bore away, with Fanea among the company on board. After visiting the Hapai Group, the *Messenger of Peace* bent her course direct to the Navigators', or Samoan Islands.

This group consists of eight larger and smaller islands, the principal of which are Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii. It was to the latter, the largest, that John Williams came, and he arrived at exactly the right moment of time, for Tamafainga, a most cruel and bloodthirsty chief, who would have been opposed to any designs for the improvement of his people, had been put to death only ten days before.

The services of Fanea were invaluable, and when the chiefs, with whom he had



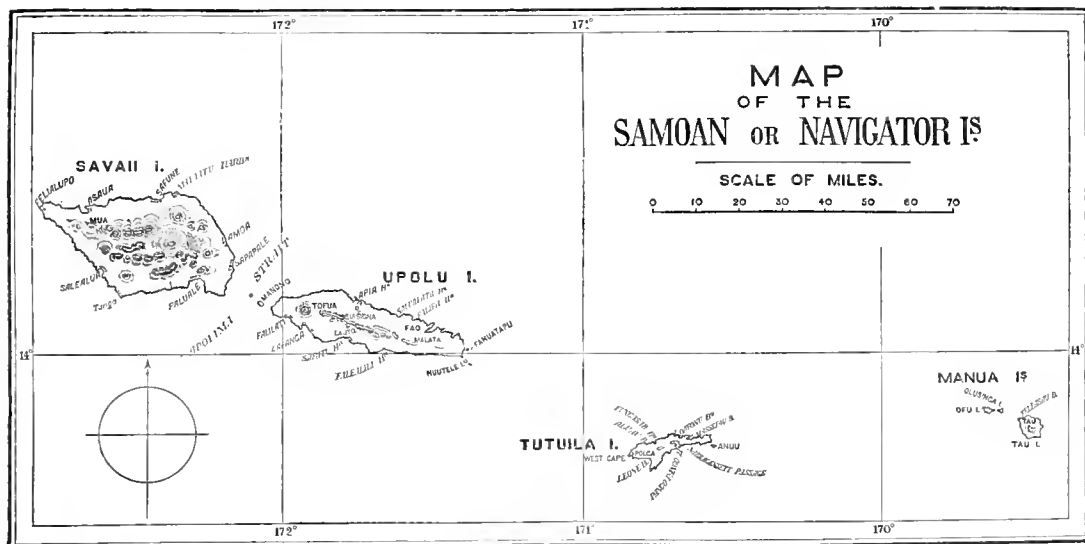
HEATHEN TEMPLES IN SAMOA.

influence, were told of the changes that had taken place in Tahiti, Rarotonga, Tongatabu, and other places, they showed not only a willingness, but an anxiety, to share the same blessings—a sentiment in which Malietoa, the principal chieftain, joined. A visit of state was paid by Williams and Barff to this interesting chief, and negotiations were entered into that four native teachers should be left, and that if at the end of a twelvemonth he had fulfilled all his part of the contract, they would arrange for an English missionary to settle among them.

It may be said in this place, that the promises on both sides were abundantly fulfilled. In 1832 Mr. Williams, on again visiting Samoa, found that marvellous progress had been made, and this was confirmed by Mr. Barff and Mr. Buzacott, who

visited Samoa in the following year. From that time forth a worthy succession of missionaries have carried on the work so auspiciously commenced, several of whom engaged in the translation of the Scriptures into Samoan. Recently a third and revised edition of the Samoan Bible has been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and valuable Biblical, educational, and other books have been prepared by the missionaries. Perhaps, however, the most important missionary work which has been established in Samoa, is a training-school for native teachers, which still keeps up its well-earned reputation, while the students who have been educated in it are now spread widely over the Pacific, engaged in Christian work.

Leaving the Samoan group, Mr. Williams steered for Savage Island, for the purpose



of landing the two young men he had taken with him from that place, but provisions and water having run short in consequence of being becalmed, the intention had to be abandoned, and the young men were conveyed to Raiatea. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary series of voyages ever undertaken.

Events at Raiatea had not, in the meantime, been in every respect satisfactory. Tamatoa, once the terror of his subjects, the murderer of his people, a despotic tyrant and a most bigoted idolater, but afterwards the constant friend of the mission and the promoter of every civil and religious improvement, died, and his death became the occasion for the opponents of the new religion to make most unreasonable demands upon the party of progress. Williams was in a dilemma: he did not see his way to adjust the differences that had arisen. Mrs. Williams was expecting her confinement, and having lost six children in Raiatea, hoped, by a change of place and scene, to be spared the distress of consigning a seventh to a premature grave; the vessel also required considerable repairs, and Mr. Williams was under engagement to take part with the brethren Pitman and Buzacott in translating the New Testament into the Rarotongan dialect.

In all these circumstances he determined to set sail to Rarotonga, and arrived there at the end of September, 1831.

One incident, or rather a series of incidents, relating to the visit must be recorded here. In December of that year Mr. Williams was staying at the station of Mr. Pitman, when one morning he received a note from Mr. Buzacott, saying that a very heavy sea was rolling into the harbour, and, if it increased, the vessel would probably sustain severe injury. Mr. Williams hurried to Avarua, and employed a number of natives to carry stones and raise a kind of breakwater round the vessel: all the timber and ship's stores were removed to what was supposed to be a place of safety, and every precaution was taken to guard his ship and property from the threatened storm. He then returned to Mr. Pitman's for the services of the Sabbath, when, as night was coming on, he received information that the sea had risen to an alarming height, that the vessel had been thumping on the stones, and that the roof that covered her was blown down and washed away. It was impossible to proceed that night to Avarua, but on the following morning Mr. Williams set forth.

“In order to avoid walking knee-deep in water nearly all the way,” he says, in his narrative, “and to escape the falling limbs of trees, which were being torn with violence from their trunks, I attempted to take the seaside path; but the wind and rain were so furious that I found it impossible to make any progress. I was therefore obliged to take the inland road, and by watching my opportunity, and running between the fallen trees, I escaped without injury. When about half-way, I was met by some of my own workmen, who were coming to inform me of the fearful devastation going on at the settlement. ‘The sea,’ they said, ‘had risen to a great height, and had swept away the storehouse and all its contents: the vessel was driven in against the bank, upon which she was lifted with every wave, and fell off again when it receded!’ After a trying walk, thoroughly drenched, cold, and exhausted, I reached the settlement, which presented a scene of fearful desolation, the very sight of which filled me with dismay. I supposed, indeed, that much damage had been done, but I little expected to behold the beautiful settlement, with its luxuriant groves, its broad pathways, and neat white cottages, one mass of ruins, among which scarcely a house or tree was standing. The poor women were running about with their children, wildly looking for a place of safety; and the men were dragging their little property from beneath the ruins of their prostrate houses. The screams of the former and the shouts of the latter, together with the roaring sea, the pelting rain, the howling wind, the falling trees, and the infuriated appearance of the atmosphere, presented a spectacle the most sublime and terrible, which made us stand, and tremble, and adore. On reaching the chapel I was rejoiced to see it standing: but as we were passing, a resistless gust burst in the east end, and proved the premonitory signal of its destruction. The new school-house was lying in ruins by its side. Mr. Buzacott's excellent dwelling, which stood upon a stone foundation, was rent and unroofed, the inmates had fled, and the few natives who could attend were busily employed in removing the goods to a place of safety. Shortly after my arrival, a heavy sea burst in with devastating vengeance, and tore away the foundation of the chapel, which fell with a frightful crash. The same mighty

wave rolled on in its destructive course till it dashed against Mr. Buzacott's house, already mutilated with the storm, and laid it prostrate with the ground. The chief's wife came and conducted Mrs. Buzacott to her habitation, which was then standing; but shortly after they had reached it, the sea began to dash against it, and the wind tore off the roof, so that our poor fugitive sister and her three little children were obliged to take refuge in the mountains. Accompanied by two or three faithful females, among whom was the chief's wife, they waded nearly a mile through water, which in some places was several feet deep. On reaching the side of the hill, where they expected a temporary shelter, they had the severe mortification of finding that a huge tree had fallen upon and crushed it. Again they pursued their watery way in search of a covert from the storm, and at length reached a hut, which was crowded with women and children who had taken refuge in it. They were, however, gladly welcomed, and every possible assistance was rendered to alleviate their distress. Mr. Buzacott and myself had retired to a small house belonging to his servants, which we had endeavoured to secure with ropes, and into which all our books and property had been conveyed. One wave, however, dashed against it; we therefore sent off a box or two of books and clothes to the mountains, and waited with trembling anxiety to know what would become of us. The rain was still descending in deluging torrents; the angry lightning was darting its fiery streams among the dense black clouds which shrouded us in their gloom; the thunder, deep and loud, rolled and pealed through the heavens; and the whole island trembled to its very centre as the infuriated billows burst upon its shores. The crisis had arrived; this was the hour of our greatest anxiety; but 'man's extremity is God's opportunity;' and never was the sentiment expressed in this beautiful sentence more signally illustrated than at this moment; for the wind shifted suddenly a few points to the west, which was the signal to the sea to cease its ravages and retire within its wonted limits; the storm was hushed; the lowering clouds began to disperse, and the sun, as a prisoner bursting forth from his dark dungeon, smiled upon us from above, and told us that 'God had not forgotten to be gracious.' We now ventured to creep out of our hiding-places, and were appalled at beholding the fearful desolation that was spread around us. As soon as possible, I sent a messenger to obtain some information respecting my poor vessel, expecting that she had been shivered into a thousand pieces; but, to our astonishment, he returned with the intelligence that, although the bank, the school-house, and the vessel were all washed away together, the latter had been carried over a swamp, and lodged amongst a grove of large chestnut-trees several hundred yards inland, and yet appeared to have sustained no injury whatever! As soon as practicable, I went myself, and was truly gratified at finding that the report was correct, and that the trees had stopped her wild progress, otherwise she would have been driven several hundred yards farther, and have sunk in a bog."

While Mr. Williams was in the midst of these scenes at Avarua, Mrs. Williams was passing through even greater difficulties at Ngatangia, Mr. Pitman's station. She had narrowly escaped a horrible death; the roof of the house in which she was living was seen to writhe under the pressure of the tempest, and scarcely had she made her escape before the end of the dwelling burst in and fell upon the very spot

where two minutes before she had been lying. Soon after this her seventh child was born, but the shock sustained by Mrs. Williams on the day of the hurricane had already caused its death.

On repairing to Avarua to inspect the *Messenger of Peace*, it was found that, although she had worked herself into a hole about four feet deep, she had sustained no injury whatever! Great difficulty, however, presented itself when an attempt was made to drag her from the hole over several hundred yards of



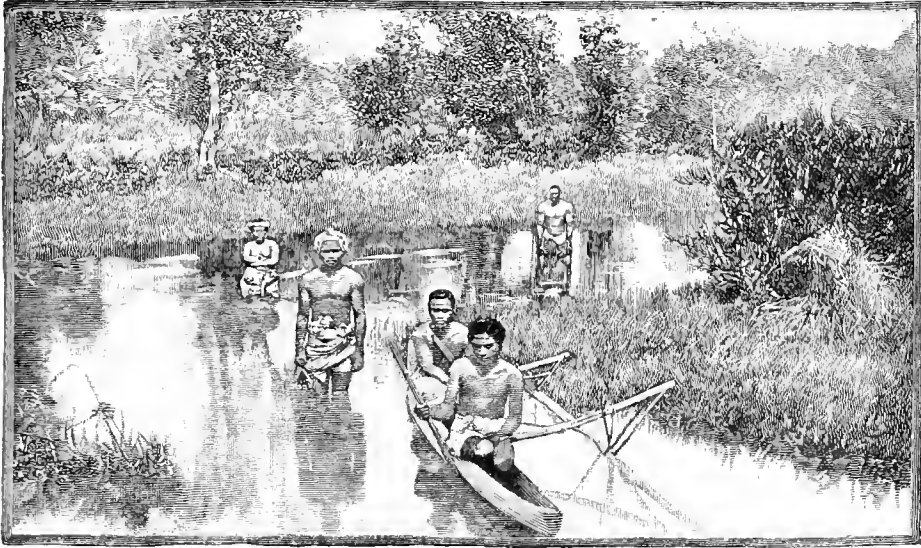
A SAMOAN CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.

swamp, without any engineering appliances. Many hands, however, supplied the place of machinery: about two thousand persons assisted in the work, and she once more floated on the sea!

We cannot tarry to record in detail the further voyages of John Williams. He sailed to Tahiti, and afterwards paid a second visit to the Samoan Group, where he made exploration among islands which had been omitted in his previous voyage, and paid pastoral visits in many places where he had been instrumental in planting the seeds of truth. On the return journey he was awakened one night by the mate calling to him, "You must get up at once, sir: the ship has sprung a leak, is half-full of water, and is sinking fast." To his consternation he found four feet of water in the hold, and every one on board was put to work, as the alternative was to pump or to sink. For several days this was continued without intermission, and although search was made for the leak, it could not be found. At length the island of Vavau was reached, and

with the assistance of the captain of an English whaler, it was found that the cause of the danger was a large auger-hole in the keel, into which the bolt had never been driven, but which had been filled in with mud and stones in the hurricane at Rarotonga, and these had kept the vessel six months from leaking; during which time she had sailed several thousand miles!

For some time Mr. Williams had contemplated a visit to England, in order that he might bring the state of the South Sea Islands more immediately under the notice of the public; and, after completing the Rarotongan version of the New Testament, and putting things in order in various islands, he took passage in a homeward-bound whaler, and reached London in June, 1834. It was no time of rest for him, who had



SAMOANS FISHING.

been engaged for eighteen years in unceasing labour. His fame was in all the Churches; the interest of his adventures rendered him an object of attraction at the numerous missionary meetings in which he took part: from all parts of the kingdom invitations came for him to speak; and as he felt that to carry out the important interests he had at heart it was necessary that he should be backed by the sympathy and wealth of the people of England, he preached, spoke, and lectured everywhere, and continued this arduous toil for four years. Among the many things occupying his mind at this period were plans for a theological college at Rarotonga for the education of native missionaries, and for a school at Tahiti, which should offer superior education to the sons of chiefs, and be a normal school for training native schoolmasters: he superintended the publication of the Rarotongan New Testament, and wrote and published his "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises," a book which excited intense interest, and brought the author into contact with all sorts and conditions of men.

At length the time arrived when he felt he must return to his work in the South Seas, and having demonstrated the advantage it would be to Christianity and to Commerce, to have a proper missionary ship, a subscription was set on foot, to which the Common Council of London voted a sum of £500; and further sums flowed in until £4,000 had been subscribed, with which the *Camden* was purchased, repaired, and fitted out. On the 11th of April, 1838, she sailed from Gravesend, with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, their son John, who had found himself an English wife, and with sixteen other missionaries, who were to be left at different stations, to break up fresh ground, and to be visited, from time to time, by the *Camden*.

After a short stay at the Cape of Good Hope, and another at Sydney, the *Camden* made for the Samoas, where Williams found that out of a population of 60,000, nearly 50,000 were under instruction. It was a great joy to him to be once more in his old haunts, to find that at Raiatea the heart of the people had not waxed cold, and that at Rarotonga civilisation and Christianity had made gigantic strides. After this he made his head-quarters at Samoa, until such time as he could carry out his long-cherished design of visiting islands far off in the west, where, as yet, nothing had been done for the instruction of the savages. His great ambition was to visit the New Hebrides, in order that he might establish a link which should lead perhaps to reaching the Papuan race in New Guinea. At length the fitting time came, and preparations were made for the voyage.

Just before he set sail on this adventurous cruise, he gathered the Samoans together, and preached a sermon from the text, "Sorrowing most of all for the words he spake, that they should see his face no more." John Williams was not a man of the kind to be affected by any omen or other superstition; but when he saw his congregation weeping as bitterly as the Ephesians wept at the departure of St. Paul, and heard their entreaties that he would not visit Erromanga, from whence a report had come of ghastly doings by the cannibal inhabitants—entreaties in which Mrs. Williams, who had a foreboding terror of the visit, joined—it was enough to shake the purpose of any man. But he was not to be moved: he saw, in his mind's eye, island after island welcoming the Gospel, and the New Hebrides becoming a centre of light and influence, as Tahiti, Rarotonga, Samoa, and other islands had become. The *Camden* set sail, and bore away to the New Hebrides. All on board were full of hope and thankfulness, and Williams talked without sense of fear or misgiving to his friend, Mr. Cunningham, the British Vice-Consul for the South Sea Islands, and Mr. Harris, who was intending to become a missionary to the Marquesas.

At the end of a week they touched at Rotuma, and landed two teachers; then on again to Tanna, where three teachers were left, and then on again towards Erromanga, where, on the 20th of November, 1839, the vessel entered Dillon's Bay. Soon a canoe with three men paddled up to the *Camden*, from which a boat was lowered, and Mr. Williams, with Captain Morgan, Messrs. Harris and Cunningham, and four sailors, seated themselves. Conversation was tried with the three natives, but not a word of the language could be understood, it being one of the Melanesian dialects.

The boat was pulled into a creek, and beads, with a small looking-glass, were thrown to the natives on shore, who appeared to be very shy. When, however, signs were made asking for water, they immediately procured it, whereupon the missionary party waded ashore. The natives ran away, but when Mr. Williams sat down, some of them ventured nearer, and at last brought some cocoa-nuts, opened, for him to drink. When he offered them his hand, they would not take it, but shrank away, and there is reason to believe that this fear was caused by the recollection of barbarities perpetrated on their countrymen by the crew of a vessel that had previously visited the island.

With the view of winning their confidence, Williams called to the captain to send him some cloth out of the boat, and this he divided among the people. Somewhat incautiously, it may be, Mr. Harris walked forward into the bush, and Williams, who was surrounded by a group of boys, to whom he was repeating the Samoan numerals in the hope that they might recognise the names of the figures, followed in his track. Mr. Cunningham, who did not like the looks and manners of the savages, expressed his distrust to Williams, but his remark was apparently not heard.

Only a few minutes passed when Cunningham, stooping to pick up a shell, was startled by a horrible yell, and, to his distress, saw Mr. Harris rushing along, pursued by a native. Cunningham fled for his life, and called on Williams to do the same. It was a moment of great terror. Harris lay on the shore, beaten down by natives who were armed with clubs; Cunningham had fled to the boat, the whereabouts of which he knew, but which was out of sight of Williams, who made straight for the sea, intending, probably, to swim off and let the boat pick him up. Williams was a stout, heavy man, and immediately he started to run a native rushed furiously after him. The beach was steep and stony, and just as he reached the water he fell. He was now hopelessly in the power of his pursuer, who dealt him several blows on his head and arms. Twice Williams dashed his head under water to avoid the club with which the savage who stood over him was ready to strike the instant he rose; then a crowd of savages came up yelling, and beat him over the head, while a whole handful of arrows were stuck into his body. Cunningham, meanwhile, had reached the boat in safety, and, with Captain Morgan, used frantic exertions to come to the assistance of Williams. It was too late, however; before they had got half the distance of the eighty yards that separated them, his dead body was being dragged by the savages along the beach, and they "could see the rippling water red with the blood of the noblest man that had ever gone to those far-off Isles of the South Sea, laden with blessings for the ignorant and outcast."

As soon as possible the *Camden* was brought up, and it was proposed to land under cover of the guns, and rescue the body; but the natives had dragged it in the meantime into the bush.

When the appalling news became known among the islands, there was the most intense excitement, which spread universally, and called forth expressions of esteem and regret, such as had never before been expressed for any missionary. The *Camden* at once steered for Sydney, from whence a vessel of war was immediately despatched to Erromanga to endeavour to recover the remains. Only the skull and bones were left (the rest having

been devoured by the cannibals), and these were conveyed to Samoa, where Mrs. Williams received them, standing calm in her sorrow, but surrounded by multitudes of frantic mourners.

“Aue Kriamu! aue Viriamu! our father, our father!” cried the wailing masses in their wild, poetic grief: “he has turned his face from us! we shall never see him more! he that brought us the good word of salvation is gone! Oh, cruel heathen! they knew not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!”

At Apia, in the island of Upolu, beside the chapel he had built, the remains of John Williams were interred. The officers and crew of the man-of-war, his sorrowing family, friends, missionaries, native teachers, and multitudes of the islanders stood around that grave. In a sense, all Christendom stood there too; for John Williams had won the love and admiration of all men, irrespective of name or creed.

His work did not end with his life, nor was it even checked by his untimely end. Fresh labourers pressed into the field, and carried on the work, until, even upon the very island on which he fell, the truths of Christianity were received with gladness.





DEATH OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

VI.—IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER XI.

TARTARY, TIBET, AND MONGOLIA.

In Search of the Tschecks—The Kalmuc Tartars—Lamaism—Praying-wheels—Expedition of Schill, Loos, and Dehm—Circulation of the Scriptures—Lahoul—The Kyelang Mission Station—Pagell and Heide—In the Lamasseries—Hernis—Funeral Ceremonies—Influence of the Lamas—The Kus-hogs—Leh, the Chief Town of Ladak—Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Redslob—Among the Mongols—Fanaticism—Wonderful Things in Wu Tai.

FOR more than a hundred and fifty years the Moravian Brethren have aspired to spread the Gospel in Central Asia, and have made effort after effort to penetrate those vast and long mysterious regions from various directions. Count Zinzendorf himself felt a warm interest in these lands, and one of his hymns alludes to the Mongol and the Persian hearing the Gospel message.

Vast hordes of Kalmuc Tartars roamed at will from Chinese Tartary to the banks of the Volga with their herds of camels, horses, black cattle, and sheep. It was resolved to send missionaries to these wandering tribes, and Russia presented the easiest route for getting at them. But the authorities at St. Petersburg in 1735 forbade the missionary who arrived there from Herrnhut to go any further, and a renewed effort by Hirschel and Krind in 1742 only led to their confinement for several years in a Russian prison.

Some other abortive attempts to penetrate Asia from the Russian provinces took place also: but in 1764, the Empress Catherine II. having become aware of the real value of the Moravians as colonisers and subjects, issued an edict permitting them to settle in Russia, and to enjoy complete liberty of conscience. A number of the Brethren at once proceeded to the banks of the Volga, and selected a site for a colony twenty-four miles below Czaritzin. They were soon hard at work erecting the buildings they required, cultivating the land, and working at their various trades. In a few years the flourishing little town of Sarepta had come into being. As a colony it was a complete success, but its highest value to its pious founders consisted in the facilities it afforded as a Christian outpost on the frontiers of Asia, in close proximity to the hordes of heathen Tartars who roamed the adjacent steppes. And, moreover, it stood beside the road from St. Petersburg to Persia, and the realms beyond:—thus, without leaving their own territory, the Brethren found opportunity to preach to Armenians, Georgians, Persians, Tartars, and Hindoos.

Before they came to the Volga banks, the Brethren had heard rumours of a remnant of Christian people amongst the defiles of the Caucasus. One day a Georgian merchant assured them that these people—the Tschecks—were really in existence. It was said that they had been driven eastward centuries before from Europe, but that they still

jealously guarded their Christian faith, as well as their language and their ancient customs. It was acknowledged, however, that they had lost the ability to read their sacred books, which were kept locked up in spacious churches no longer used for religious services. But they looked forward to a time when public worship should be re-established, and the books of their forefathers once more read. The Moravians were eager to discover this people, who they believed must be the descendants of their fellow-countrymen, exiled on account of their religion in the fifteenth century.

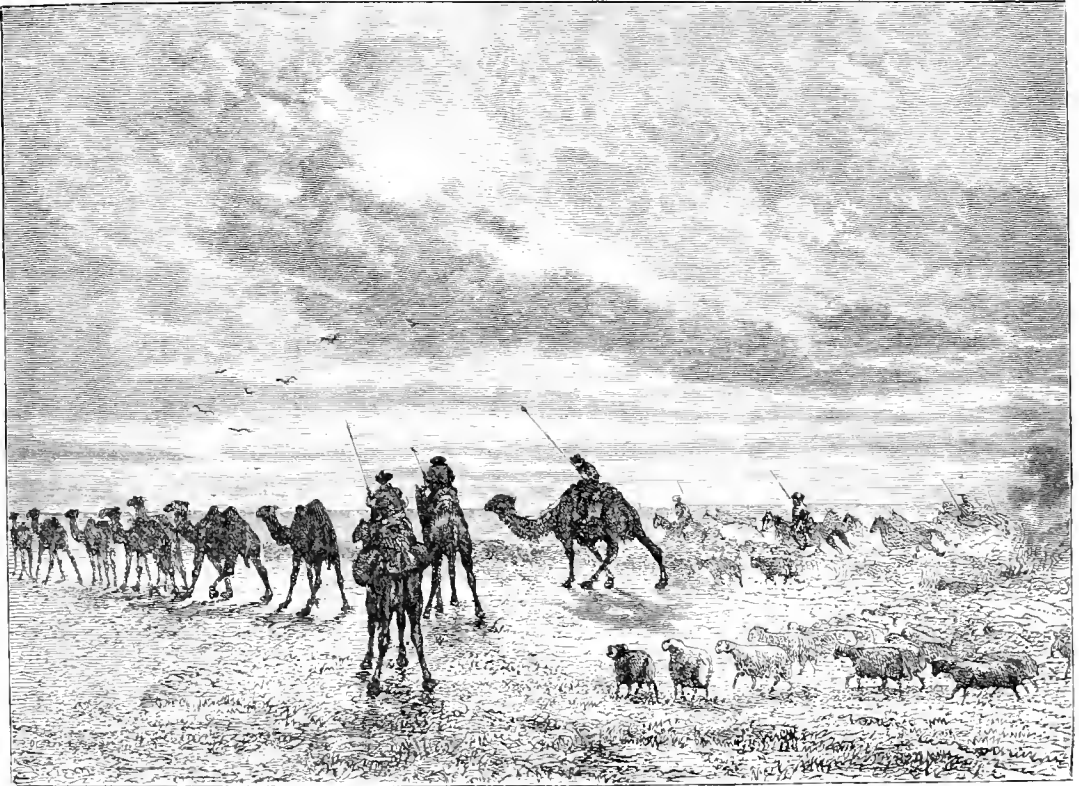
A first attempt on the part of two Brothers to find the Tschecks was frustrated by the near approach of a hostile army of 40,000 Kabardine Tartars, who were addicted to selling all prisoners into slavery. The explorers got back safely to Sarepta, and in 1782 another Gospel expedition was despatched to Mount Caucasus. Gottfried Grabsch (a medical missionary) and George Grühl undertook the perilous journey. They reached Berega, where the bigoted Mahommedans would scarcely let them lodge a single night, and then, with difficulty, found their way to the Prince, Uzmei Khan. He heard their story, but could not credit it as a sufficient motive for their journey. He had heard of the celebrity of Grabsch as a healer, and asked him if he was the doctor who could cure a man in a short time when his body was ripped up. He consented at length to let them go forward to Kubascha, where the people they were in search of were supposed to be located.

It was by a toilsome road—often with a mountain wall rising on one side of them, and a precipitous ravine yawning on the other—that they reached Kubascha, with its five hundred houses clustering in a narrow valley, hemmed in by lofty barren mountains. Great was their disappointment, on entering this supposed Christian town, to hear the voices of the Mollahs from the minarets. They had a conference with the inhabitants, who stated that their remote ancestors had been Christians, but they thanked God that they had now been Mahommedans for three hundred years. In the town there were some ruins of churches, with inscriptions upon them in characters that no one could read. The people were friendly, but were evidently confirmed Moslems, and, grievously disappointed, our missionaries found their way back to Sarepta.

The relations of the Brethren with the Kalme Tartars were a little more promising. Soon after the establishment of the colony, a large horde settled in the neighbourhood. Their habits and manners made them at first somewhat troublesome, but, by the uniform kindness of the Moravians, they were won to confidence and friendship. They seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing Divine service, but the skill of the doctor attached to the mission made the most impression on them. Amongst those who occasionally came to the colony was a princess with her retinue, but this lady and her party were so rarely sober that very little satisfactory communication could be had with them. A prince who was a frequent visitor became specially attached to two of the Brethren, and invited them to join his tribe in their wanderings over the Great Steppe. He offered them his protection, and facilities for learning the Tartar language.

The two Brothers joyfully accepted this opening for service, but it was a novel experience. They had to reconcile themselves to Tartar manners and Tartar diet. Their companions, the Kalmes, were strongly built men of middle stature, with

prominent cheek-bones, short chins, turned-up noses, and scrubby hair. Their habitations were conical felt tents, which were set out in long lines like streets. They were inveterate gamblers, very much given to drink, and not particularly cleanly. Their religion was a degraded form of Buddhism, or, rather, Lamaism, as they acknowledged spiritual allegiance to the Dalai Lama (or Ta lei Lama) at Lhassa. Their Gellongs, or priests, taught them that all heavenly happiness was to be found in the mystic words, "Om Mani Padmi Hum." The repetition of these words almost sufficed for the entire



KALMUC TARTARS.

religious exercises of the Kalmucs, and even this simple observance is considerably expedited by means of a barrel containing copies of the prayer. A handle is turned, revolutions count as utterances, and so 20,000 or more repetitions are easily accomplished in a day. The words are said simply to mean, "Oh, the precious lotus. Amen." But to the initiated they shadow forth an infinity of mystic meaning. Our missionaries found the Kalmucs able to read and write. The leaves of their books were similar to palm leaves, and it was noticeable that all their standard works had Indian as well as Tibetan and Mongolian titles.

The two Brothers were kindly treated during their long migrations with their wandering hosts. They acquired a good knowledge of the Tartar language and customs, but could find no willingness to receive the Gospel message. The Brethren at Sarepta

also paid numerous visits to various localities, and had a great deal of friendly intercourse with Tartar tribes. But, after years of effort, their only converts were a poor blind Kalmuc girl, and four Kirghesian children rescued from slavery.

In 1815, a Gospel expedition was undertaken by Brothers Schill, Loos, and Dehm to the Chaschut hordes of Kalmucs, and this effort was certainly more productive of visible results. Five years of patient labour enabled them very materially to undermine the influence of the Gellongs, and to rescue a few souls from the darkness of heathenism. Strange were the superstitions that flourished among the wandering Kalmucs. One terrible winter the temperature fell to 25 degrees below zero, causing much suffering. In one of the tents an old woman lay dying, and very naturally complained much of the extreme cold. When she died, her body was cut in pieces and burned in order to appease the angry spirits, and inasmuch as milder weather followed, the Tartars felt that they had done the right thing.

The Buddhism of this tribe was exceedingly mixed, for a Tartar declared to the missionaries, "We have so many gods, that we are at a loss to know whom to address." Some of the Gellongs began to see that their hold on the people was loosening. One of them, after being applied to to find a lost horse (which was one of their most frequent duties), candidly confessed to Schill that he often found that his books did not tell him right, and that in very many cases his pre-

dictions did not come true.

The head of the tribe was Prince Serbedshab, who was laid up for a time by a fall from his horse. After his recovery the missionaries were asked to dine with him, and he told them that he had diminished the number of the Gellongs by one-half, but that he found the remainder totally unable to live up to their own rules. Schill and his companions thought this prince would strengthen and protect them in their work, and their hearts were also rejoiced to see a considerable awakening amongst the people, who eagerly read the portions of Scripture, and tracts, which the missionaries had translated. But these tokens of success roused the animosity of their opponents. Prince Serbedshab became embittered against them, and determined to prevent the further Christianisation of his tribe. The lives of those few who regularly attended the missionary services were made miserable by harshness and injustice, and at length the Brethren resolved to remove the little company, with all their belongings, on to the Society's land near Sarepta.



KALMUC PRAYER
BARREL.



A KALMUC SAYING HIS PRAYERS.

It was evening when the little band drew near to its appointed resting-place on an island in the Volga. A few were on board a boat in which they were bringing various goods up the river. On the high bank walked Brother Schill with the rest of the men, then came three camels with the skin tents and the women, and a few carts with the furniture and smaller children. The elder children were in the rear, driving forward the cattle, sheep, and goats. Not one of the Kalmucs had as yet been baptised, but amongst them were men in whom wild passions and savage superstitions had given place to the meek humility and peaceableness of the Christian. During the next day or two their island encampment was visited by the whole congregation of Sarepta. One of the first settlers of the colony was Brother Steinman, now eighty-three years of age. He had never ceased to pray daily for the conversion of the Kalmucs, and on hearing of the arrival he seized his staff and was helped to the camp. "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!" he joyfully exclaimed, upon hearing the converts sing of salvation through the Saviour. He went home, and two days afterwards he gently passed away.

But the poor exiles had not yet got to the end of their troubles. They were constantly assailed with abuse and threats, and occasionally they were severely assaulted by Tartars roaming the neighbourhood. On one occasion, Prince Djamaba of the Derbet horde suddenly appeared in the camp, and seized two of his subjects, Zürüm and another. He administered a severe cudgelling on the spot, and then carried them off. Although he afterwards lent them camels to return to the camp and fetch away their property, he threatened them with severe punishment if they dared to bring back with them a single letter of the Gospel. On another occasion a band of Kalmucs, led by a Gellong, rushed into the settlement and whipped the converts most unmercifully. Zürüm was dragged with a rope by a horseman across the steppe and severely lacerated. Others were badly wounded, and many of the cattle were driven away. Zürüm, who got back to Sarepta covered with wounds and sores, showed Christian fortitude under much cruel treatment.

It was evident that the Brethren could not afford efficient protection to these poor people, and the attitude of the Government was such that no other course seemed practicable, than to take the converts down to Czaritzin, and let them be baptised into the Greek Church.

A year or two afterwards, Brothers Schill and Hübner were circulating the Scriptures among the Kalmucs at the expense of the Russian Bible Society. But they were expressly forbidden to make any comment, so that the effort showed no practical result. Seeing, therefore, that they were prevented from exercising the usual methods of evangelisation—by oral instruction, baptism, and the forming of congregations; and seeing, moreover, that they were commanded to hand over to the Greek Priests all persons inclining to be Christians, the Moravian Brethren did not think it worth while thus to waste their strength, and accordingly their missionary efforts on behalf of the Tartars of the Asiatic border were relinquished. But the concern of Count Zinzendorf for the conversion of the Mongols still seemed to rest upon the Moravian Church, and in 1848 Gützlaff urged the Society at Hernhut to make a renewed attempt

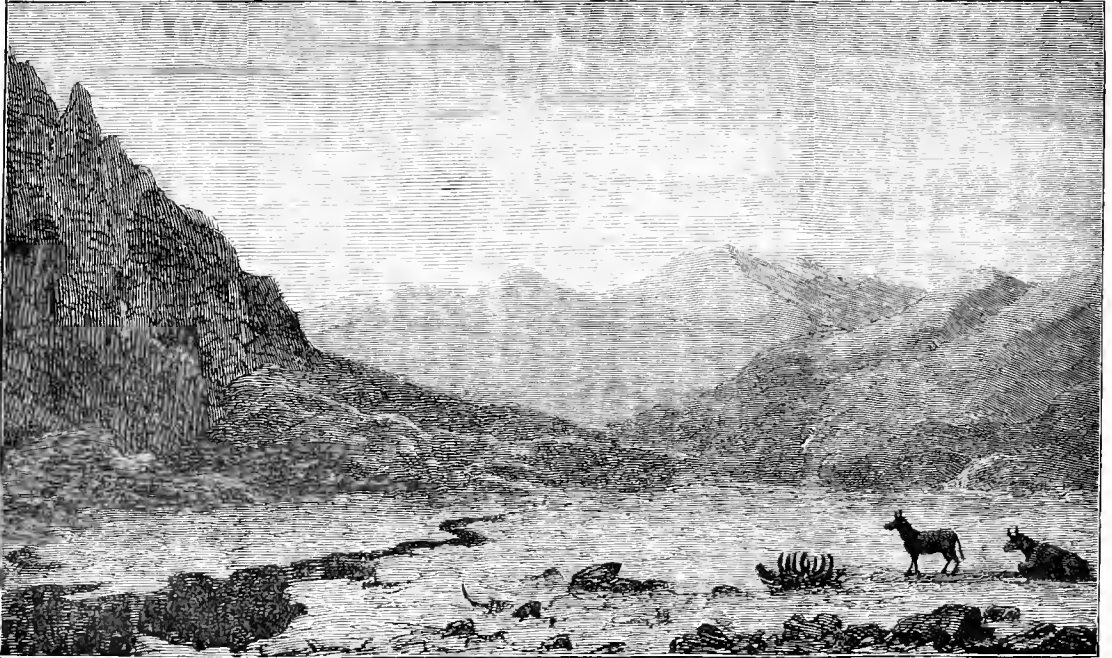
to carry the Gospel to the roving hordes of Central Asia. From the thirty volunteers who at once offered to go out, two lay brothers, Pagell and Heide, were selected for the service. Russia, on being applied to, at once interdicted any advance through her territory, and accordingly the missionaries proceeded to India, and waited near the Himalayan border for the opportunity to push forward into Chinese Tibet and Mongolia. But up to the present time the Chinese Government has prevented the fulfilment of this project, and the mission has been almost exclusively limited to Little Tibet, part of which (Lahoul and Spitti) is under British supremacy, and part (Ladak) under the rule of the Rajah of Cashmere.

Five years had been spent in preparation for the work, in acquiring the Mongol tongue, and some knowledge of medicine, when in 1853 the two Brothers reached Khotghur, where they saw for the first time the lamas in their red vestments, and people walking about with their praying-mills in their hands. They pushed forward through desolate mountain passes, sometimes over tracts of snow that took hours to cross, and over heights 12,000 feet above the sea-level, where the glorious prospect was bounded by yet loftier mountains towering far above them. They reached Leh (the capital of Ladak province, of which we shall have more to say presently), but could go no farther, and after many vexatious delays and hindrances found it needful to retreat to Lahoul Province, where, at Kyelang, near the frontier, the mission station was founded. At this mountain station, 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and entirely cut off from civilisation by snow for months together, several devoted Moravian Christians have laboured. In 1857, the year of the mutiny, came Brother H. Jäschke (a descendant of George Jäschke, one of the patriarchs of Moravianism), acknowledged by Professor Max Müller to be the best Tibetan scholar in Europe.

In Lahoul, Lamaism, curiously amalgamated with the Hindoo system of caste, is the religion of the people. The lamas for the most part work in their houses or in the fields like other people, and only retire to the monastery in winter, to study and to lay up a stock of merit. They practically rule the land. They profess to discover springs, to produce rain, to drive away demons, and to trace thieves. They mostly have some rote knowledge of diseases and cures, so that if a man has made up his mind as to what complaint he has, the lamas can treat him according to their rules.

Kyelang has seen long years of patient effort with but little evident result. With services at the mission-house and chapel, with visits to the people, with long preaching tours, and with their schools, these earnest workers have done what they could. There was no difficulty about getting people to listen with interest to their teaching. They were delighted at hearing things they could understand, and would come even when the lamas were holding solemn readings in their own houses. For Lamaism requires plenty of readers at its services, but hearers are not necessary, and if present are not expected to understand. Every respectable person has solemn readings in his house at certain periods of the year, and so long as he provides properly for the refreshment of the lamas, he is quite at liberty to go where he pleases whilst the services are in progress.

A good deal of time and energy were given to itinerant preaching. The missionaries soon found that to open a Bible and read by the wayside was of no use. Everybody thought they were simply performing a work of merit on their own account, and had no idea that listeners were desired. The only way was to go to a village and collect as many as possible on a flat house-top, and then talk to them. These flat roofs are the regular meeting-places; there the people rest and enjoy the warm sunshine, and there they hold their drinking or musical parties. Sometimes on reaching a village not a soul could be seen—the whole population was on the house-tops. The only



LADAK SCENERY.

thing to be done was to mount to one of the roofs by the notched tree-trunk with which most of the houses are provided as an outside staircase. There was always a kindly reception, and people soon came flocking from other roofs to hear the missionaries talk. Their own lamas called the people beasts, who could not expect to *understand* religion; the lamas could understand it, and knew Buddhism to be perfection; but the people had simply to pay, and do as they were told. So the people were interested in the Gospel as something new and entertaining, but could not be roused to any anxiety as to their future state. On one occasion the head man of a village collected all the inhabitants on the roof of a large house, and after the discourse they escorted Brother Pagell with two drummers and a fifer for a considerable distance on his way.

Visits were often paid to the lamasseries, whose inmates politely received the missionaries, and frequently conducted them into the large dukang, or place of assembly. Here were

the images, and a hundred or more thick volumes, and also a lamp perpetually burning. Rows of low seats for the lamas faced the images, of which the most prominent was always Buddha, with a skull in his hand as an emblem of intellectual power. In



WOMEN OF LEH.

this hall the lamas meet to conduct their simultaneous and monotonous readings, and conclude with social eating and drinking. Times without number was the Gospel preached to the lamas in the presence of their idols.

The lamas professed a great deal, and were exceedingly anxious to pile up "merit," so that after death they might reappear as men and not in lower forms of animal life, and in the course of ages attain to Nirvana. They were not grateful for any favours or benefits, but accepted them simply as proofs of their own accumulated merit. All through Lahoul and Ladak, and more especially in Chinese Tibet, the lamas of various grades flourish upon the tribute of the priest-ridden people. Every tseho (or nobleman) keeps his lama (or private chaplain), and it is often doubtful which of the two is really master. The head of this great ecclesiastical system, and so far as Tibet is concerned, the actual ruler of the country, is the Ta-lei-lama at Lhasa. Crowds of lamas and pilgrims, threading their rosaries and muttering prayers, for ever throng the two avenues of trees that lead from Lhasa to the great eluster of temples at Potala. Of these the loftiest is surmounted by a dome of gold, from which the Grand Lama can look over all the plain covered with crowds of his adorers. He is recognised as a never-dying Buddha, and when the event takes place which would be death in other cases, his followers select, by a process of divination, a little child into whom he is supposed to have passed. When he has freed humanity from all its sorrows he will attain Nirvana and be absorbed into God. The government is really carried on by the various functionaries of his court, so that the duties of the Grand Lama are easily learned, consisting as they do, for the most part, simply of sitting cross-legged in the temple, and extending the hand in the attitude of benediction. The vast piles of buildings all around are filled with the court and attendants of the ever-living one. There are several Grand Lamas in connection with Central-Asian Buddhism, but he of Potala is the grandest and most revered of them all.

To return to Lahoul. Brothers Heide and Pagell found that though the lamas were too often glaringly remiss in the due carrying-out of the perfect morality and righteousness they aimed at, yet they were very particular about the killing of animals, and even insects. They liked to live well, however, and when they were compelled to slaughter an animal themselves, a number of them would do it together, so that the sin might be divided amongst them, and thus each individual's share in the guilt be minimised. On one occasion a mendicant was met with who had left house and lands, and had been a wandering beggar for years, on account of his remorse for having killed over a thousand animals. One elderly man was in sore distress about the difficulty of avoiding sin, more particularly because he found it was scarcely possible to take a step without destroying insects. A lama who was sadly troubled internally, made it a religious duty to take food at certain frequent intervals in order that the parasites within him might not be disappointed of their regular meals.

One day Brother Heide met a man who wept bitterly, because he feared that the continuous illness from which he suffered was sent upon him for the evil done in some previous state. Heide told him it was not so, but that God, by means of afflictions, might be drawing him to Himself. He talked and read to the poor man, and gave him some books. "I shall put these with my other books, and burn offerings

before them," was his remark. It is very customary to treat books with superstitious reverence. All such observances are supposed to increase a man's stock of merit, by the development of which he rises, life after life, in the spiritual scale.

But Lamaism is not utterly without some notion of substitutionary atonement for sin. A lama told the missionaries that once a year, at Lhassa, the lamas get one of the poorest men in the city, and dress him in goatskin, with the hair outside. They then drive him down to the river, and there solemnly lay upon him the sins of the whole people. He must then go out into the wilderness and live for some weeks in absolute solitude. His food is regularly sent to him, and upon his return he receives a great number of presents. But the ignominy and disgrace of the position is so keenly felt, that every one tries to avoid being selected for the service.

In the summer of 1861, during a journey into Ladak, Heide visited the large and affluent lamassery at HERNIS. It accommodates a hundred lamas, so that it is, after all, small in comparison with the vast lamasseries in Chinese Tibet, where it is not uncommon to find a thousand or more inmates in one establishment. The building, surrounded by poplars and well-kept grounds, is romantically situated in a mountainous ravine. Brother Heide was hospitably regaled with tea and dried apricots, and was then listened to with the usual polite indifference as he preached Jesus in the large hall where the great image of Buddha sat enthroned. This lamassery is very rich in land, horses, and cattle. The land is in various parts of the province, and the occupiers pay a rent in produce. But of late years the Rajah of Cashmere has laid a heavy tax on all the Buddhist ecclesiastical property in Ladak province, so that the different establishments are not so rich as was once the case. At HERNIS the lamas were provided with everything they required except clothing. They had all their meals in common, in the room where the sacred lamp burned perpetually before the images and books. Every meal was preceded by readings from the sacred books, and prayers. The discipline was very strict. At the door of the room there was a copy of the rules, and beside them was a thick stick with brass ends, which was vigorously applied by the superior of the establishment when the rules were not observed.

Some of the lamas were well instructed and able men, and Brother Heide found it by no means easy to argue with them. But as a rule they were sunk in formalism and indifference. At one lamassery he saw books that he had given placed with their own sacred books beside the votive lamp dedicated to Buddha. Strange questions were often put to him in these places. He was asked whether it was a fact that the Queen of England never dies, but that she rises each morning with renovated youth! One wise lama settled the question of her great power, by declaring that she was an incarnation of Raldran Hlamo.

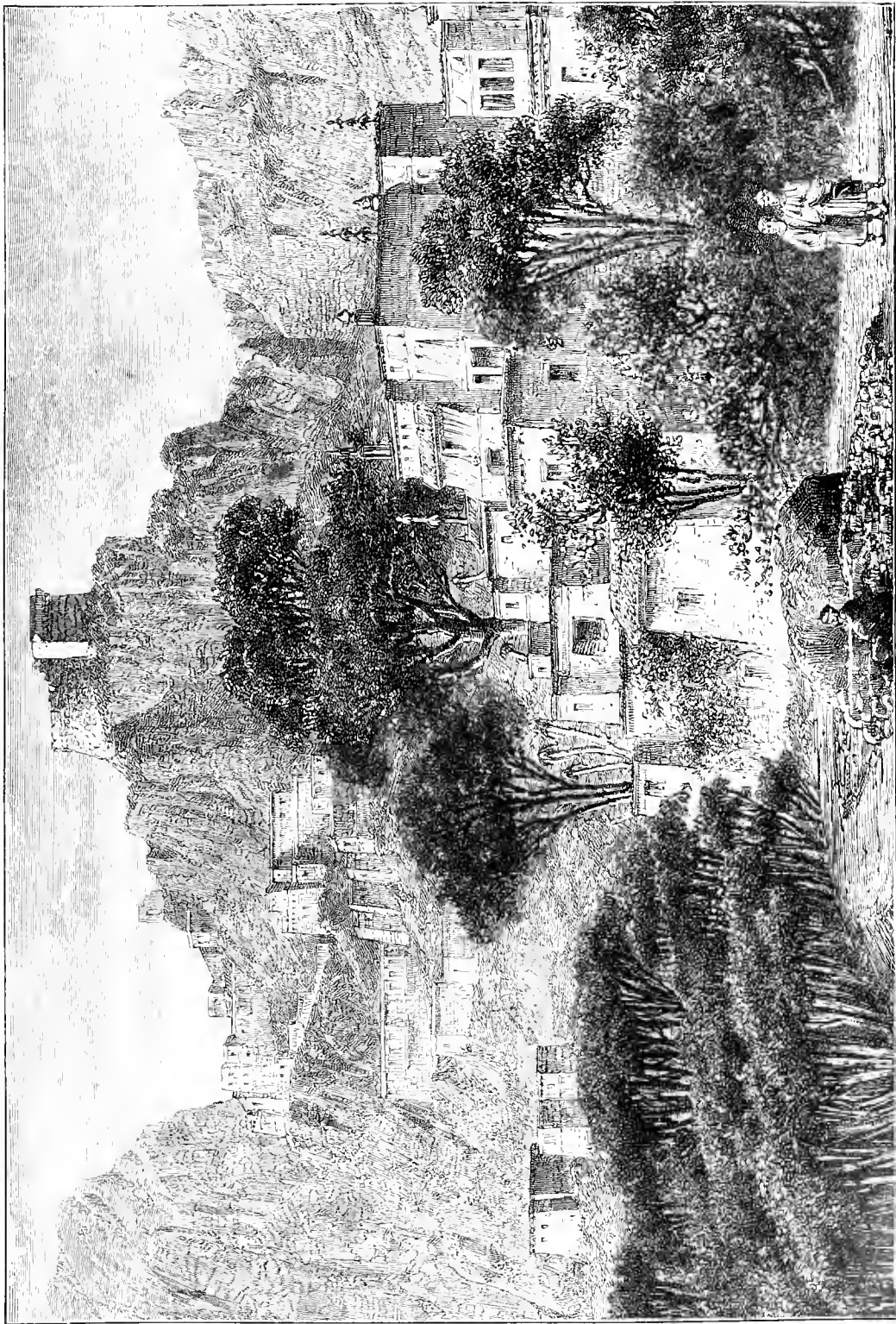
In their preaching tours Heide and Pagell often came across the protracted ceremonies connected with funerals. On these occasions the lamas are very prominent, and there is often a great concourse of people, so that the Brethren thought the opportunity might be taken to preach the Gospel to the crowds thus brought together. But it was soon evident that at these times both clergy and laity were so demoralised

by the free distribution of meal dumplings and chang (or native beer), that few seemed disposed to listen to Gospel teaching. The order of burial is pretty much as follows:— If the deceased is only a little child, the body is placed in an urn or bowl and covered with plenty of salt, and stowed away in a niche of the wall of the cowshed, which universally forms the lower story of a Tibetan house. The corpses of adults, while still warm, are bent as much as possible into the shape of a ball. If they have become



LAMAS OF TIBET.

cold and stiff, they are pulled and beaten with hammers to get them into this desired shape, and are securely fastened with cords. By this means it is supposed that the deceased will be prevented from rising up and troubling the inmates of the house. The body thus tied up is carried forth, and the head lama of the place decides what shall be done with it. Sometimes it is burnt, sometimes thrown from the rocks into the river, sometimes covered up with stones. Accompanied by music, the litter-bearers carry it to its place of destination. Then for a whole week a lama sits upon the house-top and prays or pours out water. On the seventh day there is a grand gathering of lamas, who to the beating of a drum perform long readings for the benefit of the soul of the departed. By dividing up the leaves of a book amongst them, and each reading



LAMASSERY AT HERNIS.

his portion at the same time, they get through a bulky volume very quickly. Then a bell is rung, and all the inhabitants rush together to eat and drink at the expense of the family.

If the family is well-to-do, and the deceased much respected, it is not uncommon to hold an annual festival in his memory for some time after his death. Brother Redslob came upon a scene of this character, where the people were sitting in long rows in a field, and the lamas in a group by themselves. All were partaking of Tibetan tea and oilcake, but as time wore on the scene became a mere drinking orgie, in which the lamas distanced all competitors as regards the consumption of chang. But the laity were not far behind their spiritual guides in this respect, for drunkenness was a conspicuous feature of social life in Tibet. There was one village of which the missionaries were told that it would be necessary to visit it as soon as the inhabitants got up in the morning, as that would be the only time to find anybody sober.

The ascendancy of the lamas in all the affairs of Tibetan life, was constantly being forced upon the notice of the missionaries. This was of course especially evident in connection with religious festivals. Sometimes, away on the mountain side, a great throng of people would be met with, keeping up a medley of religious services and revelry for two or three days together. Sometimes they came upon a village given up to music, dancing and feasting, whilst lamas in red silk, and Buddhist nuns in coarse yellow cloth, begged from door to door. Brother Pagell tells of arguing with two lamas, on one of these occasions, on a crowded house-top. The din was so loud and so incessant, that they had to shout to make each other hear. The same brother passed through Rasang, where thousands of persons were gathered to a festival. Priests and people were alike giving themselves up to feasting and revelry, but devotions were going on all the same. The huge prayer-mill, measuring eight feet in length by five in diameter, containing many thousand copies of the sacred words, "Om Mani Padmi Hum," was being perpetually turned by two men, and thus an almost incredible number of devotional exercises were duly accomplished.

These sacred words, which have been before alluded to, and the mere repetition of which either vocally, graphically, or mechanically, is of such avail in the development of "merit," are to be seen and heard everywhere through all the provinces of Tibet. They are inscribed upon walls and rocks, upon the fringes of garments and the ornaments of houses. People murmur them habitually when they have nothing else to occupy their minds. Rich Buddhists get merit credited to their spiritual account by paying wandering lamas to spend all their time in writing the holy syllables wherever they can find an empty space to display them.

Harvest must not begin without the intervention of the red-frocked gentry. They group themselves upon the hills near the villages, and blow trumpets as a tribute of thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth. Then, at the ringing of a bell, offerings are brought to them of the first-fruits of the cornfields, after which the needful operations may be proceeded with. The new year is an occasion for a festival of a peculiar character. At midnight the young folks march out into the fields beating drums and

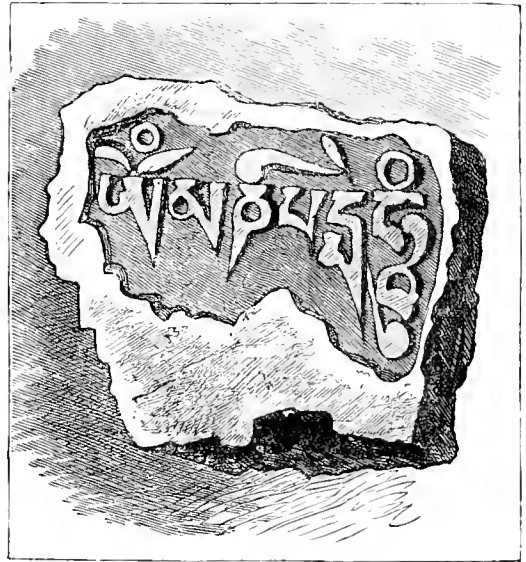
waving torches. Then for three days everybody keeps in-doors, spending the time in eating and drinking. But all must be done in silence, for it is held that any noise will disturb the spirits, of whom the Tibetan is mortally afraid.

After ten years of patient effort, with Kyelang as a centre, and with scarcely any visible result, a second station was established at Poo, at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, close to the frontiers of Chinese Tibet. Brother Pagell took the direction here, and at both places the school-work and preaching tours, and the distribution of Christian literature went forward. In the schools they were obliged to employ native teachers who were, to some extent, under Christian influence, and were willing to use Christian books, but did not profess to be Christians. The Sisters taught the girls knitting, and were very pleased when they had got so far as to induce them to wash their hands before beginning.

The first baptisms at Kyelang took place in October, 1865, when Sodnom Slobkyas and his son Goldau were received into the Church, under the respective names of Nicodemus and Samuel. A few others soon followed, but all were refugees from Ladak province, who had fled from the tyranny of the Rajah's officials. In less than two years the mind of poor Nicodemus was unhinged by horror for his former sins, and, much to the grief and distress of the missionaries, he hanged himself.

At Poo, Brother Pagell erected a chapel, which the people named Tschonagra ("the place where religion is taught"). Lamaism makes no provision for the public teaching of religion. In this chapel a congregation was slowly gathered, and a few converts received baptism; here also was solemnised the first Christian wedding in Tibet, when Jonathan and Hannah (two converts who had received these names) were joined in holy matrimony. A wedding without a wild riot to follow it, was something unique in that locality. Pagell was very careful that the wedded pair should walk out of chapel together as man and wife. This also was contrary to the usages of Tibet, where man and wife are never seen out together. In a tent gaily decorated with flowers was held the wedding festival of tea and rice, and roast kid and sausages, and a limited quantity of chang. Over the pouring out of the chang Pagell himself presided, in order to guard against anything like excess.

From Poo, Brother Pagell had two or three times tried in vain to penetrate the adjacent province of Tso-tso, in Chinese Tibet. Tso-tso is an extensive mountain-girt valley, containing about a dozen scattered villages. A fearful visitation of small-pox so terrified the inhabitants, that they sent in haste for Pagell to give



THE SACRED WORDS INSCRIBED ON A STONE.

them the benefit of his medical skill; and, only too glad to relieve suffering, and possibly at the same time secure an opening for Gospel teaching, the missionary went at once. He was received with cordiality and honour, and waited for with horses and attendants in places where even a cup of cold water was denied him on a previous visit. He went to every village in the valley, and vaccinated everybody who had not yet taken the complaint, from the babies up to the grey-haired patriarchs. Many houses were silent—the late occupants all dead. Numbers had crawled away to die in caverns and other lonely places. Wherever possible, Pagell ministered to the sick and dying, and everywhere proclaimed the Gospel message, and gave away his books and tracts. He went round the villages again, and found that his vaccination had taken properly in every case, and thus by his prompt measures he



SAKYI-MOUNI.



ERLIK KHAN (GOD OF FIRE).

BUDDHIST IMAGES.

had saved the province from becoming a veritable valley of death. The people were overflowing with gratitude, and profuse in their promises to let him pass through at any time and to carry his baggage. They also collected a sum of money for him, which, however, he refused to accept.

Several lamas were amongst those operated upon, and, as usual, they accepted whatever was done for them as the just reward of their own personal merit. There were not wanting signs that these priests were getting a little jealous of Brother Pagell's growing influence, and especially was this the case when one of their number showed a tendency to side with the missionaries. He even dared to stand up alone and argue on behalf of what he saw to be true in Christianity, when they were assembled in the great hall before the image of Buddha. That man died suddenly, under very suspicious circumstances. The lamas gave out that he had fallen off the roof when intoxicated, but there is reason to fear that his career was purposely cut short. About the same time a lama of high rank was sent into the district, to stir up the inmates of the monasteries to renewed zeal and watchfulness, and a number of

young lamas were set to work, industriously carving and painting, as it was felt that what the district really needed was more images as an effectual safeguard against the spread of new doctrines.

Of the little group of converts that were gathered at Poo, perhaps one of the



NATIVES OF TIBET—PROVINCE OF LADAK.

most interesting was the young lama Gzalzan, an impetuous youth, whose zeal and earnestness rejoiced the hearts of the missionaries, although his impulsive nature sometimes led him astray, and caused the Brethren much sorrow. He was the son of a Tibetan Minister of State, and had been trained up in a monastery at Lhassa, tenanted by 3,000 lamas. The assembly hall, in which they met before the sacred images, was supported by 120 columns. Gzalzan was not the man to do anything by halves, and

had steadfastly tried to find in Buddhism all that it could do for him. In his earlier exercises he had once made the complete circuit of the monastery buildings upon his hands and knees, a task of penance which it took him three days to accomplish. After learning what the monastery could teach him, he went on pilgrimage for four years, carrying with him a skull for a drinking-cup, and a flute made from the bones of a fakir found on the bank of a river. This unique musical instrument was held to be of marvellous power for calling up the spirits of the dead. In the summer of 1871, Gzalzan came to the mission, became convinced of the truth of Christianity, and, after several months' probation, was received into the Church, and employed as a teacher. He wanted very much to go to Lhasa, and there openly preach the Gospel, declaring that he should rejoice if the sacrifice of his life should open the way for the conversion of his nation to the Christian faith. But it was no doubt felt that a premature advance might imperil the future prospects of the mission. So Gzalzan was induced to stay and work at Poo, though the missionaries could not but feel concerned at his statements that there was much mourning for sin among the Mongols. He proved a very useful teacher, but on one occasion an outburst of passion led him into grievous sin. He left the place, and after some solitary wandering he went to the mission station at Kyelang, where he professed great penitence, and was most exemplary in his conduct whilst labouring earnestly as a helper in the work carried on there.

Early in 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Redslob came out to Kyelang. They found it surrounded by a very indifferent population, but the little company of converted refugees from Ladak province formed a very pleasing spectacle. The neat and cleanly appearance of the women was most striking; their hair arrayed in thirty plaits (in native fashion) contrasted favourably with that of chance attenders who happened to drop in, and who, being accustomed to unplait their hair only at monthly or longer intervals, showed heads that were unmentionably dirty. The men, too, exhibited the civilising effects of Christianity, although one or two little mistakes were apparent. For instance, Matthew had had a waistcoat given him, and was wearing it as an appropriate addition outside his long cloak. At the Communion, the men were dressed entirely in white, while the women wore white shawls over their dark robes. In kneeling, each communicant, in Oriental fashion, prostrated the head to the ground. The homes of these people were very different from those of their neighbours. Of course, the chimneyless hearth covered the roof with smoke, that wandered away from the aperture provided for it. But the house generally, and the cooking utensils, were clean: and on some of the walls were pictures cut from the *Illustrated London News*, or other periodicals, obtained from the missionaries.

Lahoul, as has been said, is under British supremacy, but it is a remote province, and in winter is practically cut off from the rest of the world, so that the Tibetan nobleman who acts as the representative of the British Government is under very little restraint, and worries the poor people with the most shameful extortions in the name of the *Kasr-i-Hind*. The severe winters have been very trying to the Tibetan missionaries. At times, when on a preaching tour, they have had to wait for days for a

mountain pass to get sufficiently clear of snow for them to go forward. In one terrible winter the snow in the neighbouring passes lay seven feet deep; many flocks of sheep were destroyed, and sixty workmen returning home together all lost their lives in a vast snow-drift.

Amongst the strange characters with whom the missionary sometimes came in contact, were the Kushogs. A Kushog is one who professes to have been a man in his last previous state of existence, the idea being that his merit was so great, that he was permitted to be a man again, instead of going into one of the lower animals. Kushogs are credited with miraculous powers. One came to Poo, and it was given out that he could guarantee people long life, and ensure them against being hurt by evil spirits. Young and old flocked to him in crowds: he read his books, told his beads, and sprinkled holy water about, and then sold the deluded people pills and amulets, for internal and external application respectively. When he left the district he had nearly 200 rupees (about £10), which he had extracted from the scanty stores of the villagers, as well as sheep and goats, and a quantity of butter.

Another Kushog came to a place when an epidemic of measles was raging. The lamas grouped themselves about the holy man, and a poor girl who was suffering badly from the disease. A complicated religious ceremony, the object of which was to conjure the evil spirit out of the girl into the body of the Kushog, where it could do no harm, was then performed. The Kushog meanwhile worked himself up into a state of frantic delirium, and then kicked the girl in the neck, and told her she would be well now and no one else in the village would take the complaint. But the shameless impostor's prediction did not come true, and in less than two days the girl was dead. As Pagell treated several cases during the progress of this epidemic, and every one of his patients recovered, the lamas were indignant at seeing one of their holiest men, who bore about with him the merit of two well-spent lives, thus worsted by the Christian teacher.

Notwithstanding the esteem and regard which the Poo missionaries had won for themselves among the inhabitants of the border valleys, and the flattering reception accorded to Pagell at the time of the small-pox visitation, Chinese Tibet still remained barred against them. They had oftentimes looked with longing eyes from the adjacent mountain pass into the forbidden land. For thirty years Brother Pagell had patiently laboured and anxiously waited. He had heard with hopefulness of the strivings of national life in Tibet, when the populace at Lhasa rose in revolt against their ecclesiastical tyrants. But China had put forth her strong hand to the help of the lamas, and had crushed out the popular movement with horrible cruelties.

In the heart of the mountain barrier that girdles the realm of the Ta-lei-Lama, Pagell was still faithfully guarding the farthest outpost of Christian enterprise, when he died suddenly, on January 2nd, 1883. His devoted wife attended the interment, but being taken ill almost directly afterwards, the Christian children of the settlement were at her own request brought to her, when almost her last words were

to bid them a most affectionate farewell, and then she, too, on January 9th, passed quietly away. Brother and Sister Weber came out to take charge of this mission a few months afterwards.

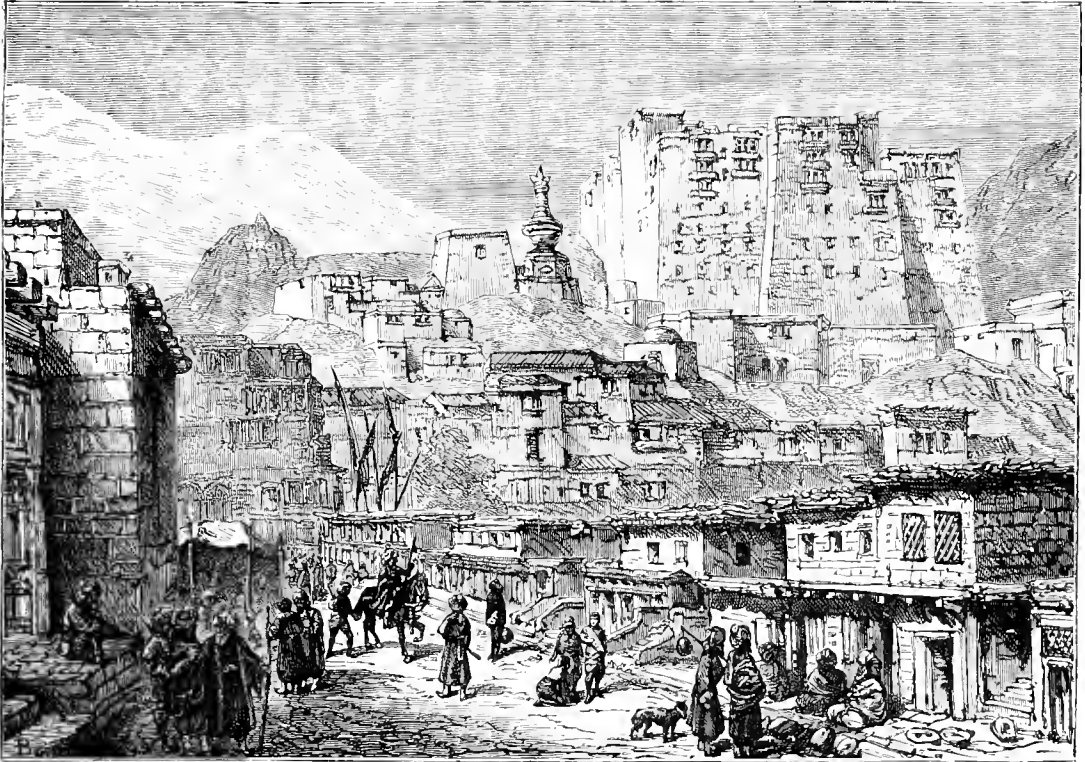
Meanwhile, at the Kyelang mission some changes had taken place. The Tibetan Bible was issued in a complete form in 1882, and it was being pushed into districts where the missionaries themselves could not penetrate. But the people round the mission station were strangely apathetic and indiférent, and the little congregation of refugees from Ladak province was melting away. There had been changes in the affairs of Cashmere, and several of the people had in consequence felt at liberty to return to their homes. It was resolved to take advantage of these altered circumstances, and push forward to Leh, where accordingly Brother Heide planted a mission station, and several of the converts, who had returned from Kyelang, gathered to the services. Their Christianity was more tried here than at the secluded mountain station; there, in Lahoul, caste was rampant, and they were hedged in from much temptation, but here, in Ladak, caste was unknown. They were as welcome as anyone else at the constant festivals and masquerades, and were frequent spectators of gross, superstitious, and direct demon-worship.

Beside the river Indus, as it flows across a broad open valley, 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by lofty mountains, stands Leh, the chief town of Ladak. Above the town towers the huge dilapidated castle, the palace of its ancient rulers there, looking down upon the long wide bazaars and a mass of irregular, intricate streets. Leh is an important meeting-place for caravans from the North and South; Mongols and Hindoos mingle in its streets, and busily carry on a very varied trade.

To take charge of this important mission station, Mr. and Mrs. Redslob were sent out in the summer of 1885. It was a long and arduous journey for a lady to undertake: the rugged mountain paths were always difficult, and occasionally really dangerous; sometimes the party were clambering upward for hours, and then again scrambling down steep declivities with yawning precipices close at hand. The night encampment was often crowded on some narrow space, and the few hours of rest on a hard couch in a little tent were disturbed by the chatter of the coolies round their fire, and the restless movements of the baggage animals. Raging torrents had to be crossed by swinging-bridges a hundred feet or more above the foaming waters. About four feet wide were these bridges, with no handrail on either side, and they swayed up and down at each movement. One old bridge of birch-tree twigs had been in use two years longer than the appointed time for renewing it, and it had become so stretched that the only way of crossing it was to creep carefully down to the centre and then as carefully climb up the other half. There were some trying moments before the whole company and the baggage were got safely across: first the little baby a month old was taken over in a basket by one of the men; then the baby's sister, eight years old, was brought over by another man, and finally Mrs. Redslob, bound on the back of a strong man, was carried across. Both mother and daughter showed trustful courage in a remarkable degree during these trying experiences,

although the little girl, on reaching the opposite bank, would often fall upon her knees and pray silently till her father and mother were by her side.

But the bridges were far from being the only trouble. Once Mrs. Redslob's horse stood suddenly still: an avalanche had swept away the path in front, so that a false step on the steep declivity meant destruction. She managed to slide down from the animal's back, and singly they were able to move across the dangerous piece. At another place they met upon a narrow path a Kushog with a train of followers. He



VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF LEH.

was a Kushog of special eminence, and he carried a great yellow umbrella lined with red. The coolies knelt down in profound veneration, but Mrs. Redslob's horse seemed to forget all reverence, in terror at the apparition, and shied dangerously. Mr. Redslob shouted to the saint to shut up his umbrella. The holy man was not accustomed to be talked to in that style: but, overcome by the missionary's imposing stature and commanding accents, he did as he was told.

Through mountain passes 18,000 feet above the sea-level, across broad snow-fields and glaciers, and in one place across a natural arch of snow—on and on, by ridge and glen, the party pushed forward into the Indus valley, and saw at length the old castle ramparts frowning above the goal of their pilgrimage. A house was soon procured. A church and school have since been built, a medical mission established, and

the usual work of Bible distribution, and preaching tours, have been carried on; and although the three churches of Kyelang, Poo, and Leh, only number about fifty converts, yet the indirect result of the Tibetan missions it would be impossible to estimate. There are not wanting reasons for hoping that a much larger area may become opened to the missionaries—an area which has already been penetrated by Tibetan Bibles and other religious literature. A considerable band of earnest students are zealously preparing themselves for pushing forward, as soon as the obstacles that now bar the way are removed.

Attempts have also been made to bring Christianity to the Mongol race in the extreme east of the regions occupied by them. On the bank of the Selenga, near Selenginsk, there is a stone wall enclosing a small pyramid and some graves. Near the Ona river there are (or were till recently) two or three gravestones in a field. Both these sites were, half a century ago, in close proximity to the log mission-houses, where earnest work was being done under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. From 1819 to 1841, the Rev. E. Stallybrass and the Rev. W. Swan, and two or three coadjutors, were labouring amongst the Buriats, a degraded Mongol tribe dwelling on Russian territory near the frontier of China. The missionaries avoided all intercourse with the Russians, and made their home amongst the poor heathen whom they came to serve. The Russian officials and colonists laughed at the mission, and, though not by any means over-cleanly in their own habits, thought the English missionaries must be insufferably dirty persons to be able to put up with Buriat surroundings.

But, heedless of ridicule, the missionaries worked on, teaching, preaching, translating, and, so far as they were able, ministering to bodily ailments. Some of them died in these wilds—twice Mr. Stallybrass was left a widower. The records of this mission are very scanty; its history has never been written in a complete form. The converts were few in number, but they were exemplary and steadfast, and one of them obtained the crown of martyrdom. Bardu, a youth of seventeen, drew down upon himself the anger of the lamas by his progress at the mission-school, and his avowed inclination to be a Christian. It was in the winter of 1834-5 that one of the lamas cruelly beat the poor lad about the head. He was unwell from that time, and severe headaches were followed by fever, under which he gradually sank. Under the treatment of a native doctor, he got worse, and some mysterious heathen rites were about to be tried as a last resource when the boy begged to be taken to the mission-house. His relatives were glad to be relieved of the care of him. "He is yours, body and soul," his uncle exclaimed, as he left him in charge of the missionaries. They did their best for him, without avail; but in the midst of severe sufferings his soul was at rest in Jesus, and he gently passed away. It was a touching scene when Tikshi, another converted Buriat, read 1 Corinthians xv. beside the open grave.

The missionaries were very hopeful about their work, when it was suddenly put a stop to, in 1841, by the Emperor Nicholas, who said they might stay if they would not teach

religion. They saw it was best to retire, and their twenty converts, the visible result of rather more than twenty years of diligent toil, were received into the Greek Church, of which (when inquiries were subsequently made) it was found they had remained worthy members. But the missionaries had accomplished more than this. They had translated the Bible into the Mongol tongue, a work of incalculable value, serviceable throughout Mongolia, and also amongst the Mongols of China. As Mr. Gilmour tells us,* now and again in out-of-the-way places in Mongolia, the traveller hears that some one has a foreign book, and a Testament is produced that owes its origin to the self-denying labours of Stallybrass and Swan. It must not be omitted, moreover, to mention that another incidental result followed the suppression of the mission—the Greek Church itself positively set on foot some mission-work among the Buriats.

In 1869 it was resolved by the London Missionary Society to resume Gospel labours among the Mongol Tartars of the far East, and to start from the Christian missions of Northern China. The Rev. James Gilmour was accordingly ordained for this service in Augustine Church, Edinburgh, in February, 1870, and was speedily on his way to Peking. His first work was amongst the Mongols who abounded in the city and neighbourhood. Many who received great benefit at the mission hospital carried the fame of the institution into Mongolia, so that as soon as Mr. Gilmour began to arrange for missionary tours, he found that in many places he was not received as a stranger. His very interesting work, entitled "Among the Mongols," gives a large amount of information on the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these regions.

At Peking Mr. Gilmour has met representatives of all the Mongol tribes that acknowledge Chinese authority; but year by year he has spent the summer months in "travelling with natives through the desert, sharing with them the hospitality of the wayside tent, taking his turn in the night-watch against thieves, resting in the comparative comfort of the portable cloth travelling tent, or dwelling as a lodger in the more permanent abodes of trellis-work."

Mr. Gilmour found his medicines highly appreciated. Bodily ailments are very prevalent among the degenerate descendants of the warrior hordes that followed Genghis Khan. But unfortunately many of these ailments are chronic and incurable, and the non-success of the missionary in curing them rather discredited him with his patients. The means found by Mr. Gilmour to be most efficacious for getting at the people are thus described in the graphic volume to which allusion has just been made:—

"When a missionary travelling in Mongolia reaches a cluster of tents, a hal is called, the tents are set up, the goods unloaded, a fire of the quick argol is started, and soon master and men abandon themselves to tea-drinking. Meantime natives of the place have gathered round. Sometimes they are very friendly and assist in setting up the tents. Sometimes they stand by counting their beads and looking on, but almost always they are ready and willing to join in the tea-drinking. Some of them are

* "Among the Mongols," by the Rev. James Gilmour.

attracted by the medicine which they have heard by report going before is dispensed gratis, some are drawn merely by idle curiosity, some few come in the hope of getting



BURIATS.

a Mongol book. For the most part they are a little distant at first. Tea even fails to thaw completely their reserve, and it is not till a case of Scripture pictures, gaudy with colours, is produced, that old and young find their tongue and crowd around, all eye and ear. A selection of the pictures gives a good opportunity for stating the main

doctrines of Christianity, and in the case of the picture, the eye assisting the ear, even people of small intellectual ability often apprehend clearly the teaching and remember it distinctly."

From pictures it is an easy step to tracts and books. The Mongol is not slow to take in an intelligent idea of Christianity as a system, and usually declares it to be very good—in fact, it is the same as Buddhism. If well read in his own scriptures, he can quote doctrine for doctrine, and miracle for miracle; but when driven to close quarters he is obliged to confess that Buddhism does not produce practical holiness, even in its very temples and religious retreats. Still Buddhism is so excellent that he wants nothing else, and he ridicules the idea of his sacred books, of which a complete collection could only be carried by a long string of camels, being upset by the little volume that is put into his hand. The Buddhist enthusiasm of the



PRAYER-WHEELS AND FLAG.

(The wheels are turned by a running stream.)

Mongols is intense, and solitary converts would scarcely be allowed to exist among them. Arguments will not meet the case, but the exhibition of Christianity by faithful witnesses as a life-giving power will doubtless in due time achieve new conquests of the Cross, even amongst these bigoted wanderers of the Mongolian deserts.

Mr. Gilmour, in the course of his long wanderings, saw abundant proofs of the sway which Buddhism has obtained over the Mongolian mind. The Mongols are most assuredly after their manner a very religious people: if you meet one on the road, he is almost sure to be saying his prayers and counting his beads, and in the majority of cases is on his way to some famous shrine where he will perform prostrations innumerable before the idols. In the Mongol quarters of the Chinese frontier towns, the shops for the sale of images and pictures do a roaring trade. In crossing the Mongolian plains, the most prominent objects on the horizon are often the gorgeous temples, resplendent from afar with gold and brilliant colours, monuments of costly splendour in the midst of a scattered and poverty-stricken people. Flagstaffs with fluttering prayers rise conspicuously from every encampment, and the family altar with its images holds the place of honour in every tent. Before each meal the pious Mongol offers a portion of his food to the gods, and pictures or charms, inscribed with prayers, hang from his neck beneath his garments. Over all the land, upon every hill-top, are cairns surmounted by prayer-flags, and every stone upon those ever-growing cairns was placed there by some passer-by who stopped to pray.

The Mongol's whole life is coloured by his religion; in taking a journey or in

any matter of importance, he makes no decision as to time or place without consulting his teacher—the special lama whom he has chosen as his spiritual director, and for whom his reverence almost amounts to adoration. The advice may be bitterly disappointing, but it is submissively accepted and obeyed.

Lamaistic Buddhism declares that there is an immortal soul in every living thing, and therefore it is sin to deprive anything of life. Even if unavoidable, it is still sin, and must be balanced by a corresponding amount of merit. The immortal soul, by its superabundance, or lack, of merit, rises to divine purity, or sinks to the lowest depths of animal life. It is, then, man's great duty to accumulate merit by ceaseless prayers, by pilgrimages, by offerings and beneficent actions. Indiscriminate charity flourishes in Mongolia as an aid to holiness; half the male population are lamas, and most of these are mean and sordid beggars who seem to exist for the purpose of giving their fellow-countrymen opportunities for perpetual benevolence. Humanity to animals is one commendable result of the Buddhist creed; the very birds on the Mongolian plains seem to feel that here man is not their enemy. The Mongol, seeing birds in cages for sale at the gates of Peking and other Northern Chinese towns, generally spends a little money in setting two or three at liberty. The Chinese merchant, "child-like and bland," takes good care that his Mongol neighbours shall have abundant opportunity for making merit in this manner.

Though Buddhism presents some creditable features, and, to the profound student, offers a vast amount of philosophic doctrine and speculation, yet, at least for the Mongolian, it provides no intelligible worship. "Om Mani Padmi Hum" moved by hand power, by the wind, or by a roasting-jack, serves all purposes, and the common people undoubtedly worship the actual stone or wooden image before which they bow. The lamas of the highest grade are mere impostors. They show here and there a "living Buddha," dwelling in a gorgeous temple—some poor child who has been carefully coached to pretend to remember the experiences of his predecessor, and who is quietly poisoned off if he gets refractory. The lamas are proverbially immoral, and their temples are the centres of the worst wickedness in the country.

Especially is this the case as regards Urga, the home of a "Supreme Lama," and the religious capital of Mongolia. Mr. Gilmour visited it, and saw a Chinese trading-town on one side, and a Mongol settlement with numerous temples on the other. The temples from a distance wore an air of lofty grandeur, but seemed less imposing when seen close at hand. In the temples, and at every street corner, there were praying machines, so that any passer-by could stop and give a few turns for the good of his soul. In front of the temples crowds were prostrating themselves or performing the ceremony of "falling worship," which consists in measuring the circumference of the group of temples with the human body. The worshipper falls down, and, with a stone in his hand, marks the ground beside his forehead; he then puts his feet to the mark and falls again. The process is repeated continuously till the desired circuit is effected. They acknowledge that this sort of worship is very exhausting, and wears the clothes out considerably, but they justify its performance on the ground that inasmuch as the body has joined with the mind in sinning, it ought to share in its

religious exercises. The market-place of Urga is full of worn-out beggars from all parts of the country, who have come here to die.

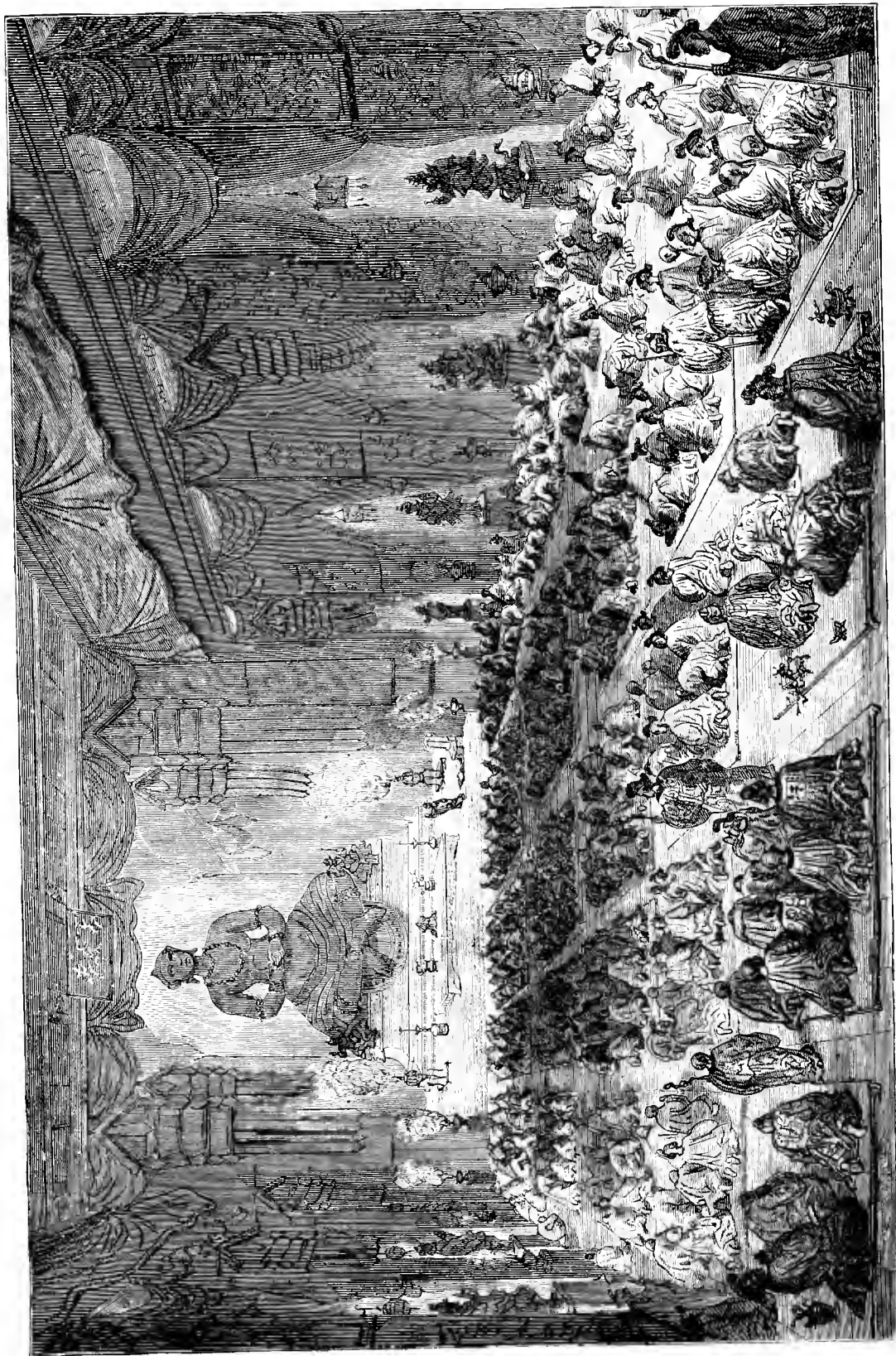
More famous even than the religious capital, as a place of Mongol pilgrimage, is Wu T'ai Shan, within the Chinese border. To and from this most sacred spot on earth to the Mongol Buddhist, pilgrims are perpetually flocking. They say that when the world perishes in universal ruin, Wu T'ai will still survive and flourish. One happy life is secured by every visit: some come annually, so these have a good deal to look forward to. About thirty temples can be seen in one view, crowning a group of hills cultivated in terraces. Around rise the encircling mountains—dense forests to the south, broad stretches of snow to the north. The temples gleaming in the sunlight, the winding strings of camels laden with offerings, the groups of pilgrims performing their adorations, combine with the romantic scenery to make up a marvellous picture.

There are wonderful things in Wu T'ai. The image over yonder gateway has a mark on its brow from which they say you can draw out a hair three thousand miles in length. Three times a week the body of that image is one blaze of light. They say it is spontaneous, but the lamas know how it is done. There are some very erudite lamas to be found in the adjacent temple—spending their lives over the sacred books, which they carefully copy. There is great merit secured by copying one of the books in black, but still more by copying it in red, but to make a copy all in gold characters is of incalculable advantage to the writer's soul.

Another shrine stands upon a mound adorned with three hundred praying-wheels *pro bono publico*. Within the shrine itself is a truly wonderful invention. An immense wheel, sixty feet in height, is filled with shrines, images, books, and prayers. By using an arrangement of handspikes in the cellar two or three people can manage to turn the huge cylinder, and are forthwith credited with having visited all the shrines, worshipped all the images, read all the books, and recited all the prayers contained in it. This unique application of machinery to spiritual needs is rather hard to turn, but it is considered to fully repay the exertion required, and is in great request.

A very steep path and a hundred steps lead up to a ridge, where, in a street of houses crowded with lamas and pilgrims, stands the temple of temples, the Pu' Sa T'ing. Here dwells a Supreme Lama, who sent a polite message to Mr. Gilnour, but could not see him, inasmuch as the lama was very busy preparing for a festival. From Wu T'ai, lama missions, not for the purpose of teaching religion, but with the object of collecting money, are sent throughout Mongolia. When those who have subscribed liberally visit Wu T'ai, they are hailed as old acquaintances. Many of the well-to-do Mongols, when weary of life's worries, or suffering from some incurable disease, surrender all their property to the lamas, and spend the remainder of their days amongst the holy shrines of Wu T'ai.

But it is time to leave the Mongol portion of our story. Of the triumphs of Christianity amongst them there is as yet little to record. Still, the leavening influence is going forward, and the faith and patience of those who are so diligently working in that far-off region will, in due season, reap its reward.



CEREMONY IN THE GREAT HALL OF A BUDDHIST LAMASSERY.

VII. — MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY LABOURS OF CAREY.

Boyhood of Carey—His Early Studies—Cobbler and Schoolmaster—Baptist Minister at Moulton—"Expect Great Things; attempt Great Things"—Messrs. Grant and Thomas—Carey Sails for India—Studies Bengali—Family Troubles—In the Sunderbunds—Translation of the New Testament—Five Years at Mudnabatty—Purchases an Indigo Planting Farm—Establishment of the Serampore Mission.

ON a cottage wall in the little village of Pauler's Pury, eleven miles from Northampton, an inscription marks the site where formerly stood the house in which William Carey was born in 1761.

About as unlikely as any one in the land to do deeds that should make his birth-place famous, was the weakly infant, with serofulous tendencies, cradled in that two-storied cottage on the edge of Whittlebury Forest. The first-born of five children, he seems to have become the especial favourite of a devout grandmother, a woman of a more delicate and refined type than was to be found among the majority of her class. Her husband was the parish clerk and village schoolmaster, and William Carey's father succeeded to the same position when the child was six years old. The successive appointment of grandfather and father to these offices, even in a country village in the eighteenth century, seems to betoken some degree of mental capacity in the Carey family. The child, at any rate, gave early evidence of possessing an active mind. The listening mother from time to time heard him adding up numbers in his sleep: he learned all that could be acquired in his father's school, and taught himself much more from such books as he could lay his hands upon.

When the family removed to the schoolhouse—which was young Carey's home till he was fourteen—he had a room of his own, and here he kept birds, beetles, and insects, watching their growth and changes with the keenest interest. His rambles in the fields and woods were shared by a sister, who tells us how carefully he used to observe the hedges as he passed along, and how quick he was to notice any new plant or insect.

Although book-loving and studious, the boy Carey had his seasons of activity and fun. He was often the leader in village games, and proved his indomitable energy by climbing, after repeated failures, to the top of a lofty tree which his comrades had given up as impracticable. "Whatever young Carey begins, he finishes," was the verdict of his associates. He made his father's garden, adjoining the schoolhouse, the best cottage garden for miles round. In this plot there stood an old wych-elm—the boy's chosen retreat when the reading fit was on him. Here his companions would sometimes find him, and refuse to go away unless he would first preach to them, whereupon, from his elm-tree pulpit, the lad would hold forth to the intense satisfaction of his rustic audience.

Science, history, voyages—these were the themes most fascinating to young Carey.

For the present, religious books disgusted him: though Bunyan's immortal dream seems, as in the case of most young readers, to have left a strong impression. But amidst his reading and botanising, and so forth, there soon arose the urgent question, How is this youth to be put in the way of getting a living? They sent him out into the fields to scare birds, with a prospect that he might develop into an agricultural labourer. But a troublesome skin-disease became unendurable when subjected to prolonged outdoor exposure, and so, at the age of fourteen, they apprenticed him to a shoemaker at Hackleton.

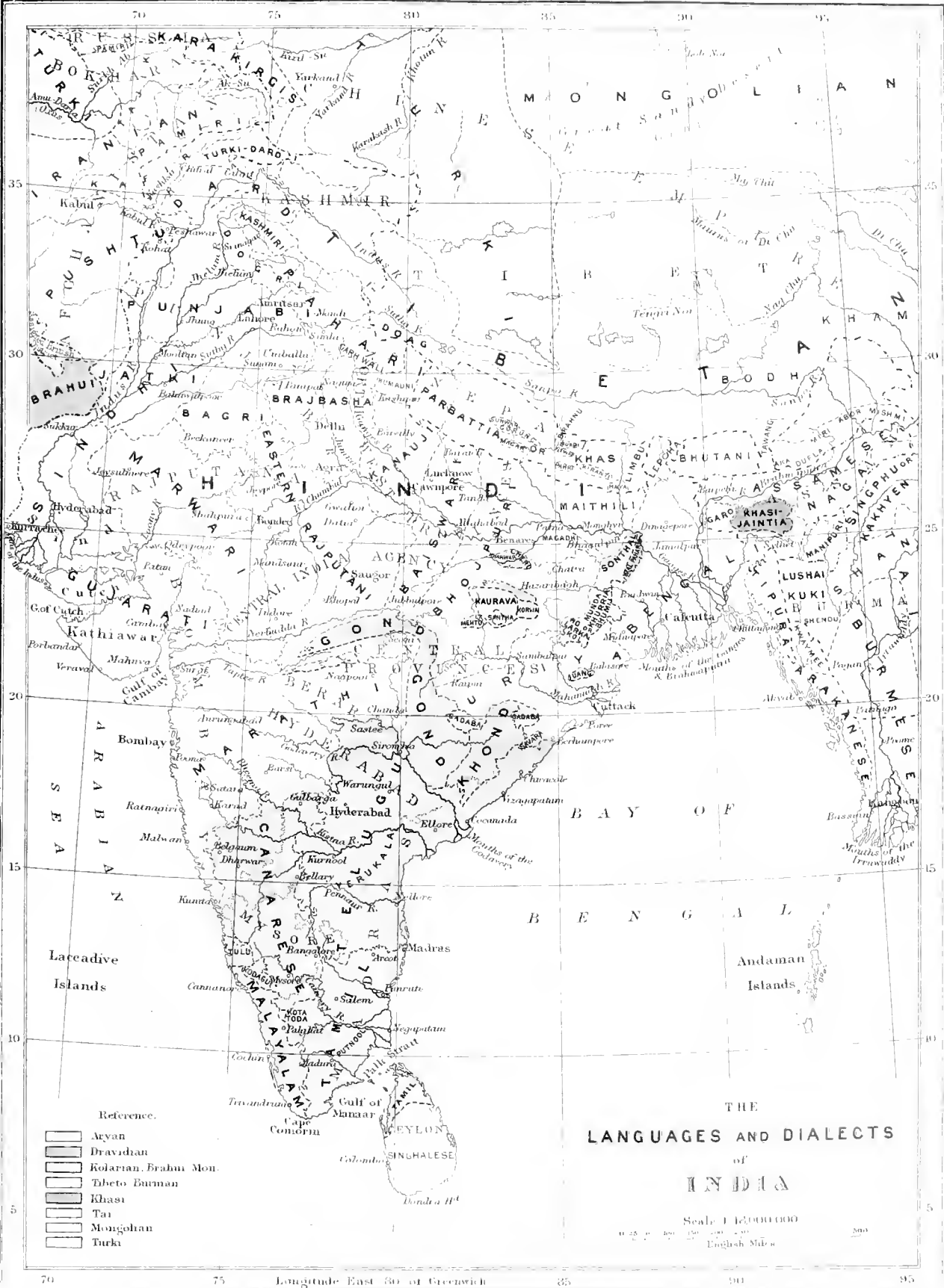
A self-satisfied young Pharisee was Carey at this period of his career; proud of his connection with the Church, and yet addicted, according to his own account, to "lying and swearing and other vices." He still thirsted for knowledge. He saw in an old commentary belonging to his master, a number of Greek words, and was seized with a burning desire to penetrate their mystery. He copied these words as well as he could, and took them to an acquaintance in his native village—an ex-medical student who had blasted his career by dissipation, and was now getting a living at the loom. This man—Tom Jones by name—was Carey's first Greek tutor. Latin the youth had been teaching himself from an old grammar and vocabulary for some time past.

Through the death of his master, Carey was transferred to another shoemaker, Mr. Old, whose pastor was Thomas Scott, the commentator. Scott used to visit at the house, and became strongly interested in the "sensible-looking lad in his working apron," who listened so intently and asked such pertinent questions. "That youth will prove no ordinary character," remarked the good man on more than one occasion.

Through the ministrations of Mr. Scott, joined to the example and influence of a fellow-servant, Carey became a decided Christian. At nineteen we find him preaching, and a few months afterwards he accepted a ministerial engagement at East Barton, where, as well as in his own village, he laboured for three years and a half. Carey was not twenty when Mr. Old died. Then the business was without a head, with an unmarried sister dependent upon it, and Carey seems to have thought that to take over the business and stock, and to marry the sister, was the simplest way of arranging matters. This programme was accordingly carried out. Poor Carey! Poor Miss Old! One scarcely knows which to pity most, the "called and chosen" evangelist, whose heroic exertions were to be clogged for twenty-five years to come, or the illiterate girl, who thought they were going to get a quiet living out of the shoe business which her father had industriously built up.

But Carey was not the man to keep up a business; he was not so much as a good workman. His cottage garden, even, succeeded better than his shop. So the young couple found it hard to make a living, and it was only kind aid from relatives or friends that more than once rescued them from actual destitution. Carey tramped the country round, hawking his goods; he bore up against toil and privation, and endured long spells of fever and ague, till it seemed as if the end must be near. But amidst all trials he kept up his studies, and his diligent preparation for his pastoral duties.

At length there came a gleam of light across his pathway. He was in his twenty-



Reference.

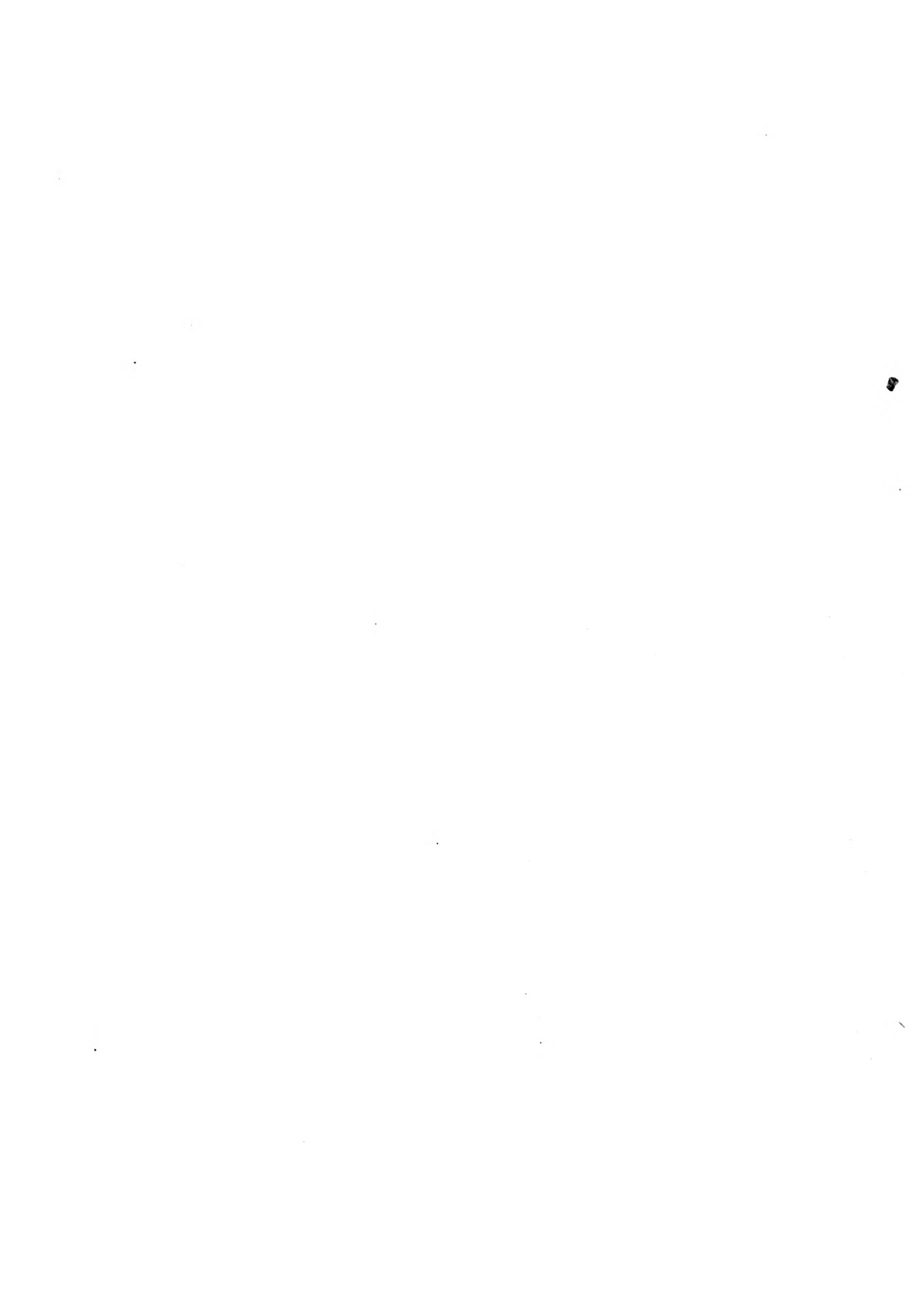
- Aryan
- Dravidian
- Kolarian, Brahm Mon.
- Tibeto Burman
- Khasi
- Tai
- Mongolian
- Turki

THE
LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS
of
INDIA

Scale 1:1,000,000

English Metric

Longitude East 30 of Greenwich



fifth year when, in 1786, he was appointed to the Baptist Chapel in Moulton, at a salary of £16 a year. He also set up as a schoolmaster, but in this vocation he was a decided failure. "When I kept school" (he afterwards said), "it was the boys who kept me!" But the school episode was an important factor in the shaping of his career. The geography lessons impressed him with the vastness of the regions where heathenism still prevailed. He sought for more information about these countries, and, as he read and mused, "the fire burned" in his soul, and he longed to stir up Christians to do something for the cause of Christ in those lands of darkness. Meanwhile he had to fall back upon his shoemaking to eke out a living. Every other Saturday saw him trudging ten miles to Northampton with a wallet of shoes on his shoulders, and then trudging back with a fresh supply of leather. He got rid of his goods to a Government contractor, and there is reason to believe that the poor fellows were to be pitied who had to wear them. Carey never had much faith in his own handiwork. In after years, at the table of Lord Hastings, a general asked, "Was not Dr. Carey once a shoemaker?"—"No, sir," said Dr. Carey, who had overheard the question, "No, sir, only a cobbler."

When living at Moulton, Carey had the happiness to form friendships with the father of Robert Hall, with the Rev. Andrew Fuller, and other ministers whose genial companionship elevated and encouraged him. The great idea that had risen in his soul was kept full in view, and, at a meeting of ministers at Northampton, he ventured to suggest as the topic of discussion, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations."—"Young man!" cried the president, springing to his feet, "sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." Even his sympathetic friend Mr. Fuller was startled, and could only reflect, "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?"

Thus hindered from speaking his mind, Carey wrote a pamphlet—he and his family being at the time almost starving; no animal food, and the bread supply very limited. The pamphlet was an epitome of the then extraordinary knowledge Carey had collected on the subject of the heathen. To write it under his existing circumstances was, indeed, a proof of his enthusiasm and energy.

Carey was transferred to Leicester in 1789, where his outward circumstances improved to some extent, and he enlarged the circle of his friends. All admired his zeal and earnestness, but shrank from the responsibility of uniting in his plans. They helped him, however, in 1791, to publish his pamphlet, written three years before. In May of the following year he preached, at the meeting of ministers at Nottingham, the sermon that was long remembered as having laid the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society. The burden of his discourse was, "Expect great things: attempt great things." The effect of this sermon was electric; but in the after discussion the ministers were for separating without any practical result. In an agony of distress Carey seized Fuller's hand and indignantly remonstrated, and a resolution was put on the books that a Society should be established for propagating the Gospel among the heathen. At the first meeting, in October, the Society was formed, the first Committee being:—Andrew Fuller, Secretary; Reynold Hogge, Treasurer; John Ryland, John Sutcliffe, William Carey. The next consideration was the "sinews of war," and the twelve ministers present (not one

of them, it should be remembered, worth £100 a year) subscribed £13 2s. 6d. Then William Carey forthwith offered to go out to any country the society might select. The infant society presently received £70 from the church at Birmingham, and other donations quickly followed, but the London ministers seemed to have looked on the whole affair as an obscure provincial movement, and for a time took no part in what was destined to become one of the grandest enterprises ever undertaken by any denomination of Christians.

We have now reached the point at which Carey stands eager to be sent out anywhere to preach the Gospel to the heathen; a young society is willing to send him, and it remains to show how India came to be manifested as the God-appointed field of service.

Of the pioneer mission-work in Southern India the story has been told in a previous chapter. In the Northern Provinces, Christian England had taken Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and all their kith and kin, under her kindly patronage. Near the mouth of the Ganges, amid swamp and jungle, the English had, in 1696, built Fort William to protect their factories against the Nabob of Bengal. Fort William developed into modern Calcutta, and the victory of Clive at Plassy, in 1756, brought the rich provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa completely under the sway of the East India Company. There were further accessions of territory, and a vast increase of wealth and power, and yet the eighteenth century was hastening towards its close without any combined effort being made in these, the richest provinces of the Indian Empire, to modify one foul or brutal feature of the idolatrous superstitions that prevailed in the land, or to show the conquered people one glimpse of a higher life. The Fakir swung upon the hooks that pierced his flesh, the sick and aged were left to die in the mud of the sacred river, the widow flung herself upon the burning pyre beside her husband's corpse, devotees sought death beneath the rolling wheels of Jagannātha's car, deeds of unspeakable foulness were perpetrated as sacred rites in the shrines of the gods, and yet English rulers forbade all tampering with native opinions and native usages. England's guns were fired and England's drums beaten by way of salutation to abominable idols, and a Christian Government lent its authority and sanction to orgies of shameless and brutal depravity.

True it is that Kiernander—a German Lutheran Missionary, labouring under the auspices of the Christian Knowledge Society—cordially encouraged by Colonel Clive, had come from Southern India to labour for a while among the Portuguese Roman Catholics, many of whom were received into the Protestant communion; but nothing was done for the natives. For a quarter of a century after the battle of Plassy, Englishmen in Bengal were too busy in amassing riches to care about the spiritual needs of the conquered race. Amidst general corruption and scepticism, Mr. Charles Grant was, about the year 1783, conspicuous among the Company's servants as an exemplary Christian. He was the centre of a little band who met for mutual help and encouragement. A surgeon in the Company's service, Mr. John Thomas, a man of ardent zeal and piety, who felt that something ought to be done for the millions of heathen India, advertised in 1783 for a Christian who would "assist in promoting a knowledge of Jesus Christ in and around Bengal,"

and Mr. Grant and his friends placed him at Goamalty, near Malda, where he translated part of the New Testament into Bengali, and for three years worked successfully among the natives. But, though spiritually minded and zealous, Mr. Thomas was an



HINDOO FAKIRS.

impracticable person to deal with. He was mystical and extravagant, irascible and bigoted, and he speculated so imprudently, and became so involved in debts and liabilities, that Mr. Grant was compelled to break off all connection with him.

Of Mr. Grant's further efforts, and of the elaborate plan which he drew up in 1786 for a "Mission to Bengal," little need be said, inasmuch as nothing came of them.

The Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, "had no faith in such schemes, and thought that they must prove ineffectual." Mr. Grant, by correspondence, and, on his return to England, by personal effort, sought to enlist the presiding authorities of Church and State in favour of his project. But at that date all new movements were looked upon with distrust, the leaders of Evangelical thought were timid, the prelates of the English Church made excuses; even Wilberforce had the plan twice modified, till its missionary spirit was almost filtered out of it. King George III. thought it important and desirable, but hesitated to countenance it, "chiefly in consequence of the alarming progress of the French Revolution, and the proneness of the times to movements subversive of the existing order of things!"

Both Pitt and Dundas had given some encouragement to the scheme; but they introduced an India Bill in 1793, renewing the powers of the East India Company, without the expected provisions for the moral and spiritual improvement of India. Wilberforce, however, induced the House of Commons to adopt a resolution which led to a clause being placed in the India Bill arranging for the encouragement of schools and missions. But now the "Court of Directors" and "Court of Proprietors," and all the wealthy Anglo-Indians—the men of whom it was said that "they had left their consciences and their religion behind them at the Cape when they went out, and neglected to call for them on their way home"—rose in fierce revolt against Wilberforce and the "fanatics." They put forth a manifesto from Leadenhall Street, declaring that the age was too enlightened for proselytism, that missionaries in India would destroy the Company's interests, that conversions to any large extent would be disastrous, and they "thanked God" it was impracticable. They denounced the project as "wild, extravagant, expensive, and unjustifiable," and exerted such pressure on the House, that the proposed clause was omitted from the India Bill. Ministers were prevailed upon by the clamour of the India House to shelve Wilberforce and the Christian party; the bishops were equally time-serving with the Government; and for twenty years the spread of knowledge and religion in India was placed at the mercy of the Court of Directors. It was at this moment that a Nonconformist sect seized the opportunity which the National Church had flung away. "Many years ago," said Mr. Grant, thirty years afterwards, "I had formed the design of a mission to Bengal, and used my humble efforts to promote the design. Providence reserved that honour to the Baptists."

In spite of his rupture with Mr. Grant, Mr. Thomas was still bent upon working as a missionary. He was a Baptist, and, upon his return to England, he found that among his own persuasion there had sprung up a little society having for its object "to convey the message of salvation to some part of the heathen world." To this society Mr. Thomas so fervidly pictured the needs of India, that it was agreed to send him out as their missionary in Bengal, accompanied by the man who was the life and soul of their own association, William Carey.

Carey and Thomas, dissimilar as they were in many respects, were as one man in their fervent enthusiasm for the missionary cause. At their first meeting they embraced each other, and wept tears of joy at the expected realisation of their earnest desires. But there were still great obstacles to be overcome before the missionaries could reach their field

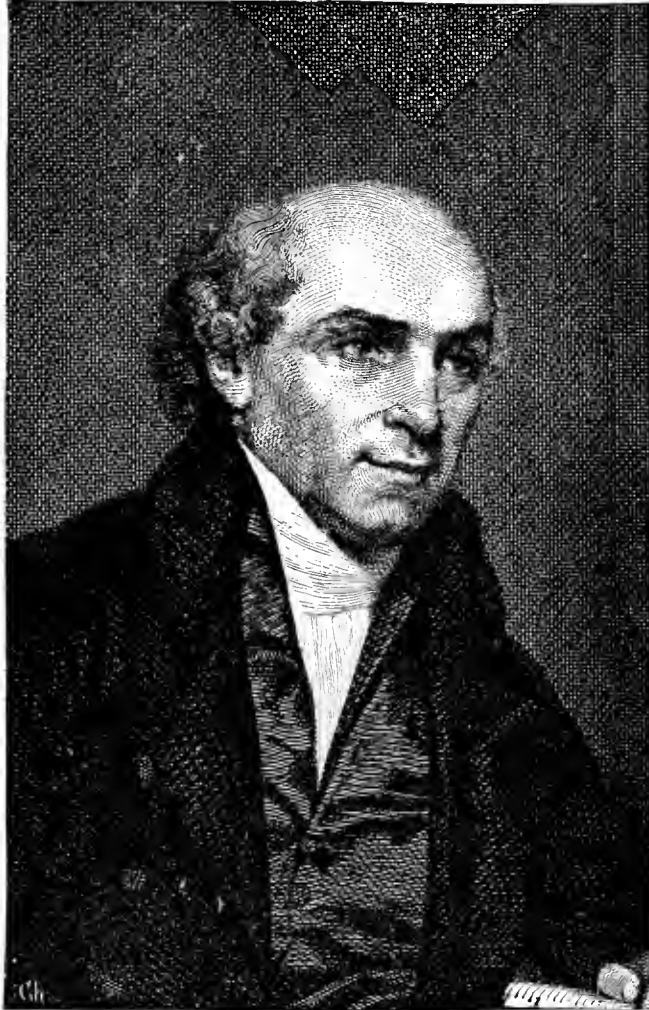
of service. Mrs. Carey, utterly incapable of sympathising with her husband's aspirations, was appalled at the prospect, and positively refused to go. Then Carey resolved to take with him his eldest son, and, when the mission was established, return for his wife and the other members of his family. It was not till March, 1793, that the needed funds were raised by inopportune begging from the wealthier members of the Baptist community. On March 20th the Rev. Andrew Fuller, who had done most of the hard work in getting the money by personal solicitation, preached at the valedictory services. His concluding words were, "Go, then, my dear brethren, stimulated by these prospects. We shall meet again. Each, I trust, will be addressed by our Great Redeemer: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father: these were hungry and ye fed them; athirst, and ye gave them drink; in prison, and ye visited them; enter into the joy of your Lord.'"

The next difficulty was how to get to India. No English vessels, except those of the Company, might go there, and every passenger had to receive a personal permission from the India House. Inquiry showed that any application to the Court of Directors would be treated with contempt, and Mr. Grant refused to use his influence if Mr. Thomas was sent out, but would have done what he could for Carey alone. There seemed nothing else to be done but to try and smuggle the missionaries into India; and the captain of the vessel in which Mr. Thomas had made two voyages as surgeon, agreed to take them without the required licence. They joined the ship off the Isle of Wight, when the captain received an anonymous letter, stating that the fact of his taking on board unlicensed persons was about to come before the Court of Directors. Feeling his professional interests in jeopardy, the missionaries were immediately put on shore, bag and baggage. Carey wrote at once to Fuller, "Our plans are frustrated for the present: but, however mysterious the dealings of Providence, I have no doubt they are directed by an infinitely wise God." With a heavy heart he watched the fleet sail away.

They returned to London, where Thomas so vigorously exerted himself to find a way of getting to India, that they succeeded in arranging for a passage in a Danish East Indiaman, which was daily expected to anchor in the Downs on its way to India. But the charges were heavy, and more funds were needful. Mrs. Carey, also, who had already tired of her widowhood, now agreed to accompany her husband if her sister might also be allowed to go. Within twenty-four hours of her consent, Carey had sold his little property, and the family were on their way to London. The passage-money would now amount to £600, and when the Society had borrowed all it could on its guarantee, the sum in hand was still insufficient. By arranging that Mr. Thomas and Miss Old should rank as assistants and dine at the steward's table, a passage was secured, and on June 13th, 1793, just about the time that the godless India Bill, with the sanction of the majority of the bishops, was passing the House of Lords, the party embarked on the *Cron Princessa Maria*. For one day the arrangement made was kept to, and then the captain put them all on an equal footing at his own table.

Carey worked hard at Bengali, under the tuition of Mr. Thomas, during the long voyage, which terminated on November 11th. They landed at Calcutta, hired a house, and proceeded to realise funds by the sale of the goods which they had been advised to bring with them in lieu of cash. Thomas, who was understood to know

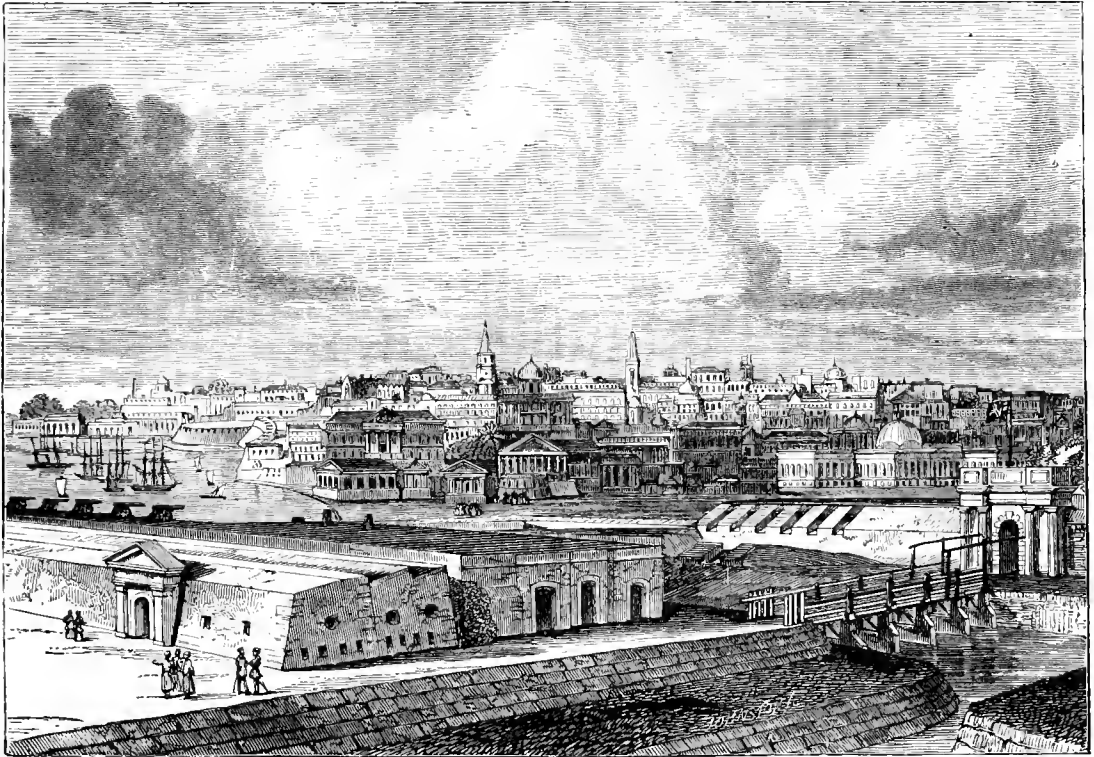
the Calcutta market, was entrusted with the disposal of the goods, but he soon exhibited his unthrifty and extravagant ways. The money went as fast as it came in. Carey removed to a cheaper house at Bandel, further up the river, where stands the oldest Christian building in Bengal, a Roman Catholic church, built very early in the seventeenth century. Here he met the venerable Kiernander, then in his eighty-fourth year, and a



WILLIAM CAREY.

pensioner of the Danish Government. It was a memorable interview, when the young evangelist, panting for work, thus came into communion with a veteran who had come out from Francke's "School of the Prophets" at Halle when Schültze was the moving spirit of the Indian missions, and who had witnessed the whole career of Schwartz. From what has been shown in this and the preceding chapter, the reader will have no difficulty in tracing a true apostolic succession from Ziegenbalg to William Carey.

But Carey soon saw that Bandel, with its European society, was not the place for getting at the natives. He went with Thomas to Nuddea, where they spent a few days arguing with the learned Brahmins who thronged that famous place of learning. They were invited to stay, and were somewhat inclined to do so, "as it is the bulwark of Hinduism," says Carey, "which, if once carried, all the country must be laid open to us." However, circumstances obliged them to return to Calcutta, where Thomas found



FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.

some of his bonds awaiting him, forwarded by his London creditors. He was advised to resume his medical profession as a means of partially satisfying them.

The means brought from England were now almost exhausted, and Carey and his family were soon reduced to great distress. Thomas borrowed money at exorbitant interest, and set up as a doctor in comparative luxury. Carey and his family (seven in number) were crowded into a small, ill-ventilated house, generously lent them by a rich native. Never before in his whole life, long and arduous as had been the struggle, had Carey been brought by severe distress so near to the brink of despair. Friendless and often penniless, in a foreign land, and with a large family to be cared for, his condition was indeed pitiable in the extreme. Life in that wretched hovel was made still more miserable by the ceaseless upbraidings of the two women; and to crown all, the wife and two children were for a time laid up with severe illness. It was a miracle of providence and grace that Carey

was enabled to pass through such accumulated trials, and yet maintain his earnest devotion to the cause for which he came out to India. He still studied Bengali, translated portions of the Scriptures, and preached in the streets when he could get a chance.

At length some one offered him an old bungalow in the Sunderbunds. This is a vast region at the mouth of the Ganges, in some parts covered with tiger-haunted jungles, in others a network of mud islands swarming with alligators. Innumerable creeks and streams intersect the muddy swamps, over which foul malaria ceaselessly broods. Yet there are tracts which, in ancient days, were cultivated and dotted with villages, and the land is fertile enough to repay careful embankment and culture. Carey got a little money from Thomas, and started with his family for this delightful region. February, 1794, saw the boatload of the Careys, with their small assortment of worldly goods, floating down the river from Calcutta. Their provisions were well-nigh exhausted, when they saw on the bank a European with a gun in his hand. This was Mr. Short, who was superintending the Company's saltworks. He was an unbeliever, and had no sympathy with Carey's missionary ideas, but, as a fellow-countryman, he most hospitably invited the family to lodge at his place for six months while a suitable dwelling-place was being prepared for them. The offer was gratefully accepted, and on an adjacent clearing at Hasnabad, Carey began erecting his huts. "Wild dogs, deer, and fowl," he says in a letter to Mr. Fuller, "are to be procured by the gun, and must supply us with a considerable portion of our food. I find an inconvenience in having so much of my time taken up in procuring provisions and cultivating my little farm. But, when my house is built, I shall have more leisure than at present, and have daily opportunities of conversing with the natives and pursuing the work of the mission."

These were hopeful words, but Carey's letters written at this period show that he passed through some very trying experiences. He felt deeply the absence of human friendship and sympathy. The prevailing infidelity of the Europeans disheartened him; the stupid superstition of the rural natives seemed impenetrable. Every European he conversed with discouraged him, and told him that the conversion of Hindoos was impossible. But he comforted himself by remembering that the Divine Power, without which no European could be converted, could certainly convert an Indian.

"My soul," he writes in one of his letters to Europe at this time, "my soul longeth and fainteth for God, for the living God, to see His glory and His beauty as I have seen them in the sanctuary. When I left England, my hopes of the conversion of the heathen were very strong; but amidst so many obstacles they would utterly die, unless upheld by God. I have met with many things calculated to upset them since I left my dear charge at Leicester. Since that time I have had hurrying up and down, a five months' imprisonment with carnal men on board the ship, five more spent in learning the language, my moonshee not understanding English sufficiently to interpret my preaching, my colleague separated from me, long delays experienced respecting my settlement, few opportunities for social worship, no woods to retire to (like Brainerd), for fear of tigers (no fewer than twenty men in the department of Dayhotta, where I am, have been carried away from the salt-works this season); in short, no earthly thing to depend on. Well, I have God; and His word is sure. Though the superstitions

of the Hindoos were a million times more deeply rooted, and the example of Europeans a million times worse than they are; if I were deserted by all, and persecuted by all, yet my hope, fixed on that sure word, will rise superior to all obstructions, and triumph over all trials. God's cause *will* triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire."

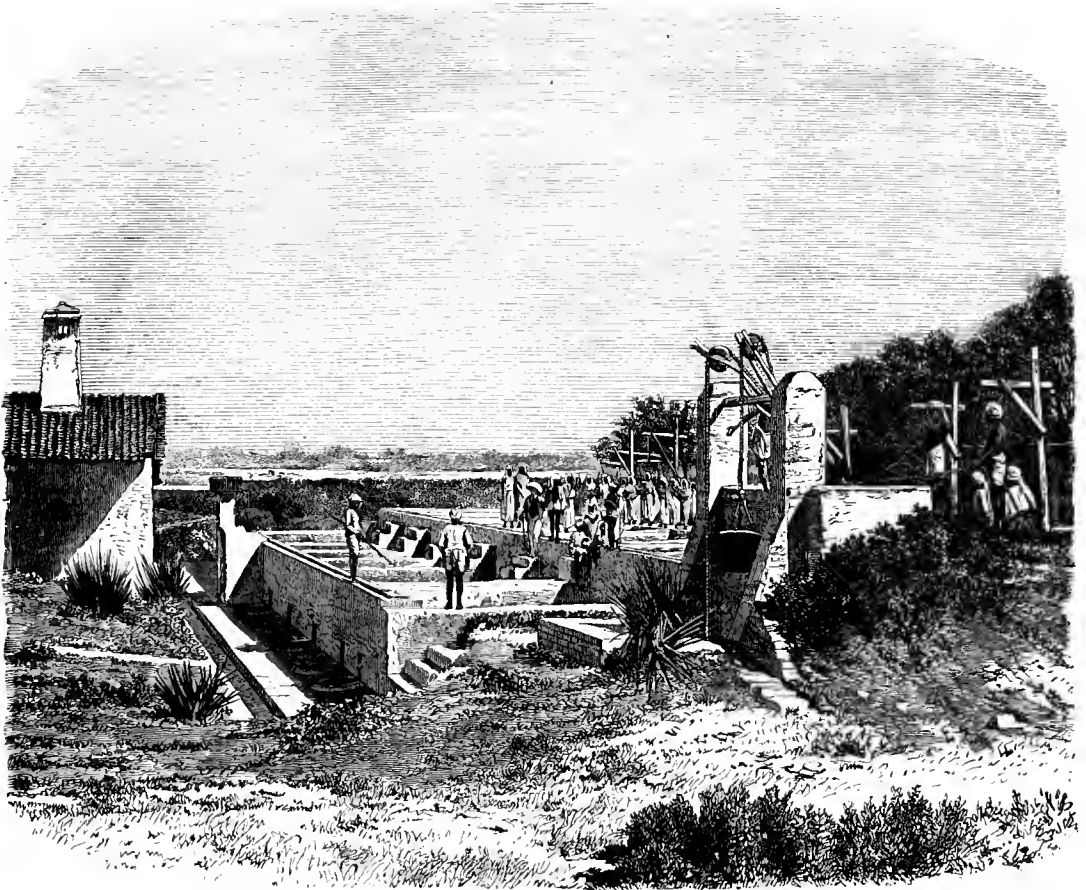
But the Careys were not to stay long in the tiger-haunted Sunderbunds. Mr. Thomas had, with some difficulty, renewed his former acquaintance with a Mr. Udney (one of the Charles Grant circle). Mr. Udney was in a superior position in the Company's service—a pious and able man, through whose kindness Mr. Thomas was appointed to the charge of an indigo factory at Malda, and, in turn, used his influence to procure for Carey a similar appointment at Mudnabatty. Carey was delighted with the prospect of maintenance for his family and extended usefulness for himself. He wrote rejoicingly to the Committee in England, stating that though he should not require from them the means of subsistence, "it would always be his joy and glory to stand in the same relation to the society as if he required its assistance, but he requested that the sum which might be considered his salary should be devoted to the printing of the Bengali translation of the New Testament."

The Committee, which, as Carey's biographer remarks, "had been enlarged without being improved," so little understood the man with whom they were dealing, that some of them actually addressed to him a letter of "serious and affectionate caution lest he should allow the spirit of the missionary to be swallowed up in the pursuits of the merchant." Carey could not but feel hurt at this ungenerous remonstrance, but he meekly replied: "I can only say that, after my family's obtaining a bare subsistence, my whole income, and, in some months, more, goes for the purpose of the Gospel, in supporting persons to assist in the translation of the Bible, in writing out copies of it, and in teaching school. I am indeed poor, and shall always be so until the Bible is published in Bengali and Hindustani, and the people want no further instruction."

In June, 1794, Mr. Carey arrived with his family at Mudnabatty (thirty miles distant from the Company's station at Malda, where Mr. Thomas was located), and at once took up his duties at the factory. It was a secluded spot; and here, free from harassing cares and anxieties, he spent five years of his life in diligent preparation for the more important services of the future. More than a quarter of his salary (£20 a month) was spent on the mission. He saw that the improvement of agriculture was a matter of vast importance, and he procured all sorts of seeds and implements from England. "It will be a lasting advantage to the country," he writes to Fuller, "and I shall have an opportunity of doing this for what I may now call my own country." In all his plans he kept before him the spread of the Gospel. He daily assembled the servants and factory labourers (not far short of a hundred individuals) for Christian worship, and as time and opportunity afforded, preached in the neighbouring villages. He set up a free school for native children, but the parents were too poor to avail themselves fully of its advantages. It even became needful to pay the children for their time to induce the parents to let them remain.

Carey thus describes his itinerant labours:—"I have a district of about twenty

miles square, where I am continually going from place to place to publish the Gospel, and in this space there are about two hundred villages. My manner of travelling is with two small boats, one of which serves me to lodge in, the other for cooking my victuals. All my furniture, as well as my food, I carry with me from place to place, namely, a chair, a table, a bed, and a lamp. I walk from village to village, but repair



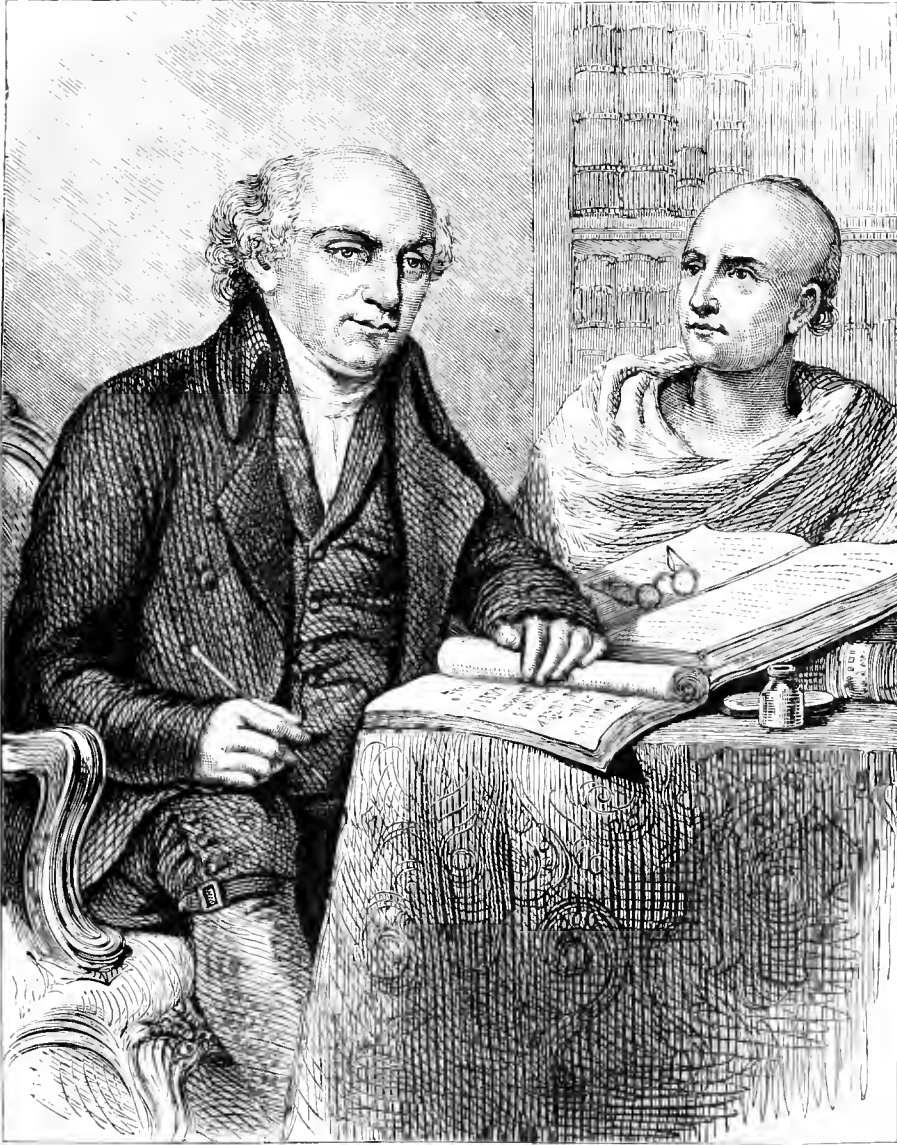
AN INDIAN INDIGO FACTORY.

to my boat for lodging and victuals. There are several rivers in this quarter of the country, which renders it very convenient for travelling."

All this zealous work produced no visible results in the way of open profession of Christianity. A few individuals, of whom great hopes were entertained, never got beyond the condition of "interested inquirers." Year after year, friends in England only heard of ceaseless efforts, but no converts. It was still the time of seed-sowing; the time of ingathering had not yet come. Carey and his colleague had to learn the full strength of the difficulties attending the conversion of Hindoos to the Christian faith.

Carey's principal work during this long exercise of faith and patience, was the

translation of the New Testament into Bengali. When the work was completed, he went to the proprietors of the three or four printing-presses in Calcutta, and found that they,



CAREY AND HIS PUNDIT REVISING THE BENGALI TRANSLATION.

like other Europeans in India, were "making haste to be rich," and wanted £4,400 for 10,000 copies on native paper, exclusive of binding. Carey therefore proposed to the Society to send him out a set of Bengali punches from the well-known type-founding firm of Caslon, London; also a printing-press and a supply of paper, and, if possible, a "serious printer," if one could be found willing to travel 14,000 miles to accept an

engagement. About this time, however, a press was on sale in Calcutta, and a friend of the mission bought it and presented it to Carey. It is still shown in the Serampore College as the press at which the first sheet of the Bible was printed in Northern India. When the press was put together, and erected in Carey's house at Mudnabatty, the natives from far and near flocked to see it; they heard the missionary's glowing account of what it could accomplish, and, filled with awe and reverence, they pronounced it to be a European idol.

To the mission at Mudnabatty, in 1796, came Mr. Fountain, an "unenergetic, little-minded man," who added no real strength to the cause. He managed to reach the mission-field by being rated as a servant on one of the Company's ships, and thus entered the country unnoticed. Carey was very anxious for more helpers in the work, but it seemed almost impossible to break through the barriers which the Indian Government had set up against interlopers. The British Parliament, in 1783, had been induced to decree that any subjects of His Majesty who should be found without lawful licence in the East Indies, should be liable to fine and imprisonment as guilty of high crime and misdemeanour. It is only right to say that the East India Company seem to have used these extraordinary powers very moderately. Their own Court of Directors decreased the penalty to simple deportation, and, in ten years, only enforced it in two instances—in both cases for political agitation.

Sir John Shore, the Governor-General, issued an order in 1795 that every unlicensed European in the country should, under ample securities, enter into covenants with the Company. It was an arbitrary act, but to Carey it was overruled for good, for it gave him a recognised and established position in the country. He found securities, and was duly registered as an indigo planter. He wrote to Mr. Fuller:—"Whether the Company will, or will not, molest us, must be left to His care, without whose permission a sparrow does not fall to the ground; but, that no human means for our safety may be wanting, I have entered into covenants with the Company, and am permitted to live in the country, and with boldness engage in my line of business, and pursue any line of conduct I choose. The missionaries who come out may be returned as my own or Mr. Thomas's assistants."

In an over-earnest effort to get something accomplished, Carey proposed that seven or eight families should be helped to come out and form a settlement near Malda on the Moravian system. Men and women were all to be mission workers, and to have all things in common. They were to live in little straw houses under the government of two stewards, who were to superintend the meals, worship, mental culture, and mission work of the community. He thought the whole thing could be accomplished at a cost of five pounds a month, if they took their meals together. It was, as Mr. Marshman points out,* the dream of a fervid and over-excited mind. The straw huts and mud floors would have sent half the community into their graves in six months, and the whole settlement would have broken up in dire distress in less than a twelvemonth. Mr. Fuller, however, took very kindly to this scheme, and

* "Life of Carey," by J. C. Marshman.

was sanguine of its success. He strongly urged Mr. Carey to wait upon Lord Mornington (subsequently Lord Wellesley)—who, in 1798, had been appointed Governor-General of India—in order to get his missionary vocation definitely acknowledged, and the mission established on a permanent footing, by means of a legal settlement. Carey acknowledged to having smiled as he read the suggestion for an interview with the Governor-General—a suggestion which seemed only natural and perfectly feasible to his friend far away in Northamptonshire. His reply to Mr. Fuller shows clearly the anomalous status of a missionary in Bengal at the close of last century:—"You must," he wrote, "drop all your English ideas and acquire Indian ones. There can be no legal settlement here, in the English sense of the word. The law prohibiting the settlement of Europeans was passed by Parliament, and can be reversed only by the same authority. Every European is obliged to report himself and his occupation once a year to the magistrate, and if I were to return myself as a missionary, I certainly should not be allowed to remain in the country. You must not, however, suppose that we are obliged to conceal ourselves or our work. We preach before magistrates and judges, and, were I in the company of Lord Mornington, I would not hesitate to avow myself a missionary, though I would not officially return myself as such."

Carey had been labouring in Mudnabatty for five years, with very little visible fruit of his labour, although doubtless the permeating influence of his work was preparing the way for future successes, when circumstances occurred which at first seemed unpropitious, but, under Providence, led to his transfer to another sphere of service, where, with congenial and enterprising co-workers, he could develop more freely his plans for the promotion of the Gospel. The indigo factories of Malda and Mudnabatty did not turn out paying concerns, and were consequently given up. Carey accordingly reported to his Committee in England, that he was now expecting to be quite without independent means.

Over the tone and temper of this Committee a great change for the better had come during the five years that they had watched the course of their faithful missionary. They paid him all the arrears of the salary he had declined to receive, and left to his discretion the mode of arranging for the future maintenance of the mission. Carey at once purchased, for £300, a small indigo-planting farm, near Kidderpore. He was hopeful that the profits of the farm would support the mission, and forthwith began to build straw huts for the associates whom he knew that his English friends were about to send out to him. His biographer surmises, that if the mission had had to depend on Carey's success as an indigo planter, it would have been extinct in a twelvemonth.

Another special source of anxiety at this moment was the appointment of a Brahminised European to a high official position in the Malda district. This individual was about to take proceedings against Carey in consequence of a letter that had appeared in the Baptist Missionary Society's Report, and he would no doubt have effectually prevented Carey from doing anything but attend to his indigo planting, or would possibly have found means to expel him from the country, had not the course of events delivered him from all these embarrassments: so that the first year of the

present century saw the establishment of the Serampore Mission, for ever associated with the names of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. But the story of that mission we must reserve for another chapter.

It may be well in this place to remind the reader, that it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind what the term India really means. There is an essential difference between it and the names of most other countries that might be mentioned. It may indeed be taken as analogous to our word Christendom, inasmuch as it signifies the regions in which the Hindoo religion is prevalent. Of course, by the logic of accomplished facts,



IMAGES OF BRAHMA, VISHNU, AND SIVA.

it has come to mean the dominions of the Empress Victoria. But these dominions include many distinct nations, speaking different languages, and having local customs and observances that have strongly modified their religious beliefs and mythological systems. The Hinduism of Benares is very different from that of Madras; divinities held in high honour in one locality, may be totally unknown in another.

In Bengal (best known to Englishmen) there are Brahministic sects of devotees who never touch any animal food; but a Brahmin of Upper India may dine publicly on pork, or any other flesh but beef, without scandal. These are but samples of diversities that exist throughout the Empire, and in point of fact the Bengali, the Hindustani, the Marathi, or the Tamilian, are as much men of different nations as are English, French, or Italians. Hence, then, arise some of the obstacles that stand in the way of the evangelisation of India. The work has to be adapted to various distinct races, and carried forward in a great number of different languages and dialects, for all of which the needful religious literature must be supplied.

Three great religious systems are primarily encountered in India, but the constant

incorporation of local deities and local superstitions has resulted in an endless variety of religious beliefs and observances. In various parts of the land and in varying proportions are found fifty millions of Mohammedans. The believers in Buddha number from four to five millions. But the great bulk of the people of India still profess the ancient religion brought over the North-Western frontier by the Hindoo invaders in the dim twilight of history, long before the venturous barks of Phœnician traders had found their way to the shores of Britain. These invaders worshipped Brahma the Supreme, in his threefold manifestation of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer; whereas Hinduism now boasts that the number of the gods is 333 millions. They brought with them also their beautiful Sanserit language and their holy Vedas, the primitive sacred books, upon whose tenets succeeding ages grafted so much that was loathsome and corrupt. To this debased Hinduism came Gautama (the Buddha or Enlightened One), teaching a purer philosophy as a cure for all the ills of life.

Meanwhile Hinduism had developed the terrible institution of "caste," which has tyrannised over the Indian mind for nearly three thousand years, but of which the more ancient Vedas know nothing. Seeing that the system of caste has been one of the most formidable obstacles to the practical reception of Christianity by those who have found themselves compelled to give an intellectual assent to the truth of its teachings, a word of explanation seems needful with regard to it. In the foremost rank of social life in India are the sacerdotal caste, or Brahmins, who are said to have sprung from the head of Brahma. Next come the Kshatriya, or warrior caste, who claim to have sprung from the arm or shoulder of the deity. The Vaisya, or productive caste, emanated from his breast, whilst the Sudras, or servile classes, whose lot in life it is to serve all the others, had their origin in his foot. These four principal castes have become subdivided into a great number. But in principle the ordinance remains unchangeable, and the poor Sudra, who suffers so much by the institution, is as zealous in its defence as the proudest Brahmin. To lose caste is to become a social outcast, and it is easily lost in ways too numerous to mention here. Suffice it to say, that the Hindoo cannot receive baptism, or partake of the Lord's Supper, or even worship side by side with others in a Christian church, without sundering all the ties that link him to his family and his friends. And this, too, amongst a people who hold all such ties in especial reverence and regard.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

Ward, the "Serious Printer"—Marshman's Early Career—Arrival at Serampore—The "Canterbury of Northern India"—The Institution of Caste, and how it was dealt with—Krishnn, a Convert—Fort William College—The Festival of Juggernaut—Sutteeism and its Prohibition—The Fair of Ganga Saugur—Helps and Hindrances—Poor Mrs. Carey—A Disastrous Fire—Cholera and Fever—The Parting of the Three.

IN the summer of 1799, the American ship *Criterion* was sailing down the British Channel on its way to India. Amongst the passengers who watched from its deck the receding shores of England, were four men going out to the help of Carey, on that Kidderpore indigo farm which was intended to be the centre of missionary effort in Bengal, and where Carey was already building straw huts in anticipation of their arrival. Of the four, the two younger were very soon to be laid to rest in the Calcutta Cemetery; their companions were Joshua Marshman and William Ward, destined, in conjunction with Carey, to make the name of Serampore for ever famous in the story of the Conquests of the Cross.

Ward, a strong man in the prime of life, was the "serious printer" for whom Carey had been longing. Nearly thirty years before, in Derby town, a pious mother had led him into sympathy with whatsoever things were "lovely and of good report." As schoolboy, compositor, proof-reader, the time passed on till he came of age, having in the meantime devoted all his spare moments to earnest study. A well-stored mind, a ready command of language, and a lively fancy, fitted him for the position which was now offered him, as editor of the *Derby Mercury*. It was the era of the French Revolution, and Ward, like many other young and ardent souls, was thrilled with enthusiasm for the cause of freedom and progress; and an interview with good Thomas Clarkson brought the young editor into cordial alliance with the men who were carrying on the long crusade against negro slavery. His next post was that of editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, and whilst at Hull in 1796 he was baptised. It was impossible for Ward to belong to the Church, or any other cause, without working on its behalf. Accordingly, every Sunday saw him going out to one of the neighbouring villages with a three-legged stool, upon which he would stand and preach the Gospel. A benevolent Christian, seeing in this man the making of a successful evangelist, offered to place him at Erwood Hall under Dr. Fawcett, the tutor of John Foster the essayist.

Ward saw that in giving up his life to the winning of souls for Christ, he would be helping to realise all his fervent aspirations for the good of humanity. He confesses that it was painful to his own tastes and feelings to leave his pleasant lodgings by the Humber, his congenial labours with the pen, his appreciative circle of friends, and his calm leisure for books or society. But it was made clear to his mind that he must go to Erwood Hall, "to enter on a new line of life: . . . to live perhaps on thirty pounds

a year; to warn men night and day with tears; to tremble lest I myself should prove a castaway."

Ward and Carey had met when the latter was visiting Derby, just previous to his departure for India. "We shall want a man of your calling to print the Scriptures, if the mission proves successful," was one of Carey's remarks on that occasion. Ward had been studying a year at Erwood, when there came to the college a member of the Baptist Mission Committee looking out for recruits. Then, like a trumpet-call, the words of Carey came back to the mind of Ward. He offered himself for the Bengal Mission field, and was gladly accepted.

Ward's companion upon the deck of the *Criterion*, Joshua Marshman, was about the same age. He was the son of a Wiltshire cloth-weaver, the descendant of one of Cromwell's Ironsides; his mother could trace back her pedigree to Huguenot refugees. At Westbury-Leigh village school, young Marshman was taught to read and nothing more, neither writing nor ciphering being taught anywhere in that district. The lad's active mind found reading its only solace, and he read everything that came in his way. He read the Bible and the old Puritan Divines on his father's solitary bookshelf, he read whatever lay on the bookstall in the fair as long as the stall-keeper would put up with it; and then he took to borrowing, and thought nothing of a twelve-mile walk to get hold of a fresh book. Before he was fifteen he had read five hundred volumes of a very miscellaneous character.

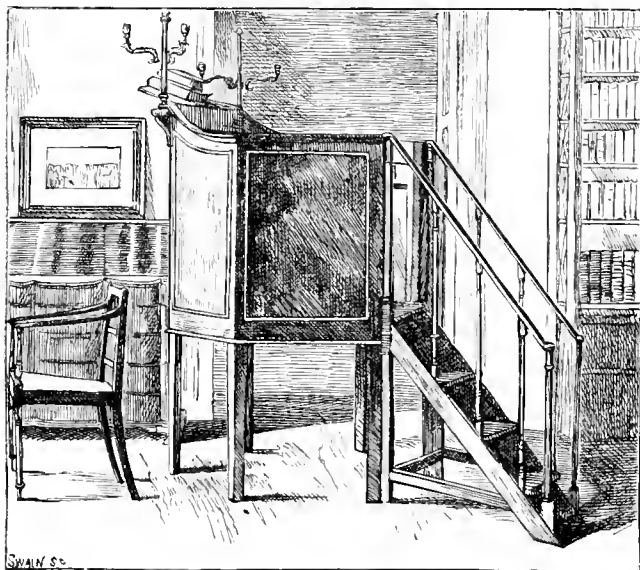
He had acquired considerable local fame for his knowledge and for his marvellous memory, when he was tempted to go to London by the offer of a situation in a bookseller's shop in Holborn. But he soon found that trudging about with heavy parcels of books did not further his acquaintance with their contents. In less than six months he was back at the loom in his native village, and again reading everything he could lay hands on. He grew up towards manhood, a steady, God-fearing youth, but his narrow-minded church associates were suspicious of so much "head-knowledge." They kept him year after year on probation, and he finally left Westbury-Leigh without having been baptised.

In 1791, he married Hannah Shepherd, his true helpmeet for six-and-forty years, and whose sainted memory is still revered in India. He had been married three years when he was appointed master of the school belonging to the Baptist Church at Broadmead, Bristol. He now found himself amongst a cultivated circle who could appreciate his intellectual gifts, and he was at once admitted into Church membership and baptised. Five years of success as a schoolmaster passed by, and ceaseless study made him familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. Meanwhile, the reports of Carey's work in Bengal came into his hands from time to time, and it gradually became clear to him that he too must go forth to work in the Master's service in that distant land. He offered himself to the Baptist Mission Committee, but even to these worthy people his "human learning" was at first a stumbling-block. The difficulty was, however, got over, and in less than three weeks Marshman and his companions were sailing down the English Channel on their way to India.

A long tedious voyage of four months and a half, only relieved by devoting a few

hours daily to the instruction of the sailors, brought the party to Calcutta. Without landing there, they proceeded at once in boats to the Danish settlement of Serampore, where they could acknowledge themselves Christian missionaries, and wait an opportunity to join Carey on his new indigo farm at Kidderpore.

It was on a cool Sunday morning in October, that the missionaries landed under the shadow of the high bank of Serampore, and beheld around them a bright-hued scene of teeming life. Numbers of people were bathing in the waters of the sacred river, or reverently standing in the stream to pour forth their libations, and repeat their prayers to Mahādeva. Fishermen were plying their calling, groups of talking

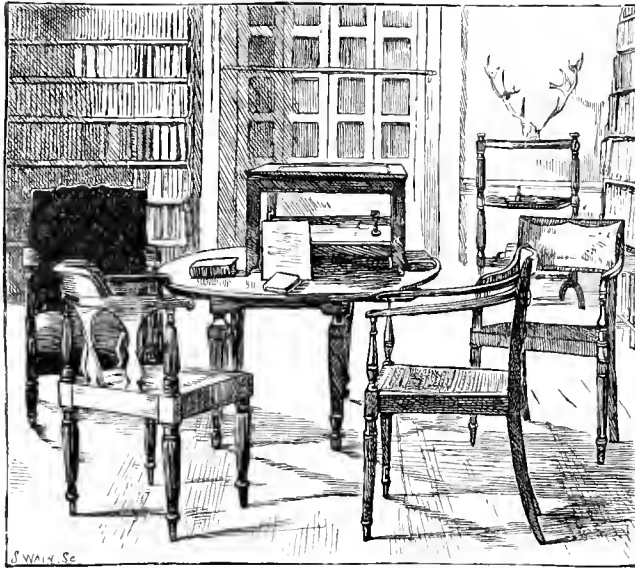


DR. CAREY'S PULPIT, SERAMPORE.

and laughing women with their waterpots and babies clustered about the bank, and ferry-boats crowded to the danger-point, passed to and fro. Nor was the scene by any means a silent one: the myriad voices of the multitude mingled with the chattering of the paroquets, ceaselessly flashing their brilliant plumage on the sight as they darted in and out of the tall tree-tops that rose above the shadows into the bright morning sunshine. Marshman was the first to spring to land, and there, kneeling down upon the strand, consecrated for ages to the worship of India's strange gods and goddesses, he poured forth his thanksgiving to Almighty God for having brought them in safety to the Indian shore.

As soon as the authorities at Calcutta heard of this fresh importation of missionaries into the country, they were exceedingly anxious to ship them back forthwith to England; but, of course, so long as Marshman and his friends remained under Danish protection, they could not be interfered with by the Bengal Government. From Carey there came disheartening news; he had been refused leave for his friends to join him, and also made aware that he himself was only tolerated in Bengal on

sufferance, and that any complaint of his proceedings would probably result in his deportation. At Serampore, on the other hand, the Danish Government, faithful to its honourable traditions, protected and encouraged the missionaries in their labours. Here they might work their printing-press to their hearts' content, and preach and teach freely in the midst of a dense population, till circumstances should favour the extension of their work into the adjacent provinces. Armed with a Danish passport, Ward went to Carey on his Kidderpore farm to talk the matter over. "Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!" was his first exclamation as he came in sight of the faithful pioneer. The result of the conference was that Carey submitted to the



Mrs. Marshman's.

Dr. Marshman's.

Mr. Ward's.

Dr. Carey's.

CHAIRS AT SERAMPORE.

inevitable, packed up his printing-press and all his worldly goods, and, on the 10th of January, 1800, in company with his four sons and his poor wife (now insane), joined his brethren at Serampore.

Sixteen miles north of Calcutta, on the right bank of the Hooghly, stands this picturesque town, that has not been inaptly called the Canterbury of Northern India. Many a pilgrim from Europe or America visits with reverent interest the white-walled church, the cemetery where Carey and some of his co-workers found a resting-place, the old pagoda in which Henry Martyn prayed and studied amidst strange symbols of idolatry, and the mission-house and grounds, linked with a thousand memories of consecrated talents and self-denying devotedness. Here the missionaries lived their simple lives, laboured ceaselessly in all good works, and gave nearly £80,000 for their Master's service. Close by is the noble Botanical Garden, that was a special hobby of Carey's. Potatoes, which are fast becoming a favourite food with the natives, were never seen in India till they were planted here. To cultivate this garden, and collect

in it the rarest treasures of the tropical flora, was the chief delight of Carey's leisure hours. "Ah! Brother Marshman," he said, not long before his death, "I was just thinking that when I die you will let the cows come into my garden." A promise was given, and a small endowment created, so that three gardeners constantly keep the garden as Carey would have liked it to remain. In many ways the Serampore missionaries lived to benefit India, as the public library, the charity hospital, and other institutions founded by them, still testify.

From the mission-house a fine avenue of tropical trees, known as "Carey's Walk," leads past the chapel in which Carey's pulpit of teak and canvas still remains—past the printing-office which created a literature for Bengal, and sent out the Bible (or portions of it) in thirty-nine Eastern languages—past the mission paper-mills (now a jute factory), to which came the first steam-engine ever seen in India—and on to the College, founded by Marshman and Carey, in many respects the noblest edifice in India, and the parent of all similar institutions in the land. In the library are displayed specimens of all the Bibles and books translated by the missionaries, the three chairs they habitually used, and the crutches that supported Dr. Carey for a time after an accident.

Another curiosity in this library is the housekeeping-book, which shows how frugally the six families lived together in the one large house, which was taken on Carey's arrival at Serampore. They arranged for public worship in their largest room, and for preaching in the streets, and at once set to work earnestly with their printing-press. Mr. Ward set up the types, and on the 18th of March, called Carey to put his hand to the press and himself work off the first sheet of the Bengali New Testament.

Two hundred pounds a year was all that the missionaries could hope to receive from England, for their own support and for all expenses. But ample funds were soon forthcoming from the very successful boarding-school established by Mr. and Mrs. Marshman for European children, afterwards supplemented by one for natives. Plenty of people were thirsting for knowledge, eager to learn English, and ready to pay well for instruction, but Christianity was another thing altogether. The missionaries went about and sang Bengali hymns at the corners of streets, and then preached to the crowd that collected round them. Inquirers were welcomed at the mission-house, and daily conversation with these took up a good deal of time. But Ram-basoo, who had been a friend and helper of Mr. Thomas for years past, was a type of many who came—great admirers of the beauty and reasonableness of Christianity, and ready to do almost anything for it except receive it. The horrible institution of caste stood in the way. "All the ties," wrote Mr. Marshman, "that twine about the heart of a father, a husband, a child, or a neighbour, must be torn and broken before a man can give himself up to Christ." The accomplished Ram-basoo wrote a tract on the absurdities of Hinduism, and another on the doctrines of Christianity, and yet declined to become a Christian.

One day Mr. Thomas, who had accepted an engagement to superintend some sugar factories at Beerbhoom, came to Serampore, bringing with him a workman named Fukier, who had made up his mind to become a Christian. The missionaries listened

to the man's simple story of his religious convictions, and decided to receive him as a Christian brother. "We all stood up," says Mr. Ward, "and sang with new feeling, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' Each of us shook Fukier by the hand. The rest, your imagination must supply." Before finally severing his old ties, the new convert—the first-fruit of the seven years' labour of Carey and Thomas—went to pay a parting visit to his friends. He was never heard of again! Whether renegade or martyr it was impossible to say.

Meanwhile, a carpenter named Krishnu, who had been favourably interested in the Gospel, had the misfortune to dislocate his arm. He was brought to the mission-house, and the limb was set by Mr. Thomas, who then earnestly talked to him about salvation by Jesus Christ. The poor man saw his own condition, and cried, "Save me, Sahib, save me!" In a few days' time he was able to declare his "dependence on Christ and submission to Him in all things," which was the only creed then required from new converts in Serampore. The native servants at the mission-house were struck with horror and amazement when, on December 22nd, 1800, they saw Krishnu openly renouncing caste by sitting down to a meal with the missionaries. That same evening Krishnu, with his wife and sister, and another native, made open profession of their faith in Christ. It was too much for the susceptible brain of Mr. Thomas. He had been in despair about Fukier, and was now frantic with joy over Krishnu. It became needful to put him under restraint.

Soon the news of what had taken place spread through the town. Krishnu and his family were dragged by an infuriated mob before the chief magistrate, who promptly sent all parties about their business. Then another mob, headed by a young man to whom Krishnu's daughter had been betrothed, again brought the family before the magistrate. The Governor then intervened, and heard the case himself. The young man declared his steadfast adherence to the Hindoo religion, but nevertheless demanded his promised bride. The girl openly avowed her resolve to become a Christian with her father. "Then," said the Governor, "I cannot possibly deliver up a Christian woman to a heathen man." And thus the right of the natives to break off Hindoo ties and become Christians if they pleased, was established in Serampore.

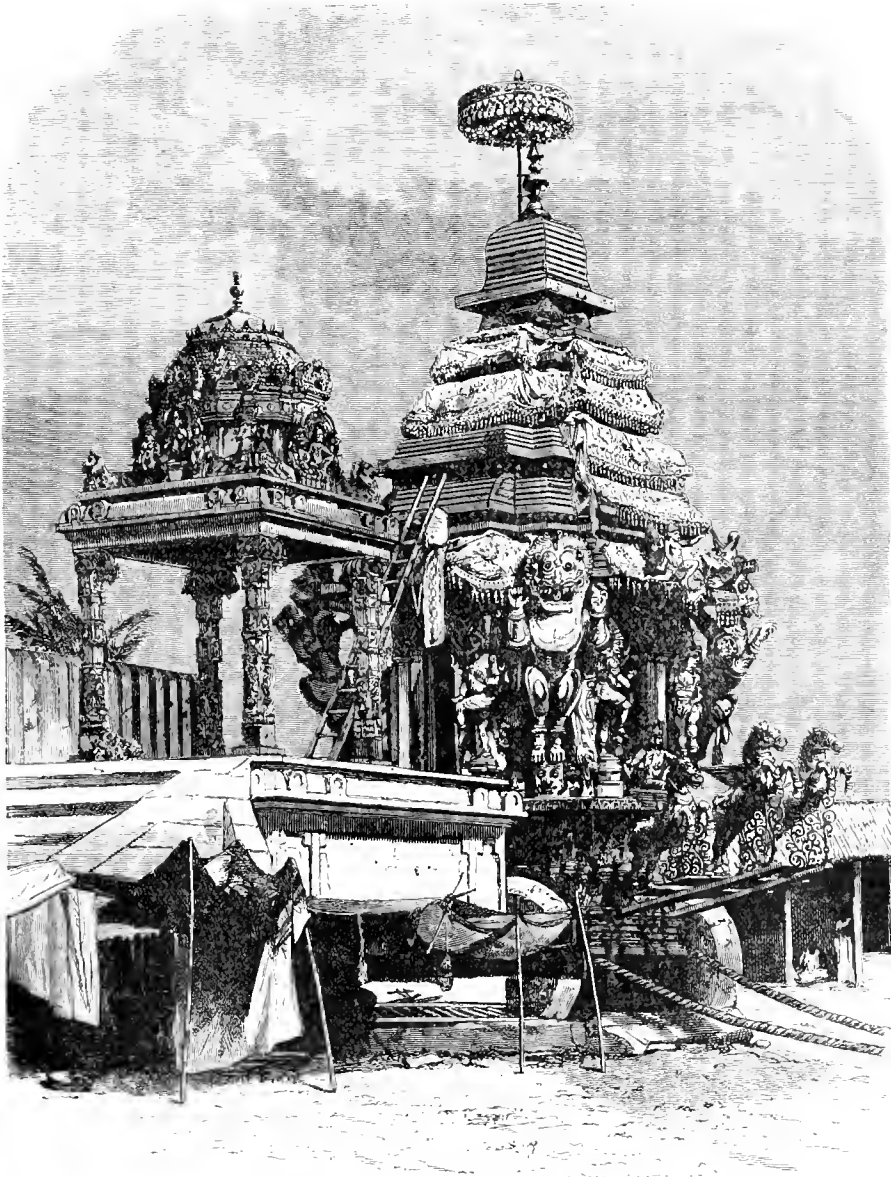
On the following Sunday there was an impressive scene, when Krishnu and Carey's son Felix were baptised in the sacred river. The missionaries were careful to explain that they only used it as an ordinary stream, and attributed no special virtue to its waters. The party set out, with the mad cries of Mrs. Carey in one room, and of Mr. Thomas in another, ringing in their ears. A motley crowd of Europeans, Hindoos, and Mahomedans gathered about the broad flight of stone stairs that led down into the water, and all were hushed to silence as they watched the celebration of the solemn ordinance. The Governor could not refrain from tears. A short time afterwards Marshman wrote: "We have now six baptised Hindoos, whom we esteem more precious than an equal number of gems. We need great prudence in our intercourse with them. We are obliged to strengthen, to encourage, to counteract, to advise, to disapprove, to teach, and yet to do all so as to endear the Saviour to them, and to retain a place in their warmest affections."

Poor Mr. Thomas—the first medical missionary in India—passed away in October, 1801. His mental health had been restored by a month in a Calcutta Asylum, and he had gone to superintend an indigo factory at Dinagepore. Here he died of fever and ague. So perished the first Protestant missionary who preached to the people of Bengal in their own tongue. Fervent and zealous, and wonderfully gifted with the power of impressing the Hindoo mind, and yet at the same time unstable and eccentric, always in ecstasy or else in despair, for fifteen years he had done what he could. Grant, Fountain, and Brunsdon were already laid to rest in the Serampore Cemetery, so that the whole weight of the mission now rested upon the shoulders of the giant three, Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

Early in 1801, after nine months' hard work on the part of Ward, Carey had the supreme delight of seeing the Bengali New Testament issued in a complete form. The first bound copy was laid upon the communion-table, and the missionaries, with their families and the converts, held a solemn service of thanksgiving. About this time the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, wanted some one to teach Bengali to candidates for the Civil Service, in his newly founded Fort William College. There was no one at hand so competent to take this post as William Carey, the Northamptonshire shoemaker, who had made such a muddle of school-keeping a few years before. Only on condition that his status as a missionary should be acknowledged, he accepted the appointment, at a salary of 500 rupees a month, which was subsequently doubled. He devoted it all to the service of the Gospel. By means of this income, added to the profits of the schools, the printing-press, and the paper-mill, the missionaries were able in the course of years to spend thousands of pounds on various important works. They repaired and enlarged their premises, constantly repaired the bank which prevented the river from swallowing up their whole establishment, defrayed for years the expenses of numerous mission stations in various localities, printed innumerable books and tracts, erected the college buildings, supplied a library of four thousand volumes, and subscribed to native schools and other institutions. Up to 1826 they had spent from their own earnings no less than £58,613. It was well for the mission that it had so early achieved independence, and that one of its founders was officially connected with the Bengal Government, for in 1801 Serampore passed into the hands of the British. For eighteen months it was occupied by soldiers of the Company, but the work of the mission was not interfered with. At prudent intervals, preaching excursions were made into neighbouring provinces, and Testaments and tracts were freely distributed.

Petumber Singh, one of the Kayast or Writer caste, who rank next to the Brahmins, read one of the tracts, and was so interested that he journeyed thirty miles to Serampore to hear more about this new doctrine. He was not, like many others, content to admire; when he saw that he must give himself up to Christ, he renounced caste, and was baptised into the Church. Two other Kayasts and a Brahmin soon followed his example. And now the Hindoos of rank and influence, who had jeered at the conversion of mere workmen, became alarmed, and tried to make trouble for the missionaries. But the storm, like many others, blew over, and the devoted labourers still pressed forward with their work.

The homage paid by Christian rulers to Hindoo usages was a great stumbling-block. "Last week," writes Mr. Ward on one occasion, "a deputation from Government went



THE CAR OF JAGANĀTHA

in procession to Kallee Ghaut—the most opulent and popular shrine in the metropolis—and presented 5,000 rupees to the idol in the name of the Company, for the success which had attended the British arms." But the English rulers of Bengal would have gone to far greater lengths had they been permitted. They proposed to increase their

revenue by managing the affairs of the great shrine of Jaganātha, at Puri, with its vast establishment of priests and courtesans. But this was too much even for the Court of Directors in Leadenhall Street, who refused to sanction the proposal. Serampore was, and still is, one of the places to which pilgrims resort from far and near to the annual festival of the well-known deity. The "Car of Juggernaut," crushing human victims beneath its ponderous wheels, has long been one of the most familiar incidents of missionary story. The Rath Jātra, or Car Festival, is now a time of reckless jollity, unattended by loss of life, except the occasional accidents likely to occur when a huge three-storied fabric is urged along crowded streets. But Carey and his companions saw the festivals, when devotees came in their thousands in the assured belief that to see Jaganātha would cleanse their souls from sin. In that repulsive block of wood, with a head too large for its body, and eyes too large for its head, the people saw the representative of Vishnu, the Lord of the World. With a deafening noise of gongs and tom-toms, and the chanting of Vedic hymns by the Brahmins, the idol passed on, whilst the populace shouted their adoration. The scene that might have disheartened men of weaker faith, only served to quicken the zeal and enthusiasm of the mission band at Serampore.

Their first practical victory over the time-honoured but cruel customs of heathenism was won as early as 1802, by the abolition of the sacrifice of children and others at the great annual festival of Ganga Saugar. Carey's friend Udney was then on the Supreme Council, and, through his influence, Carey was ordered to investigate the subject. He lost no time in conferring with the learned Pundits, deeply versed in Hindoo law, with whom he was in constant communication at Fort William College. They were unanimous in the opinion that the custom was not imperative. Carey reported to this effect, and pleaded so urgently for the abolition of the practice that a prohibitory law was passed. The Hindoos accepted it without a murmur.

The little church grew by slow degrees. It numbered thirteen communicants and eight inquirers at the end of 1802, at which time the Gospel methods of the missionaries are thus simply described:—"When the sun is going down, one of us, taking some tracts in his hand, goes out to some part of Serampore or its neighbourhood, talks to the people, or distributes the papers; another does the same in another direction, while a third goes one evening to the Bengali school-house, and another evening to Krishnu's little meeting-house. After this, our Hindoo friends come every evening to our house. In our family worship, the chapter in the Old Testament, after being read in English, is translated off-hand and read in Bengali. When proceeding to a distance, we travel, eat, and sleep in a boat: and, going from place to place, we preach and distribute tracts."

Whilst anxious to avoid all needless interference with native habits and customs, the missionaries determined that no vestige of caste should pollute the Church that was growing up under their care. In Southern India, caste had been tolerated even at the communion-table, but when the Brahmin, Krishnu-Prisad, partook for the first time of the Lord's Supper, it was arranged for him to receive the cup next after the

Sudra, Krishna. Another blow at caste was struck when the Brahmin just named actually married the carpenter's daughter. After a simple marriage service in Bengali, prepared by Carey for the occasion, there was a happy wedding-feast under a tree in front of Krishna's house.

A very few days after Carey and his colleagues had rejoiced with this Christian bridal party, three Hindoo widows were burnt beside their dead husband, not far from the mission-house. Often were the hearts of the missionaries filled with sorrow, as they saw the smoke of these dreadful sacrifices going up towards the bright Indian sky. Never could Carey forget his first sight of widow-burning. He had just got out of his boat one day, when he saw a great crowd of people, and in the midst of them there was a pile of wood with a dead body laid upon it. Close by stood the woman who was about to sacrifice herself. In vain did Carey reason with the bystanders and try to make them see that they were participating in a murder. They told him it was a voluntary deed of holiness, and if he did not like to see it he could go away. The widow herself turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances. Six times she walked round the pile, scattering sweetmeats amongst the crowd. She then mounted to the summit, and, after dancing a short time, lay down and placed her arms round the neck of the corpse. Dry leaves and fuel were spread about and over the pair, a quantity of melted butter was poured on the heap, and two bamboos were tightly fastened down crosswise. Then the pile was lit, and if in those last moments the woman repented of her awful purpose, no one could know it, for the bamboos repressed every struggle, and the shouting of the spectators drowned every cry.

On the occurrence of the first death among the converts, when Goluk passed away in the full hope of the Gospel, it became needful to establish precedents for Christian burial. The wretched Portuguese "pobrees," who bore the coffins at European funerals in Calcutta, were despised by everybody. On the other hand, it was defilement to a Hindoo to touch the dead body of a person of inferior caste. The matter was clearly explained to the little Church, and at the appointed time, Marshman and Felix Carey, with Bhyrub, a Brahmin of purest blood, and Peeroo, a baptised Mahomedan, walked along the street bearing upon their shoulders the muslin-draped coffin of the poor Sudra. Singing a Christian hymn in Bengali, and followed by an astonished multitude, they carried the body to the new burial-ground they had just purchased. As is well known, the native custom is not to bury the dead, but to cremate them in the "Burning Ghâts" beside the river amidst horrible scenes and indescribable smells.

As they went about amongst the people, the missionaries found that there was a great deal of scepticism flourishing, even in the very strongholds of superstition. They came upon whole communities in different places, who avowed amongst themselves contempt for the gods, for the Brahmins, and for the whole system of caste, but who yet, for social reasons, considered it expedient to live in outward conformity to the religion of the country. Many of this class came gladly to talk with Carey and his associates. They would listen with interest, and express approval of the Gospel, but when its personal claims were pressed on them, they became either indifferent or

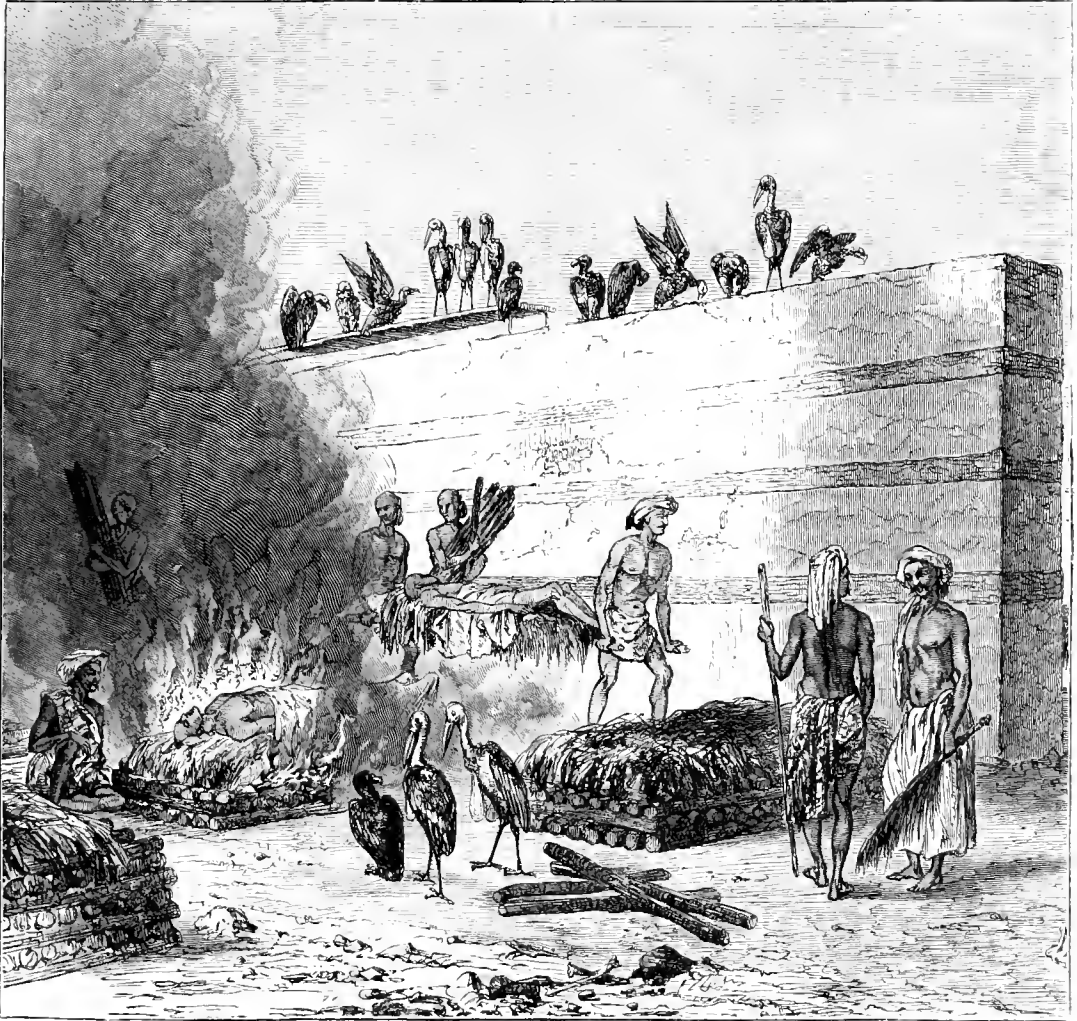
violently opposed to it, except when it came home to their hearts with the convicting power of the Holy Spirit.

Still the Gospel made progress, and the Brahmins became irritated, and did what they could to hinder. Sometimes they got the people to shout and laugh, and make a disturbance during preaching. The converts showed remarkable patience and meekness under the insolence and abuse which they had daily to suffer as they passed along the streets. More than once they were severely beaten, and pelted with filth. One convert was dragged from his home by the chief Bengalee in the village, and tied for several hours to the pillar of an idol temple, whilst almost smothered with the dirt and cow-dung that had been thrown at him. In all their business relations, the converts were made to feel that they were outcasts—to obtain ground to build on, or a house to rent, was, for any of them, a matter of the greatest difficulty. But Carey and his friends were cheered at seeing the work growing in spite of all hindrances. The little band of converts increased, and the leavening influence of the mission, by means of itinerant preaching and the distribution of tracts, spread far and wide.

It will not be needful to recount in detail the history of the Serampore Mission as regards its frequent troubles with the authorities. The Government policy with reference to the work changed from time to time, as the friends or enemies of the cause gained an ascendancy in the direction of affairs. Then, too, there were occasional differences with the Home Society, which could not possibly realise the actual circumstances of the mission. We must, however, as far as possible, confine our attention to the scenes and incidents that more immediately illustrate the main purposes of our work.

In January, 1804, Felix Carey (now acknowledged as one of the missionaries) and Mr. John Chamberlain, recently arrived from England, went with several native helpers to the great annual fair of Ganga Saugar, held on an island at the mouth of the Hooghly. On arriving they found the shore covered with an immense number of boats of all kinds. Many of these had brought merchants and hawkers anxious to make profit out of the occasion, but a vast number of persons had come to receive blessings from the Goddess Ganga. Of these, many had been journeying for four or five months, to bathe at the right time and place in the sacred stream. Conspicuous everywhere were disgusting-looking creatures, with hair and beard of an enormous length, devotees of special sanctity. Close by the shore an immense and populous city had sprung up in a few days. In the long lanes of tents and booths were displayed all the productions of the East—coarse native cloth, costly muslin from Dacca, shawls from Kashmir—side by side with hardware from Birmingham or Sheffield. Crowds of people were bathing in the river, or worshipping Ganga with ceremonious prostrations, and laying their offerings of flowers and fruits at the river's brink for the goddess to take to herself with the returning tide. Formerly it had been common for many worshippers to sacrifice themselves, or their children, to the sharks and alligators that abounded in the vicinity, but the recent English law forbidding it, and enforced by the presence of fifty Sepoys, was obeyed, and the three days of mingled adoration, business, and pleasure, participated in by 100,000 persons, passed over without the sacrifice of a single victim. When the vast assembly dispersed, innumerable baskets filled with the holy mud were

carried away on men's shoulders to remote distances. But while thus serving Gauga they were also unknowingly spreading a knowledge of the true God, for they carried with them copies of the New Testament, which the missionaries had been freely distributing, into towns and villages hundreds of miles away, where the glad news of the Gospel had never before penetrated.



HINDOO CREMATION.

“Bathing in the Ganges,” says the Rāmāyana, “will destroy all sins past, present, and future.” But the Ganges is 1,500 miles long, so it may well be asked, Why all this crowding to Saugar Island, near its mouth? It was on this island, as the old legend declares, that the holy saint Kapila turned into a heap of ashes some princes who disturbed his meditation. Hoping to restore them to life, the king their father resigned his throne and gave himself up to religious duties. His son, grandson, and great-grandson.

carried on the work of expiation, which could only be perfected when Ganga should condescend to come down from the snow-clad Himalayas that formed the buttresses of heaven, and revivify the royal ashes with her divine touch. Furious at being disturbed by these long-persistent entreaties, Ganga first jumped on the head of her husband Siva. But the coils of his hair held her fast till she had cooled down, and then she set out on her long journey. No sooner had she touched the ashes, than the princes sprang to life, and were carried in chariots of gold to heaven. And so it is still the correct thing for Hindoos to visit Saugar Island, if possible, during three commemoration-days in January. The more intelligent enjoy it as a pleasure trip, but to the larger number it is still a cleansing from all sin through Ganga's healing touch.

The departure of Lord Wellesley from Calcutta in 1805, and the death of the friendly Danish governor of Serampore in the same year, were severely felt by the mission. Excuses were soon found for hindering its work. A thatched chapel had been built in the Bow bazaar at Calcutta, and not only the missionaries, but also Rammohun, a converted Brahmin, preached there. There was great excitement and some indignation in consequence—the preachers were followed by crowds, and denounced as they passed along the streets. At this juncture, Messrs. Chater and Robinson came out to join the mission, but only just escaped being shipped straight back to England. Chater and Felix Carey afterwards founded the mission in Burmah, of which we shall tell the story in another chapter. Very cramped in their efforts for some time were Carey and his fellow-workers, especially when news came of the Vellore mutiny. Persuaded by emissaries from Tippoo's dethroned family, that the introduction of a new military turban strongly resembling a European hat, was a sign that Christianity was about to be forced upon them, the garrison of Vellore rose in the dead of night and murdered their colonel and over a hundred English officers and privates. Four hundred of the mutineers were massacred in return, and, ignoring the ill-judged turban regulation and the perfidy of Tippoo's sons, the authorities attributed all the trouble to the presence of missionaries in the country. Peremptory orders were sent to Carey and his colleagues to desist at once from all efforts outside Serampore—a harsh edict which was only by slow degrees relaxed and modified.

Meanwhile the eyes of the Christian world were turned towards Serampore as the Gospel citadel of Northern India. To the translating, printing, teaching, preaching, there was no cessation. Carey went to and fro between the mission-house and his professorial chair at Fort William. When the College was reconstructed, his salary was doubled ("Very good for the mission," he quietly remarked). The degree of Doctor of Divinity came to him unasked, as a tribute of esteem from an American University.

As soon as it seemed safe to do so, the missionaries resumed their evangelising journeys into the adjacent provinces, and year by year gathered a few converts into the fold. The position which this little Christian garrison came to occupy in the mission-field is thus graphically described by Miss Yonge: "Every missionary to the East Indies, whether belonging to their own society or not, was certain to visit and hold counsel with them, as the veterans of the Christian army in India, and the men most

experienced in the character and language of the natives; they were the prime leaders and authorities in all that concerned the various vernacular translations of the Scriptures, and their example was as a trumpet-call to others to follow them in their labours; while all the time the simplicity, humility, self-denial, and activity of the men themselves remained unspoiled."

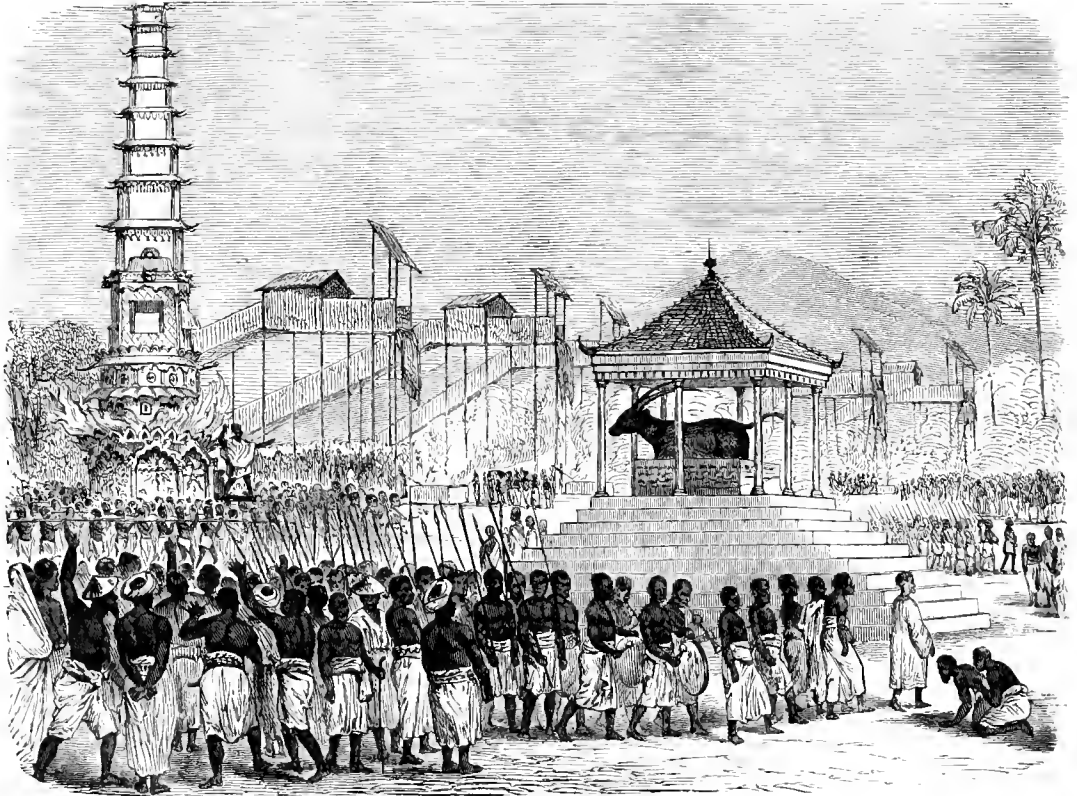
The effect of their grand example upon the Christian Churches of England and America was indeed conspicuous. To careless indifference about the claims of the heathen, succeeded a very prevalent sympathy with the cause. Missionary societies and missionary reports became prominent features of religious life, and many a young apostle gave himself up to the Master's service, through hearing of the self-sacrificing labours of Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

There was one monstrous development of heathenism, for the overthrow of which the Serampore missionaries were unremitting in their efforts for many years. This was the horrible institution of Suttee—the self-immolation of women upon the burning piles that were consuming the bodies of their deceased husbands. The burden that rested upon Carey's soul after beholding one of the scenes, as already narrated, was through long years fully shared by his brethren. But our countrymen in India for the most part regarded these awful rites with indifference, or, in many cases, even with admiring interest, as picturesque and romantic customs which the "mild Hindoo" should be left to regulate in his own fashion. Carey called upon the Government to prohibit Suttee as a crime. He and his fellow-labourers set to work to call attention to the fearful prevalence of widow-burning. By sending agents from village to village they obtained evidence proving that, within thirty miles of Calcutta, *more than three hundred widows had been burned alive within a period of six months.*

The next thing to do was to set the Pundits at the College to work on the Shastras, and these learned gentlemen reported that Suttee was nowhere enjoined as a duty, but simply encouraged as a virtuous sacrifice. All this information was duly laid before the Government in 1804, and the missionaries earnestly entreated that a law might be passed totally forbidding the practice referred to. They asserted their firm conviction that such a law, once proclaimed, would be as quietly accepted as had been the edict forbidding human sacrifices at Ganga Saugar. But unworthy counsels prevailed, and for a quarter of a century the missionaries tried in vain to save the women of India from this fiery death. During that prolonged delay, *at least 70,000 more victims perished in the flames.* When public feeling in England was roused against the inhuman custom, the Court of Directors pleaded that it was needful to wait for its gradual extinction to be brought about by civilising influences. But in 1828 Lord William Bentinck went to Calcutta as Governor-General, with the fixed resolve that Suttee should cease as soon as possible. The necessary steps were speedily taken, and before the end of 1829, a law was passed making Suttee illegal, and rendering those who attempted to take part in it punishable in the criminal courts.

A copy of the Act in English was sent to Dr. Carey by the Government, to be translated into Bengali, in order that it might be published in both languages on the same day. It reached him on Sunday morning, just as he was going to his pulpit.

“No pulpit for me to-day!” he joyfully exclaimed; and some one else was soon found to minister to the needs of the congregation, while Carey sat down with his Pundit to translate the Act, with the knowledge that every day’s delay meant the sacrifice of six or eight more lives. Through the Sabbath hours (never more truly kept holy) Carey and his helper worked on until the evening, and then the Bengali version was ready for transmission to the Government. It was speedily promulgated, and native society was electrified at the promptness and uncompromising decision of the new law.



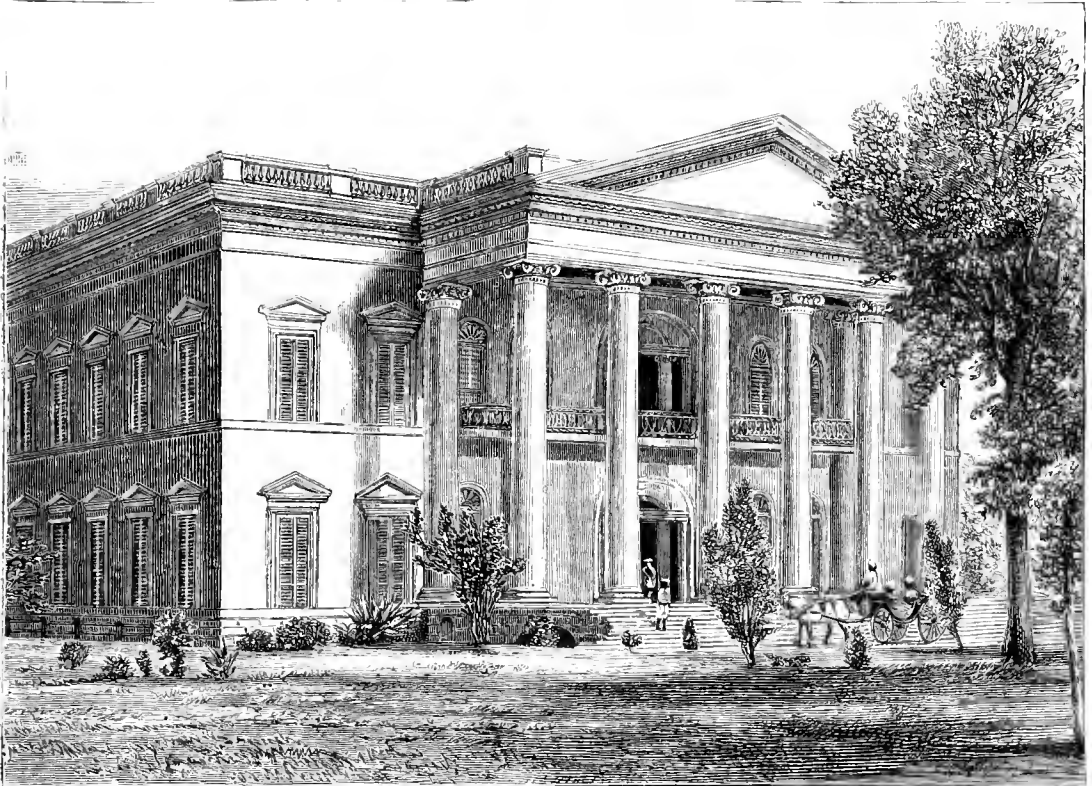
SUTTEE.

A number of Hindoos, and even of *Europeans*, petitioned the Government to repeal the measure, pleading that self-immolation was a sacred duty, and a high privilege. They denounced the Act as a violation of England’s compact with India that there should be no interference with Hindoo rites and customs. But Lord William Bentinck was firm, and the malcontents appealed to the Privy Council in England, where they induced Dr. Lushington to prostitute his talents to their infamous cause. But the appeal was dismissed, and this great deed of humanity, so long delayed, at last received the stamp of Imperial authority.

After twelve weary years of alternating melancholy and madness, poor Mrs. Carey died in 1807. As the wife of a shoemaker who knew his business, and could stick to it, she might have lived long and happily. But all that she got through her husband’s

glorious aspirations, which she was utterly incapable of understanding, was starvation, ridicule, exile, disease, and death. Her husband watched over her till the close with tenderest care. His second wife was a pious and cultured gentlewoman, who for thirteen years enhanced his joys, sympathised in his anxieties, and aided him in all good works. He subsequently married a widow, who was the affectionate companion of his declining years.

It was a sad blow to the mission when, in March, 1812, the printing office was



COLLEGE OF SERAMPORE.

burned down, and the result of years of toil destroyed in a few hours. It had never been so fully stocked as at that time. Twelve hundred reams of paper just received from England, a quantity of English type, and fourteen complete Eastern founts, all perished. The fire-engine was as yet unknown in India, and for hours the fire seemed to mock at the puny efforts that were made to extinguish it, till, at midnight the missionaries and their helpers could only stand back and watch the steady column of flame that only died away when all was consumed. Besides valuable manuscripts, the pecuniary loss to the mission was at least £7,000. Yet, even as they gazed on the ruins, "a feeling of solemn serenity," says Dr. Marshman, "seemed to pervade and strengthen every heart."

Dr. Carey was at Calcutta, and was at first speechless when the dismal tidings

were brought to him next morning by Dr. Marshman. But, with dauntless energy, the work of restoration was promptly carried forward. Mr. Ward, searching amongst the wreckage, found the punches and matrices uninjured: an adjacent empty building was fitted up as an office; the Pundits were set to work translating; the type-casters worked night and day by relays, and in thirty days two versions were again in the press. In six weeks three more founts were complete, and it was not long before the press was in full operation.

The money loss was soon made up. Mr. Thomasson, of Calcutta, a warm and generous friend of the mission, raised £800 in a day or two after the fire, for pressing needs. When the news reached England, the entire amount was raised in sixty days. Printed slips from the new types were marked, "Feathers of the Phoenix," and widely circulated. The fire, and the way in which the disaster was overcome, raised the Serampore Mission to a height of celebrity which it had never before attained. There were still trials in store for it—the opposition of enemies and the misunderstandings of friends—but these matters it would be tedious to detail. Suffice it to say, that through all the mission lived on and prospered, and the variety and extent of its labours became augmented as years passed. A few incidents of a personal character only remain to be briefly touched upon.

In 1821, who should come on a visit to the mission but Serfojee, the pupil of Schwartz, actually journeying from his southern home on pilgrimage to Benares! With all his advantages and enlightenment, he was still only an admirer of Christianity. He was very much interested in the work done by the missionaries, but thought it best to ensure his own spiritual safety by continuing his pilgrimage to the sacred city.

The next year was a disastrous one in Bengal. First the cholera, and then a very fatal form of fever, were fearfully prevalent. Hindoo superstition busied itself in all sorts of ceremonies and services, to propitiate the Goddess of Destruction. One of the victims of the pestilence was Krishnu-Pal, the first convert, who had proved his sincerity by twenty years of consistent Christian life. In 1823, the cholera snapped the chain which for three-and-twenty years had bound Carey and Marshman and Ward in a sacred communion of life and works; the "serious printer" was taken from the scene of his unceasing labours. One day he was writing in the office, but was too ill to finish the letter he had begun, and before the next afternoon he was a corpse. Dr. Marshman was afflicted with temporary deafness; he could only watch his dying comrade, but could not hear a word. The death of Ward—an amiable Christian who never made an enemy, a fluent preacher in Bengali, and possessing a greater knowledge of native habits and customs than either of his colleagues: and, withal, a clear-headed, practical man of business—was a severe blow to the mission. "I never did anything, I never published a page, without consulting him," writes Dr. Marshman: and both he and Carey were much depressed.

In the same year Dr. Carey was brought to the gates of death by an accident to the hip-joint, through a stumble when landing from a boat. For six months he walked with the crutches which are on view in the Serampore Museum. While he was still

a prisoner through his accident, the country beside the Hooghly was flooded by the bursting of a rain-swollen mountain torrent through its banks. Dr. Carey's botanic garden was submerged, and the result of years of care and patient labour was swept away in a single night. The streets of Serampore were five feet deep in water. The river bank gave way, and the waters were soon rolling past, within ten feet of Carey's bedroom. He removed to the College, and in a few days saw his house totally disappear into the river. The Hindoos declared that the missionaries were now feeling the vengeance of Ganga, with whose worship and sacrifices they had interfered; and old men pointed out that the first piece of the river-bank to give way, was the very spot where the first convert had been baptised.

Dr. Marshman visited England in 1826, and tried to do battle with the adverse influences that were hindering the work of the mission. He had delightful interviews with John Foster, Robert Hall, Hannah More, and other leaders of religious thought, but the brightest portion of his sojourn in his native land was his flying visit to Wiltshire. With ecstacy, he saw once more the Old White Horse carved on the sloping down near his birthplace; he mingled in the meeting-house with companions of his boyhood, and was delighted to hear them address him in the old familiar way as "Joshua." We need not detail the hard terms which Dr. Marshman was compelled to accept on behalf of the mission from the parent society, but he returned to Serampore "looking fifteen years older," and, side by side, he and Carey laboured on for seven years longer, abundantly blessed in their work, but chastened with many trials.

The end was, however, approaching. In 1833 and 1834, Dr. Marshman was at times prostrated with nervous depression and melancholy. He recovered in time to soothe the dying hours of Carey, who, worn out with forty years of incessant labour in the climate of Bengal, passed to the eternal rest. Apart from these abundant missionary labours, his life had been one of constant anxiety and toil, while his early domestic trials had left their indelible mark. Carey was revising the Bengali translation of the Scriptures, and worked hard at the proof-sheets when scarcely able to sit at the desk. But he had ever longed that he might not live to be useless, and that as soon as he was unable to work, he might be taken. There were, however, several months of patient waiting on the bed of death, during which time Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, were frequent visitors. No shade of anxiety disturbed his peaceful close, and on June 9th, 1834, he gently breathed his last.

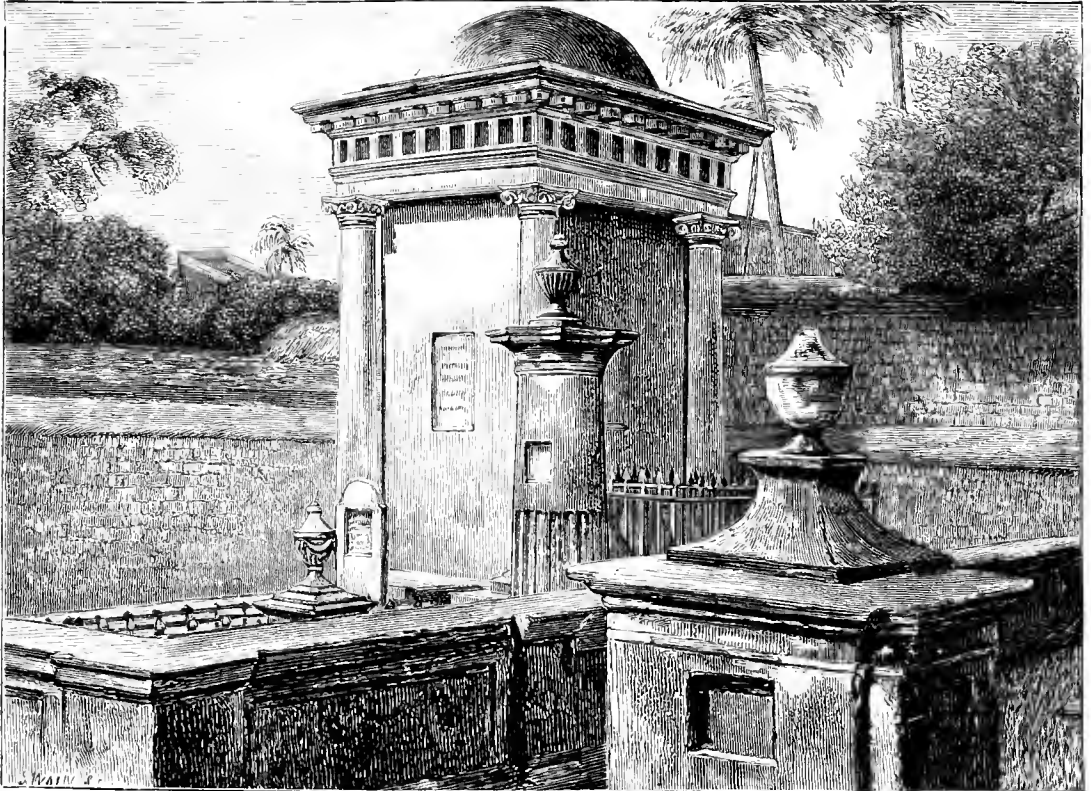
Within twenty-four hours the body was carried forth from the principal's house beside the college, and along the streets between long lines of Hindoo and Muslim poor, who knew that they had lost their best earthly friend. The coffin was followed by the native Christians, and by representatives of the highest dignitaries in Church and State, up the right bank of the Hooghly to the Cemetery. From Barrackpore, on the other side of the river, the procession was watched by Lady Bentinck, one of Carey's most devoted friends. The Danish Governor attended the funeral, and above the town the flag of Denmark hung half-mast high.

A tall domed square block now marks the resting-place of Carey and most of

his family. The inscription on his tomb, in accordance with his own explicit instructions was simply—

WILLIAM CAREY,
BORN AUGUST 17, 1761; DIED JUNE 9, 1834.
"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

For three years longer Dr. Marshman survived—grieving for the loss of his friends,



TOMB OF DR. CAREY.

threatened at intervals with the return of mental debility, and worried with financial difficulties. But though, as he wrote, "everything was tinged with the black hue of melancholy," he struggled on bravely to the last. In 1836 he was failing rapidly, when a family calamity gave a great shock to his system and hastened his departure. A member of the congregation, Lieutenant Havelock, afterwards known to fame as Sir Henry Havelock, had married Dr. Marshman's daughter. Mrs. Havelock was residing at Landour during her husband's absence, and one night was roused from sleep to find the bungalow in flames. Claspings her babe to her bosom, she tried to rush through the encircling fire, but stumbled and fell fainting on the verandah. A faithful native

servant threw his blanket round her, and carried her to a neighbouring hut, but the poor baby was burnt to death. Lieutenant Havelock hurried from the camp to his desolate home, and found his wife apparently dying. He wrote to Dr. Marshman, to prepare him for the fatal news, and then, through some interruption of the mails, the good old man heard no more of his daughter for three days. They were three days of agonising suspense, during which Dr. Marshman did nothing but walk about the house, now and then talking incoherently, and watching incessantly for the postman. Then came the joyful news that his daughter was recovering, but the sudden ecstasy could not atone for those three days of suffering. He seldom smiled again; his bodily frame grew weaker, his spirits were depressed, and the terribly hot season of 1837, when the thermometer in his chamber was above blood-heat at four in the afternoon, brought the end rapidly nearer. But in all his weakness and depression his spirit was fervent, hopeful, loving to the last. Less than a week before his death he was conveyed to the chapel, where he gave out the favourite hymn of the three great men whose story we have been relating—a hymn long known as “the chant of the Serampore Missionaries”—

“Oh Lord our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.”

A few days afterwards he peacefully breathed his last, without sigh or groan, just as the negotiations were being completed in London for the reunion of the Serampore Mission with the General Baptist Mission, from which it sprang.

They buried Dr. Marshman near his colleagues, and above his grave there is a covered tomb where the visitor may rest from the heat of the sun, and enjoy the hallowed associations of the spot. The domed tomb of Ward is not far off.

VIII.—WITH THE RED INDIANS.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN ELIOT AND THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Spanish Supremacy—Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Richard Grenville—Religion of the Red Indians—Sir Walter Raleigh—Little Baddow, in Essex—Eliot sails for Boston—Among the Iroquois—The “Praying Indians”—The Curse of Drink—Formation of Indian Settlements—Converts—Martha’s Vineyard—Major Gookin—Whites and Reds—Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians.

IN the early part of the sixteenth century, our ancestors, long impatient of the encroachments of the Church of Rome on their rights and personal freedom, were preparing themselves for the events of 1534, when the Church of England was formally severed from the parent Church. The cause of Protestantism being then in their hands, they found themselves continually in antagonism with the great Catholic power of Spain: and the history of the hundred years succeeding the discovery of America, is a record of the two powers wrestling with each other in every quarter of the globe for the mastery, the one laying deep the foundations of her future influence and greatness, the other just entering upon the downward career which was to bring her low in the eyes of the world. Every new colonisation of territory by the British, was looked upon as a blow to Spanish supremacy, and as a place providentially saved for ever from the errors of the Church of Rome. When the Church of England emerged from the ordeal of the Marian persecution, and once more held up her head as the Church of the land, she immediately commenced, with an energy not unlike that of the adventurous Englishmen who had already crossed the ocean, to add the unknown lands in the far west to the dominions of the Cross.

The “carriage of God’s Word into those very mighty and vast countrys” was stated as the express object of the expedition under Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. Two years afterwards Sir Richard Grenville followed, accompanied by the zealous Thomas Hariot, whose efforts on behalf of the spiritual welfare of the Indians were indefatigable. In his own account of his labours—the first public record of missionary efforts—he speaks of the sense of inferiority felt by the natives when viewing the guns, clocks, and instruments of the settlers, and he adds:—

“Many times, and in every towne where I came, according as I was able, I made declaration of the contents of the Bible: that therein was set fourth the true onely God and his mightie works; that therein was contained the true doctrine of saluation through Christ; with many particularities of miracles and chiefe points of religion, as I was able then to utter and thought fit for the time.”

This teaching was necessary, since, as with other native races, the Bible itself instead of its contents, was in danger of being worshipped. Nevertheless, Hariot mentions that a great chief, when “so grievously sick that he was like to die,” sent for some of the Christians, having lost faith in his own native priests, and

besought them to intercede for his life; or, if death awaited him, that he might be with God in Paradise.

The typical Red Indian is familiar to all as of a vindictive, war-loving disposition; wreaking vengeance on his captives by the exercise of the greatest cruelties man could devise. Torture was, indeed, looked upon as an art, and he who excelled in devising fresh modes of inflicting it might gain thereby the applause and respect of his fellows. In the constant wars between the Indians and the United States, officers were in the habit of carrying with them pocket-revolvers, which they might use as a last resort whereby to escape the treatment awaiting them if captured by their enemies.* When first made known to Europeans, the Indians were scattered throughout North America in seven distinct groups of tribes, each consisting of several sub-tribes, whilst between certain of them perpetual warfare existed. Amongst some of the southern tribes, civilisation seemed to be faintly dawning, and men were commencing to lead a more settled mode of life; in other tribes, nothing existed to curb the pursuit of the pleasures of the hour, and a roving, hunting life precluded all thought of provision for the morrow.

Their religious belief was of very little importance to them. Beyond a recognition of "the Great Spirit," and a belief in spirits generally, the exercise of religion occupied but a small place in their thoughts. Their priests were the well-known "medicine-men," whose power and influence over the aboriginal Indians the missionaries have always found it a difficult task to destroy.

With all their hostility to European civilisation, there was much which seemed to raise the Red Indians out of the ordinary groove of mere savages. The intelligence of their countenances, and the seriousness of their demeanour when engaged in following up a war-trail or in holding a council, betokened the possession of capabilities which might accomplish much if trained in a useful direction; while the solemnity which accompanied the smoking of the pipe of peace, and the sacredness of the compact sealed thereby, was second only to the respect paid to the white flag of truce in modern times.

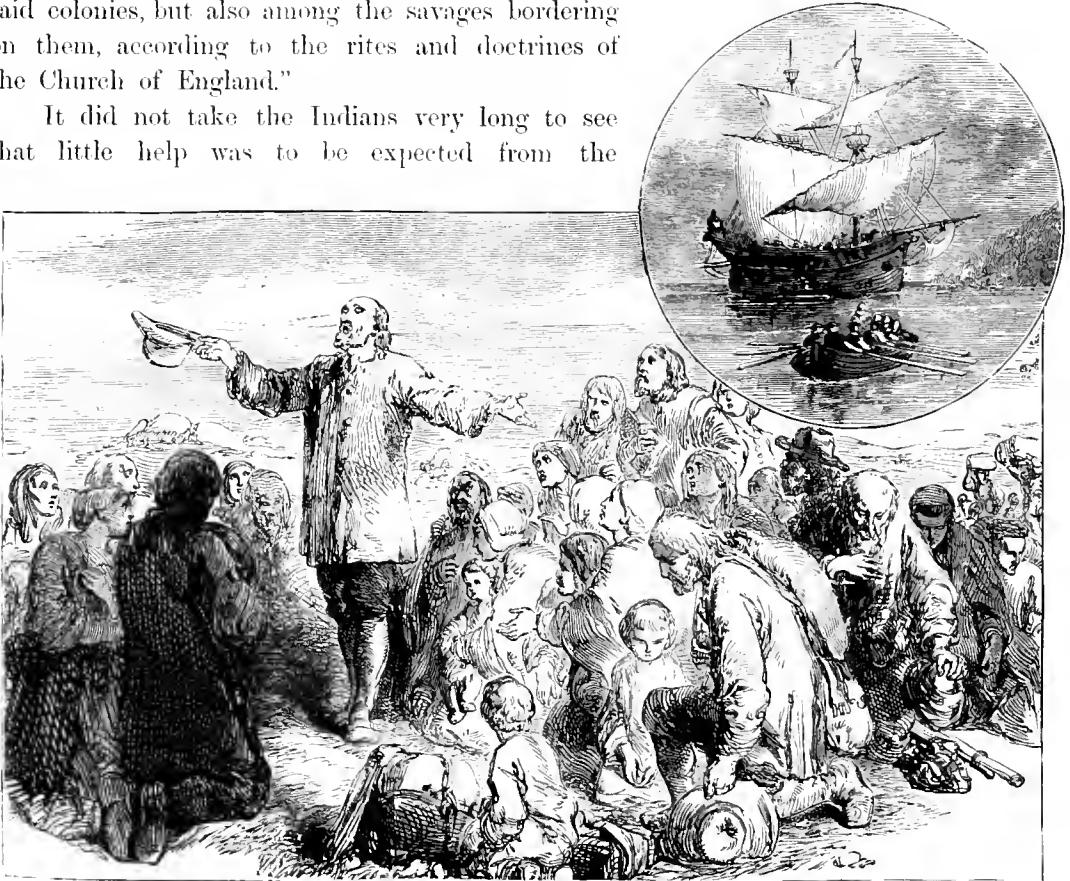
The Red Indians are thought to be descended from a white or yellow race, which emigrated from China and Japan, and mixed with the native race of America. A Choctaw tradition states that, a long time ago, the ancestors of the Red Men removed from beyond the great river and the mountains of snow, occupying many years on the journey. They were led by a great medicine-man, who carried a red pole, which he placed in the ground every night. In the morning it was found leaning towards the east. They followed its direction until it was found upright, and there the Great Spirit directed them to live.

It was to this interesting race that British pioneer missionaries commenced, early in the seventeenth century, to carry the tidings of the Gospel. Stimulated by discoveries made along the coast of the present United States, companies were inaugurated for the colonisation of the lands as they were made known. In this way, settlements in Maine and Virginia were among the earliest to be formed. Sir Walter Raleigh's enthusiasm

* Dodge's "Hunting Grounds."

in the cause of Protestantism was shown by his bequest of one hundred pounds sterling to the work of Christianising the natives of the latter colony, the first missionary legacy which the English Church has on record. Among the ordinances for the government of these settlements was one which required that the "Word and Service of God" should be "preached, planted, and used, not only in the said colonies, but also among the savages bordering on them, according to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England."

It did not take the Indians very long to see that little help was to be expected from the



LANDING OF THE PURITAN FATHERS AT MASSACHUSETTS.

majority of the Colonists. They had come rather to help themselves. Pushing more and more inland, they encroached on the hunting grounds of the natives, who resented the continual interference with their ancient rights, until at last violence was used, and the arbitrament of war decided between White and Red. The cupidity of the settlers, and the vindictiveness of the Red Men, proved serious drawbacks to the propagation of Christianity amongst the aborigines.

There were not wanting, however, men who still remembered the duty which they owed to those they were displacing. In the south the Virginian Company were at some pains to spread the Gospel; while in Maine, short-lived though the original Colony was, the clergymen who accompanied the planters did something towards the

accomplishment of the same object. In 1620, the Puritan Fathers landed at Massachusetts, and proceeded to take up the task which, though successful in the south, had come to be neglected in the sister colony in the north. In Virginia, affairs had prospered, and the missionaries of the English Church were anxious for the establishment of an Indian school and college. To this end, a "King's Letter" was issued by James I., authorising collections to be made in all the parishes throughout England, "as well for ye enlarging of our Dominions, as for the propagation of ye Gospell amongst Infidels, wherein there is good progresse made, and hope of further increase." Large sums of money were collected in 1619, 1620, and 1621, some thousands of acres of land were set apart for the use of the proposed school, and the college was reared. A zealous clergyman was placed at its head, and great results seemed likely to accrue. But the Indians were already growing jealous of the English settlements, and the fair prospect which was opening out before them was darkened by the massacre of nearly three hundred and fifty whites at the instigation of a chief named Opecheanough, who in order to carry out his treacherous designs had expressed a desire for Christian teaching.

War immediately followed; the settlers vowed extermination to the Indians, the efforts of the clergymen were neutralised, and the discouragement caused by this unfortunate affair retarded for some years missionary efforts among the Indians.

Meanwhile, events were happening at the village of Little Baddow, in Essex, which were to exercise an important influence on the Indians. In the quiet household of Mr. John Hooker, the master of the Grammar School, there was great excitement and consternation. Mr. Hooker's careful attention had always been devoted to the religious training of his pupils; and his young assistant, John Eliot, had received the deepest religious impressions from his teaching. But Hooker had fallen under the ban of the bishop of his diocese. Being a strict Puritan, and looking with horror on many of the rites and practices of the English Church, he had found himself unable to fulfil the tests put to him by the bishop, and had in consequence been refused a licence to act any longer as schoolmaster. Deprived of his means of livelihood, ruin stared him in the face. Misfortune fell not less heavily on his assistant, young Eliot, who had steadily looked forward to the time when he could take holy office upon himself. But, as an unordained person, he was absolutely prohibited by law from preaching in public, and with that resolution which marked him through all the vicissitudes of a long life, he decided, when twenty-seven years of age, to seek in the New World that freedom of action and of conscience which he sought in vain in the Old.

Accordingly, he sailed in November, 1631, in the good ship *Lyon*, bound for Boston, accompanied by a party of sixty emigrants. On his arrival, he had not long to wait for an engagement, being sought after by the representatives of a congregation at Roxbury, near Boston, whose pastor had gone to England with the intention of finally settling his affairs.

Eliot seems to have made a very favourable impression on those to whom he had been called to preach; and when their pastor returned, they earnestly requested Eliot to remain as assistant minister. This, however, he refused, as he was but the forerunner of a party of Englishmen who were about to form a new settlement.

In less than a year his flock arrived, and preparations were made for the new settlement. Mr. Eliot then took up the pastorate, having been ordained after the Presbyterian custom.

It was while engaged in ministering, with a free, unfettered conscience, to his fellow-colonists, that his heart first warmed with sympathy towards the poor red-skins, whose wigwams were to be seen scattered around. He had probably no intention of becoming a missionary pioneer when first he parted from his mother country; but he no sooner saw the miserable condition in which the Indians lived, the vagueness of their religious belief, and the degraded social condition of the women as the slaves of their husbands, than he conceived a plan by which they might be collected into settlements of their own, and taught to abandon their roving life: by this means he hoped that he might be able to minister to their spiritual needs, as well as to bring prominently before them the advantages to be derived from habits of Christian civilisation. But before he could put these humanitarian views into practice, he had to master the native language, and during fifteen years of patient labour amongst his people at Roxbury, he devoted much time to this object.

In the meantime, the relations between the settlers and the natives were undergoing rapid change. At first received with open arms by the Indians, the English had been content rather to remain on sufferance than to entertain any future schemes of acquiring territory. Used to privation from the first, they were free to act in accordance with the dictates of conscience in religious matters, and this was considered sufficient recompense for the hardships and difficulties which had to be encountered in their new homes. But there were some, and their numbers soon increased to a large majority, who, possessing but a nominal Christianity, pursued their object of self-aggrandisement at the expense of the natives, and were not slow to take advantage, by might or right, of any opportunity which offered itself.

To such as these we may safely ascribe the cause of the disturbances which took place on the frontiers during the five years following Mr. Eliot's arrival. The surrounding country was peopled by a tribe known as the Pequots, a branch of the Iroquois nation. Murders had been committed by some of them, but a treaty had been entered into on condition of their delivering up the murderers. In spite of this, the commission of cruelties continued, until at last the colonists, assisted by the friendly Mohicans and Narragansets, drove the Pequots from the territory; and by the slaughter of many hundreds of them in 1637, in what is known as the "Great Swamp Fight," secured for themselves a period of thirty-eight years of comparative peace. During this time, much progress was made in the Colony, and Mr. Eliot was enabled to carry on with great success his truly Christian projects for the religious and temporal welfare of the Red Indians.

Having, by the aid of a native, learned "this exotick language," and with much patience and skill constructed a grammar of the same, he commenced, in 1646, that great work among the aborigines which is indelibly associated with his name. The difficulties to be overcome in the acquisition of the native language may be recognised when it is learnt that the word "loves," translated into Iroquois, becomes

noowomantamooukannanonash, and *kremmoykolonattootunnootiteatongquennanonash* corresponds to our word "question."*

On October 28th, 1646, Eliot convoked a meeting of Indians who were interested in the habits and religion of the whites, at a place not far distant from his own house. He and the friends who accompanied him were met by a man named Waban, or the Wind, and conducted to a large wigwam, where the well-disposed chiefs of the tribe had assembled. To these he discoursed for an hour and a quarter with astonishing energy, on the text, "Can these dry bones live?" Eliot prayed that the four winds of heaven might give life to the dry bones of Indian religion, and breathe into it the breath of life.

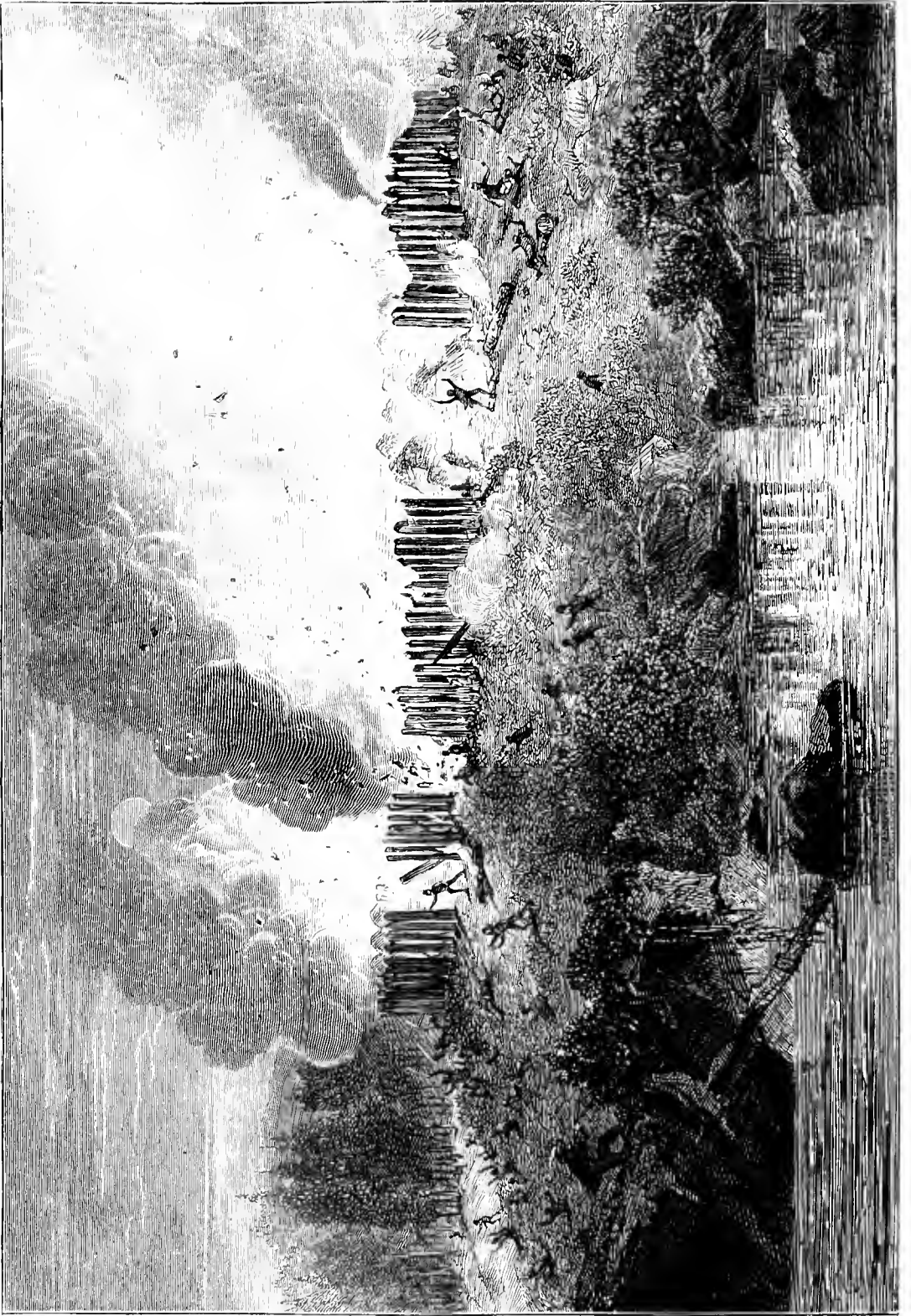
After a conference of about three hours, Eliot returned home highly pleased with the success of his first visit to the natives. Having been invited to repeat it, he did so many times, with good effect. He now applied to the Court of Massachusetts for a grant of land, in order that the "Praying Indians" might settle there and live together, and enjoy civilised life. This was granted, and a number of them shortly after met and drew up laws for their future government. The town was called "Noonatomen," or "Rejoicing," and Mr. Eliot taught them how to surround it with a ditch and to build a stone wall, supplying them as best he could with the necessary tools. He said, with much force, "I feel it absolutely necessary to carry on civility with religion," a principle which now, perhaps, scarcely needs enunciating, but the truth of which, we may be sure, was not then so apparent.

Want of means was the great obstacle to carrying out to the full his ideas of the great possibilities which lay before the Indian race. Almost entirely dependent on his own resources, it was with a spirit of deep gratitude that he occasionally received the collections made at Christian churches, or a donation from some one of his many admirers. Hearing of the success of the Indians at Noonatomen, their countrymen in the neighbourhood of Concord sent a request to Mr. Eliot that he would come and preach to them. They then begged from the Government the grant of a piece of land, and proceeded to build themselves a town. Their Sachems, or chiefs, and other principal men, then met, and drew up certain laws which were to be observed in the new town.

Nowhere have the evils of drunkenness been more pronounced than amongst this savage though somewhat noble race. "Fire-water" was unknown to them until they were brought into contact with *civilised* nations. Christian knowledge was never yet propagated amongst the heathen without its preachers having first to contend with the terrible results brought about by the knowledge of the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors. The inferior broken-down Indian, who begged and roamed in and about the white men's settlements and towns, was but the wreck of the "magnificently grave, imperturbably patient savage, the slave of his word, and hospitable to the most scrupulous extent."† The irreparable harm done by the introduction of rum had been early recognised by the chiefs themselves, and in drawing up rules for guidance in the new

* Dr. Mather's "History of New England."

† C. M. Yonge's "Pioneers and Founders."



DESTRUCTION OF THE PEQUOT SETTLEMENT. (See p. 276.)

settlement, heavy fines were placed upon drunkenness. The Government of Massachusetts had greatly restricted the sale of spirits to the Indians, but "some ill-disposed people, for filthy lucre's sake, did sell unto them secretly, though the Indians will rarely discover these evil merchants; they do rather suffer whipping or fine than tell;"* and Mr. Eliot says, "These scandalous evils greatly blemish and intercept their entertainment of the Gospel, through the policy of Satan, who counter-worketh Christ that way, with not a little uncomfortable success."



JOHN ELIOT.

The pleasing results brought about by the collection of the Indians into settlements, and the approbation with which they regarded it, were attested by the fact that Mr. Eliot, in the next few years, had occasion to assist with his counsel in the building of several new Indian towns.

In 1649, the needs of the Indians, and the duties of the colonists towards them, were brought under the notice of the English House of Commons, which found time to pass an ordinance for the erection of a *Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England*, and ordered a collection to be made for it throughout England and Wales. Although supported by letters from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, however, and by exhortations from the pulpits to the people to

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

contribute liberally to the collection, it was thought to be merely a device for getting funds for Government at a time when money was scarce, and very little interest was felt in the Indians. A sufficient sum was, however, collected to purchase lands worth £500 or £600 a year, and with this the Society was enabled to assist Mr. Eliot in his projected settlement by building him an Indian college, and paying salaries to both himself and his preachers, as well as by buying tools for use in the different trades which he had taught the Indians.

In 1651 Mr. Eliot laid the foundations of the new town of Natick, on the banks of Charles River, whither the inhabitants from Noonatomen removed and assisted in the building of the houses. Two streets were built, one on either side of the river; these were connected by a bridge, constructed entirely by the Indians. In the midst was a circular fort, palisaded with trees, and a large English house, the upper part being used as a storehouse, with an apartment for Mr. Eliot's use when on a visit to the place. The site was secured to the Indians by deed, and Mr. Eliot instructed them in the art of self-government, giving them what he thought to be a truly Scriptural code, such as he hoped to see established at home under the Commonwealth.

He divided the Indians into hundreds and into tens, causing them to elect rulers for each division, on a plan similar to that employed in Great Britain in the early days of the Saxon kings. He then bound them by a solemn covenant to serve the Lord, and on the 24th of September, 1651, ratified it by a fast-day service. Public confession and humiliation occupied a great part of the time, after which the chiefs and people bound themselves to the covenant. The "blessed day," as Mr. Eliot called it, then ended with a collection for the poor and needy.

Shortly after, the town was visited by Governor Endicott, who was struck by the civilised appearance the place presented. He said, "I account this one of the best journeys I have made for many years."

In spite of the success which attended Mr. Eliot's endeavours, he was very careful to admit to Church fellowship only those who had given decided evidence of their Christianity. In 1652 he gathered his fellow-ministers together and requested them to examine his converts, and to judge of their sincerity. Each man spoke for himself and confessed his sins, no doubt in the figurative, roundabout manner common to Indians when discoursing in public. Consequently, Mr. Eliot felt himself constrained to own that their "enlargement of spirit" did make "the work longsome." The confessions were taken down in writing, and afterwards printed and published as the "Tears of Repentance." The book was dedicated to Oliver Cromwell, and was sent to England to be considered by the Society.

Even after such decided proofs of their sincerity, some years elapsed before Mr. Eliot deemed himself justified in admitting them to full Christian communion. A further meeting of the ministers of neighbouring churches took place for the purpose of examining the Indians, when several of them, having at length passed satisfactorily through this ordeal, were baptised and admitted to the Lord's Supper. This took place in 1660, nine years after the building of the settlement. Great strictness was, however,

still exercised, so that, after ten years of its incorporation, it consisted of only between forty and fifty members.

The enormous task which Eliot had undertaken in giving the Indians the Bible in their own language was now approaching completion. In 1661, the New Testament was issued from the press at Cambridge, in New England, and was followed in 1663 by the Old Testament. One copy of this literary masterpiece is still treasured in Yale College, while the tribes for whom it was designed have been long since scattered, their lands occupied by the white men, and their language lost for ever.

Eliot also published an Indian Grammar, and at the close of it added the memorable words, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything." He also translated works by Baxter, and his friend Shepard—primers, catechisms, and other useful works which occupied his time when not engaged amongst his own congregation.

Following the example of Mr. Eliot in Massachusetts, some ministers and others in the colony of New Plymouth engaged in the same noble undertaking amongst the native Indians. Mr. Bourne, of Sandwich, procured for them a grant of land at Mashpee, about fifty miles from Boston, and entailed the property to the Indians in perpetuity.

Mr. Eliot visited the settlement in 1666, and attended a large meeting, held in order that a number of Indians might publicly confess their faith in Christ. This visit was a source of extreme gratification to him, the Indians shortly afterwards being formed into a church, with Mr. Bourne as pastor.

Another important congregation of Indians was that at Martha's Vineyard. A Mr. Thomas Mayhew had obtained a grant of this and the neighbouring island of Nantucket and Elizabeth. Keenly alive to the destitution and want of the native Indians, whose land he and his countrymen were dispossessing, he encouraged his son to settle among them, and afterwards to become the pastor of the congregation which they formed. It was here that Mr. Eliot's idea of educating natives for the ministry first achieved success. John Hiacoomes, who was the first Indian convert, was placed at the head of the congregation, after having given pleasing proof of both his courage and devotion.

In 1649 a great meeting of Indians was held, attended by those who professed Christianity and those who were still heathens. Hiacoomes was present, ever ready and anxious to raise his voice on behalf of his God and Saviour. The authority of the "Powaws," or medicine-men, was debated, many asserting that their power to harm their enemies was undeniable. The question was asked, "Who does not fear the Powaws? There is no man who does not fear them."

When Hiacoomes heard this he rose to make reply. All eyes in the assembly were fixed upon him. Then came the words boldly from the lips of this Indian Christian—"Though they may hurt such as fear them, yet I trust in the Great God of Heaven and earth, and therefore all the Powaws in the world can do me no harm: I fear them not." Astonished by his bold words, many expected that immediate judgment would overtake him, but he remained unharmed, thereby proving to all present

the impotence of those he had defied. Before the end of the meeting, many came to him and besought him to teach them concerning his God; and at the close no fewer than twenty-two of the Indians had resolved to embrace the Christian religion. Many others refused any longer to be in subjection to the medicine-men, and were only too glad to be relieved of their fear for them.

The power which these men professed to have was not wholly disbelieved in by many of the whites. Some firmly believed that they were in league with the devil.



MEDICINE-MAN.

During the wars with the Indians, the dogs which guarded the settlements "would make a sad yelling if in the night they scented the approaches of them." They "therefore sacrificed a dog to the devil, after which no English dog would bark at an Indian for divers months ensuing." This was what many of the whites believed!

On the whole, Mr. Eliot was not very successful in his attempts to rear a native ministry. Two young Indians, Caleb and Joel, were sent to Harvard College, Cambridge. The latter was returning on a visit to his friends, when his vessel was wrecked on the island of Nantucket, and the whole of the ship's company drowned. Caleb, on the other hand, succeeded in taking his degree, but was unable long to bear the discipline and restraints of college life. He died shortly after, another example of those who, suddenly brought from a wild savage life into

habits of civilisation, were unable to bear the violent change. His constitution gave way under the confined and artificial life he was called upon to lead.

An Indian college established at Cambridge also failed, and Eliot was compelled to fall back on his own efforts, and to add to his work the task of lecturing to native students, and giving them the necessary education. In these designs he received great assistance from a magistrate, Major Gookin, who had been appointed by the Court of Massachusetts to hold a court of judicature in conjunction with the Christian chiefs. It was provided, amongst other things, that the Indians should give a tenth part of their produce towards the maintenance of their ministers.

Although still retaining charge of the church at Roxbury, Eliot was in the habit of going on a missionary excursion about once every fortnight, travelling to the various settlements in Massachusetts, and preaching on the way to those who were willing to hear. The hardships which travellers have to undergo in an unsettled country he encountered at every step. In writing to his friend, Mr. Winslow, he says:—"I have not been dry, night nor day, from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots,



MAYHEW AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. The rivers also were raised so as that we were wet in riding through them. But God steps in and helps

me. I have considered the exhortation of Paul to his son Timothy, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' with many other such like meditations."

Sometimes, when travelling alone, he came upon a band of Indians who absolutely refused to listen to him, and, indeed, threatened his life if he persisted in preaching the Gospel amongst them. The Sachems, jealous of their authority over the people, and the Powaws of the gain which their arts brought them, forbade the people to listen, and, indeed, told Eliot it was impertinent for him to come and interfere in matters of their religion. His reply was always the same—that his mission must be fulfilled, and that he must go on with his work.

At one time, a friend incautiously gave him the name of the "Indian Evangelist." This he protested against with great earnestness. He said: "I do beseech you to suppress all such things if ever you should have occasion of doing the like. Let us speak and do and carry all things with humility. It is the Lord who hath done what is done; and it is becoming to lift up Christ, and ourselves to lie low."

He was at great pains to win the affections of the Indians when on his journeys. The work of conversion amongst them was difficult, not only because of their language, but also because of their poverty and barbarous mode of life. Instead of receiving food and lodging from those to whom he ministered, it was necessary always to take with him his own provisions. "I never go unto them empty," he says, "but carry somewhat to distribute among them; and when they come to my house, I am not willing they should go away without some refreshment. Neither do I take any gratuity from them unrewarded; and indeed they do account, that they have nothing worth the giving unto me; only once, when I was up in the country, a poor creature came to me, as I was about to take horse, and shaking me by the hand, with the other thrust something into my hand. I looked what it was, and found it to be a pennyworth of wampum upon a straw's end. I, seeing so much hearty affection in so small a thing, kindly accepted it, only inviting him to my house, that I might show my love to him." *

In 1674, the year in which Mr. Eliot had reached the zenith of his success, there were fourteen towns inhabited by Christian Indians, seven of which were of old standing, while seven were known as the "New Towns." The number of Indians receiving Christian instruction was estimated at the same time to amount to about eleven hundred. He saw around him a new generation growing up, having the advantage of Christian supervision; and the ill-feeling which had existed forty years before between the Indians and the whites had, to his great satisfaction, been reduced to a minimum.

A cloud, however, now arose upon the horizon, which was destined to grow and cover the field of these noble missionary endeavours, and to create havoc amongst the congregations of praying Indians. A Sachem of great ability and cunning, called Philip by the English, had succeeded to the chieftaincy of the Wampanongs, who inhabited the country around Plymouth. It soon became apparent that he was endeavouring to unite the various tribes in an alliance against the white men.

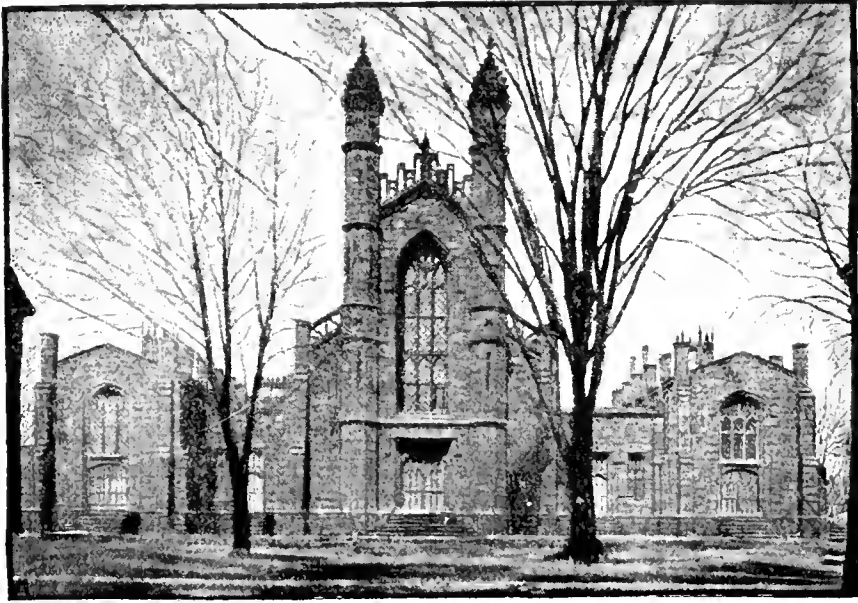
* Winslow's "Progress of the Gospel," quoted in Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

In 1675, he declared war against the English, and a reign of terror soon set in amongst the settlers throughout the country. Farmhouses were attacked in the dead of night, and the Indians swooped down upon defenceless villages, slaying and scalping, and sometimes carrying their prisoners away to be killed by being roasted over a slow fire.

A party of fifteen women and children had taken refuge in the farmhouse of a man named Tozer, at Newich-Wannock. The militia were called out, and many homesteads left unprotected. A body of Indians attacked the place, but were bravely kept outside the house by a girl of eighteen, who saw the enemy approaching. Having shut the door, she set her back against it, thus giving time for the others to escape by another door. These hurried to a building close by, which was better secured, but they were not a moment too soon. The Indians soon made short work of the door with their hatchets, and after knocking the girl down, believing her to be dead, turned in pursuit of the rest. These had in the meantime made good their escape, with the exception of two little children, who fell victims to the Indians.

Many houses were destroyed by Indian raids upon them, plantations were laid waste, and the alarm which the colonists felt soon begot the most bitter feelings of rage and revenge. Unfortunately, a few of the Christian Indians from the new praying-towns sided with Philip, although a large majority either took no part at all in the war, or joined the colonists, to whom they rendered good service. But the whites at first refused to acknowledge any distinction between Indian and Indian. All were alike their enemy; and all in common were objects of their hatred. The Government, indeed, regarded the Christian Indians as true and faithful servants, and did all they could to protect them from the vengeance of the settlers; but Major Gookin declared that when some of them were employed to negotiate with the hostile Indians, they had been, by the ill-treatment which they had received from the whites, "in a manner constrained to fall off to the enemy."

In August, 1675, a party of praying Indians was arrested and sent to Boston to be tried for some murders which had caused great alarm at Lancaster. The magistrates received satisfactory assurance of their innocence, but had great difficulty in protecting them from the violence of the mob, who longed to be revenged on all Indians who came within their grasp, whether Christian or otherwise. The town of Natick, on which Mr. Eliot had laboured so abundantly, was looked upon with great suspicion by those who wished the Indians no good. The Government, fearing that the place was scarcely safe from attacks by the whites, and that its continued existence was likely to lead to bloodshed, ordered Captain Prentiss to repair thither and remove the inhabitants to a spot which had been selected for them on Deer Island. The orders were enforced by a party of horsemen, and Eliot, now seventy-one years old, had to endure the pain of seeing the town which he had founded with so great promise of future results, and after so many years of prayerful meditation, ruined, and its homes broken up. It was a heartrending time for him. He lived to see the labours of his lifetime swept away by the relentless passions of his countrymen, at a time when he might reasonably have hoped to hand over the continuation of his work to another.



YALE COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XV.

DAVID BRAINERD.

A Scene at Yale College—Early Life of Brainerd—His Melancholy Temperament—The Indians at Kanaameek—Seasons of Depression—Self-denial—At the Forks of the Delaware—Introspection—A Revival at Crossweeksung—A School Opened—On the Banks of the Susquehannah—The Coming of the Lord's Chariot.

YALE COLLEGE was one day in a state of intense agitation. One of the students being trained for the ministry had been found guilty of the crime of insubordination, and sentence of expulsion was passed upon him for refusing to offer an apology for the offence he had committed.

In common with many of his fellows, he had felt the influence of the revival under Wesley and Whitfield, and was in a state of indiscreet enthusiasm. In the heat of a discussion he had said that one of his tutors "had no more grace than this chair I am leaning upon." The remark, overheard by a chattering student, was reported to the authorities, and the culprit was called upon to make public confession, and to withdraw the disrespectful expression. This he firmly declined to do, and the authorities felt it incumbent on them to exercise their power and expel the unfortunate but obstinate student.

The subject of their stern discipline was David Brainerd. He was born in 1718, at Haddam, in Connecticut, New England; his father, who was descended from one of the Pilgrim Fathers, being at the time one of the Council for the Colony. David was brought up in the rigid doctrines of Calvinism, and, as a child, was

went to withdraw himself from his fellows in order to engage in meditation in the solitude of the woods. Losing his father when only nine years of age, and his mother a few years afterwards, his young mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of preparation for death, and his constant prayer, when a youth, was that God would open a way for him to devote himself wholly to the Christian ministry. He was brought up on his brothers' farm, where he was engaged in agricultural pursuits until his twenty-first year. Then, having made considerable progress in learning during his spare moments, he entirely relinquished his farm work and devoted himself to study.

He went first to live with Mr. Fiske, the pastor at Haddam, in whom he found a friend congenial to his tastes, and was advised by him to withdraw from the company of those not similarly minded with himself, and to spend more time in private meditation. Brainerd was naturally of a melancholy temperament, consequent, to a great extent, on his feeble and delicate health, and the strivings of his heart after holiness and the sense of his own unworthiness weighed upon him with extraordinary power. No sooner did he seem, for a moment, to have attained assurance of salvation, than he was at once checked, and inwardly chastising himself for his presumption. The struggle between the two parts of his nature resulted in a state of deep physical depression, which, with alternating periods of spiritual joy, wore his frail body out and brought him to an early grave.

In the year 1739, he became a student at Yale College. During his close application to study his health broke down, his lungs became affected, and he was sent home to die. He, however, providentially recovered and returned to the college, when the unfortunate event occurred to which we have referred, and which caused him many a bitter hour afterwards.

It was, indeed, a serious affair for a man of his ambition and enthusiasm, and a number of ministers, including Mr. John Wesley, petitioned for his restoration. This was refused, and when, some time afterwards, he sent a most humble acknowledgment of his offences to the authorities, they still denied him forgiveness. Brainerd remained undaunted, and applied himself earnestly to the purpose of his life. His interest had been excited in the condition of the Red Indians, and, in the spirit of religious enthusiasm which Whitfield had brought into the Christian Church, Brainerd determined to go forth to labour among the heathen.

He was licensed in 1742, and at once commenced his labours among the Indians at a place called Kent. He had scarcely any acquaintance with the Indian language; but, in spite of this important drawback, the people were much impressed by the earnestness of his preaching, and perhaps were not wholly ignorant of what he was saying to them, since their journeys amongst the settlements of the white men would cause them to become acquainted to a slight extent with the English language. He remained, however, but a very short time among these people. The Commissioners of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge had heard of his enthusiasm for missionary work, and were desirous of engaging him. Having made successful overtures to him, he was sent under their direction to a place called Kanaumuck, between Stockbridge and Albany.

He was in an extremely bad state of health at this time. He would often become so weak as scarcely to be able to stand, and the pain from which he continually suffered showed that he already possessed the seeds of a terrible lung-disease. In this state he arrived at Kanauneek, riding and wading through swamps, forcing his way through the luxurious vegetation of the forests, and toiling over the rocky mountains which surrounded his future halting-place.

His lodging was in the hut of a Scotch family recently arrived from the Highlands, but their coarse fare and straw beds were ill suited for one of his frail constitution. Perhaps, had he regarded his health, the hospital and its comforts, rather than a draughty hut and a straw bed, would have been a more congenial place for him. But of his health he had no thought. Regarding his frail body as but the temporary resting-place of a weary soul, his writings show the longing he felt that he might take leave of his mortal home, and pass away to the Better Land.

The family with whom he lodged spoke only Gaelic, whilst the master of the house had but a poor acquaintance with English. Brainerd loved solitude, and until he was able to build himself a log hut, was compelled to look on at many a scandalous scene enacted by the colonists, protesting vehemently against the evil habits of the white men who came at times to the settlement, and were a far greater stumbling-block to the propagation of the Gospel than any arguments the Indian priests could bring. "You whites," an old chief said, "bring us your vices and diseases to the extermination of our tribes, and your fire-water to the degradation of our young braves. We had no disease, no drunkenness, before you came: how do you expect us to believe in your religion?"

After he had been a few months at Kanauneek, he wrote:—"My soul is, and has been for a long time, in a piteous condition, wading through a series of sorrows of various kinds. I have been so crushed down sometimes with a sense of my meanness and infinite unworthiness, that I have been ashamed that any, even the meanest of my fellow-creatures, should so much as spend a thought about me; and have wished sometimes when I travelled among the thick brakes, to drop as one of them into everlasting oblivion."

He soon decided to leave his place of lodging, nearly two miles from the wigwams, and trust himself wholly among the Indians. In this way he would be able to preach to them both morning and evening, at which times previously he had been engaged in riding to or from his own abode, and when, indeed, they would be more free to attend to him.

At last he found himself alone with his beloved Indians, far away from all contamination by the whites. He was wholly dependent on himself for his means of sustenance. He would not enter into a wigwam and partake of even the poor fare which sufficed for the Indians' meal; but, like Eliot, compelled himself to provide for his wants; and we can well imagine the straits into which he was driven in his efforts to supply himself with food. He was forced to go ten or fifteen miles for all his bread, and when he laid any quantity by for the future, it would get sour or mouldy before he ate it. Sometimes he complained that for days together he had none at all,

not being able to send any one for it, nor able to catch his own horse in order to go himself. Once, when in a dilemma such as this, he made some cakes out of Indian meal he had by him, and fried them, and then "blessed God as much for my present circumstances as if I had been a king."

His life among the Indians was a terribly hard one, yet, when entering upon his work, he had sold all his personal effects and devoted the proceeds towards the



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

maintenance of a pupil at the college; and now, by depriving himself of almost the necessities of life, he was able to save a considerable sum to be devoted to charitable purposes.

Brainerd was not very successful in his attempts to convert the Indians at Kan-aumeeek, and for a long time, whether there or elsewhere, no remarkable results followed from his preaching. He had no fixed plan, as Eliot had, of forming the Indians into settlements; for a long time he had not even a school for the children around him, and was at a great disadvantage in being dependent on an interpreter for the faithful reproduction of his sentiments.

Although he had no satisfactory evidence of the conversion of any of the Indians

at Kanaumeeek, drunkenness greatly decreased, idolatrous sacrifices were entirely abolished, and other improvements took place.

Brainerd had been in the habit from time to time of riding to Stockbridge, a distance of twenty miles, in order to learn the Indian language from the Rev. Mr. Sergeant, the missionary at that post. This was always a fatiguing journey to him, and was indeed an affliction to one in his condition.

The place, too, where he was settled, was near to the frontier, and in the days of the war between the English and French in America, when the natives took sides against each other, and perpetrated their horrible cruelties in the name of civilisation, the occupants of outlying settlements were advised to take safety in flight. Under Brainerd's direction, most of his flock removed to Stockbridge, and placed themselves under the care of Mr. Sergeant, whilst he himself was left free to pursue his labours in another quarter.

He arranged with the Society under whose auspices he was working, that he should proceed southward to the province of Pennsylvania, and labour among the Indians near the Forks of the Delaware. The thought of the journey through the lonely forest in the feeble, almost dying state in which he was, nearly unmanned him; but, taking heart, he bore up bravely until he reached his destination.

Of his untiring diligence and zeal, ample proof remains in the diary he left, wherein he was in the habit of writing at length his thoughts and meditations. One day, soon after his arrival at the Forks of the Delaware, he says:—"I was greatly oppressed with guilt and shame this morning from a sense of my inward vileness and pollution. About nine o'clock, I withdrew to the woods for prayer, but had not much comfort. . . . Towards night, my burden respecting my work among the Indians began to increase much, and was aggravated by hearing sundry things that looked very discouraging—in particular, that they intended to meet together the next day for an idolatrous feast and dance. Then I began to be in anguish. I thought I must in conscience go and endeavour to break them up, and knew not how to attempt such a thing. However, I withdrew for prayer, hoping for strength from above. And in prayer, I was exceedingly enlarged: my soul was as much drawn out as I almost ever remember it to have been in my life. I was in such anguish, and pleaded with so much earnestness and importunity, that when I rose from my knees I felt extremely weak and overcome; I could scarcely walk straight; my joints were loosed; the sweat ran down my face and body, and nature seemed as if it would dissolve. So far as I could judge, I was wholly free from selfish ends in my fervent supplications for the poor Indians. I knew they were met together to worship devils, and not God, and this made me cry earnestly that God would now appear and help me in my attempts to break up this idolatrous meeting." Unknown as he was to them, he was yet successful in prevailing upon them to abandon their dance, and to listen to him.

Brainerd about this time extended his labours to some outlying Indians, and had to travel through an unmapped and almost an unknown country. Many hardships were undergone on this journey, but were very similar to those which befell him whenever he travelled between the Delaware and the Susquehanna—the principal

scenes of his labour for the next two or three years, where much of his preaching must have been thrown away, since the good seed he was continually scattering was not carefully tended, and his visits were too transient to be entirely successful. Yet at one place Brainerd had the intense joy of witnessing a most remarkable religious awakening which attended a visit of his. The cloud was at length showing a silver lining; the darkness at last was fleeing before the rising sun.

He had returned from a most disheartening visit to the Susquehannah, and was ready to sink into the depths of despair. But having heard of a body of Indians at a place called Crossweeksung, in New Jersey, about eighty miles eastward from where he had been engaged among the Delaware Indians, he decided to visit them. He found some few families scattered about at a considerable distance from each other, and was obliged to preach his first sermon to a congregation of only four women and some children. This small beginning was, however, soon to expand into a remarkable work of grace among the Indians. Those who first heard Brainerd hastened to inform their neighbours of his arrival, travelling from ten to fifteen miles for this purpose. The company soon increased to forty-five or fifty persons, and Brainerd preached earnestly to them, meeting with no opposition and hearing of no objection. He attributed this favourable disposition on the part of the Indians to the fact that one or two of them had attended his meetings at the Forks of the Delaware, and although he had there met with such discouragement and want of success, he now had the satisfaction of knowing that his preaching had not been thrown away, but had been the means whereby the hearts of the people at Crossweeksung had been prepared for the reception of the Gospel. Those who had previously heard him had been attempting to show their fellows the evils of idolatry, and at last Brainerd met with that success for which he so earnestly laboured. After spending a fortnight at Crossweeksung, he returned to the Delaware, and experienced great pleasure shortly after in baptising his interpreter into the Church, together with his wife.

Brainerd's good reception at Crossweeksung was fully sustained on his second visit. Scarcely had he been in the settlement two or three days, before every one was making the inquiry, "What shall we do to be saved?" Many were brought under deep concern for their souls, and obtained assurance of the love which was borne for them by their Redeemer. Each sermon which Brainerd preached seemed to be productive of increasingly satisfactory results. Many more were awakened, and such as he deemed fit were baptised into the Church of Christ.

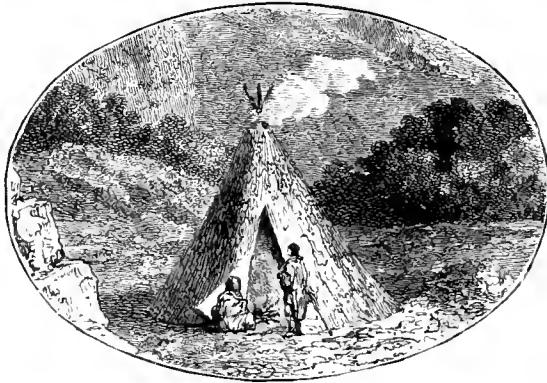
In February, 1746, Brainerd found himself compelled to open a school for children. About thirty entered it, and made surprising progress, several being able, in five months, to read the New Testament. In consequence of some of his flock being in debt to the colonists, it was decided to form an Indian settlement at Cranberry, about fifteen miles distant, and away from temptation by contact with the whites. Brainerd succeeded in paying off the debts of his Indians: the little body of Christians removed from Crossweeksung, and in twelve months the settlement presented a most flourishing appearance. Brainerd was now much exercised on questions of duty. His body longed for rest and quietness, and the thoughts of settling down peacefully among the congregation he had

formed, and which he loved so well, had great fascinations for him. The idea of it, however, only occurred to him to be banished from his mind, and henceforth he decided that he must struggle for the extension of Christ's Kingdom to the very end.

He determined to cast the seeds of religion once more along the banks of the hitherto barren Susquehannah, and in September, 1746, set out for that part of the country. He started, knowing that his state was critical. The hardships he had undergone had broken his constitution, and he was well aware that his incurable disease must soon prove fatal. Often he was obliged to sleep in the woods, where he suffered from cold sweats and spitting of blood, and was so feeble at times that he felt ready to fall from his horse. Depression of spirits naturally followed, and caused him to give vent to the most humiliating reflections upon himself. After an absence of about a month, he returned without having met with any further success. He became so ill, and yet so unwilling to give up his beloved work, that he preached to his hearers from his bed, and administered the Lord's Supper in the same position.

Having been recommended to take as much exercise as possible, he started on a journey to Boston, but was again cut down by illness, and compelled to spend the winter at Northampton as the guest of President Jonathan Edwards. In the spring he reached Boston, more dead than alive; but the popularity he met with there, and the manner in which his advice was sought by ministers when any missionary scheme was on foot, was more than he could bear. He left the city after a short stay, and again visited Northampton. The journey was however, too much for him. He was soon entirely confined to his bed, anxiously "awaiting the coming of the Lord's chariot," until nature at last succumbed to the ravages of disease, and David Brainerd, in an unusual moment of freedom from pain, entered upon the reward which awaited him.

John Eliot was in his forty-second year when he commenced his missionary labours. David Brainerd was yet in his thirtieth year when his earthly task was completed, and he was called away to his lasting home.



IX.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER XVI.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Description of the West Indies—Sargasso or Gulf-weed—The Ladies' Sea—The Caribs—A Carib Story—Culture of the Sugar-cane—The Labour Market—Horrors of the Slave Trade—Facts concerning Slavery—Character of the Slaves—The Jumbly Dance.

BEFORE proceeding to tell the stirring story of the first mission to the West Indies, we must try to present to our readers some pictures of the scene and setting of the chief incidents we have to relate, and of that horrible slave trade, with which even Britons had at one time so much to do. Strange and terrible indeed was the method by which the ebon children of Ham became transported from their homes in Central Africa to the luxuriant isles of the blue Caribbean, for good or ill. There, however, they were, and thither the Christian Church had to go to help them in their bondage.

Mr. Froude has said: "If ever the naval exploits of this country are done into an epic poem—and, since the 'Iliad,' there has been no subject better fitted for such treatment, or better deserving it—the West Indies will be the scene of the most brilliant cantos." The name of the Caribbean Sea thrills the hearts of Englishmen—even of many who have vague ideas of its geographical position.

When Columbus set out to seek by a westward route the golden rivers and coral strands of India, he thought that Asia extended much farther east than it really does. But for this blunder the great man who "made geography" was not to be blamed, for the "degree" was then reckoned at much below its real value by those supposed to be specially versed in such matters. This error necessarily involved an utterly false conception of the size of our globe; for the number of degrees which encircle it being absolutely fixed (a degree being simply the 360th part of the circumference of the circle, whatever be the size of it), the girth of the globe itself was very naturally concluded to be much less than it is in reality. Thus it came to pass that the lovely tropical islands in the Caribbean Sea, towards which we are now to turn our gaze, were named by the great explorer, and will always continue to be called, "the West Indies," Columbus thinking that this was simply the place where extremes met; that those isles of the *west* to us were really the *eastern* limits of that India which had been reached by Marco Polo and others from the opposite direction. The size of India was known; and if the measured miles stretched round the globe at the rate of so many degrees per hundred miles, the Eastern Indies really would have been somewhere about where Columbus did find the Western.

As the storm-tossed mariner draws in from the "roaring forties" towards the great bight of the Atlantic, in which the West Indies are grouped like two crescentic strings of pearls, he finds himself in a calmer and warmer sea, thickly covered, as with a carpet, by one of the strangest productions that ever Nature turned out of her wondrous

workshop—the Sargasso, or Gulf-weed. Though quite rootless and self-propagating, it is not an ordinary seaweed in appearance, even to an eye untrained to observe Nature closely. To Columbus and his companions it appeared “like small pine-branches, laden with a fruit similar to pistachio-nuts.” It has been surmised that it may be a changed production of the vanished continent, Atalanta, of which the Romans had old traditions, a surmise which may possibly have no more root than has this strange weed itself. This great yellowish-green expanse, so like a vast prairie, contains within itself a strange little world of parasitic life peculiar to the Gulf-weed. We are told that it deceived, by its solid look, the sailors of Columbus’ expedition, who did not understand it, and feared that they were in danger of being driven on to sunken reefs. It drifts

into the angle of almost motionless water between the great north-eastward current of the Gulf Stream, to which England owes so much, and the equatorial current constantly streaming westward.

Just opposite this sea-prairie, the map of the western hemisphere looks, to a dull and unpoetic mind, as if two great bites had been made into the eastern side of America, so separating north and south, and leaving that narrow—and, to Europe, very costly—strip of land, the Isthmus of Panama (for another year or two,



SARGASSO, OR GULF-WEED.

at least) to connect the two great continents. And, just as if to mark out the boundary which existed before our imaginary bites had been so greedily taken, there is a crescent-like outline, made up of large and small islands and many mere islets—the West Indian islands, the fascinating story of whose conquest by the warriors of the Cross we must, in its leading features, relate.

The white, sandy bottom, strewn with strange shells and fretted with beautiful submarine forests of white coral and ruddy gorgonia, shines through the calm, limpid water from depths really amazing. Its freedom from storms has gained for the Caribbean, from the gallant seamen of Spain, the flattering title of the “Ladies’ Sea.” It often glows with a deep hue of sapphire rarely seen elsewhere. The slow, stately roll of great, blue, glossy waves from afar, breaking in snow on its island shores, which are fringed, perhaps, with a belt of stately cocoa-palms, is a sight to move the most unimpressionable mind.

Before entering on details as to the migrations of the missionaries, a few points of interest may help to make the general history clearer. There are five great islands, all of them somewhat mountainous, well watered, and richly wooded—Cuba, the “Pearl of the Antilles,” Hayti, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and Trinidad, together with some

WEST INDIA ISLANDS AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

MISSION STATIONS underlined on the Map, alphabetically arranged to show the various Societies working at each. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

- *S. P. G. . . . Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
- *Col. & Cont. Colonial and Continental Church Society.
- Wes. . . . Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.
- W. I. Wes. . . Wesleyan Methodist West Indian Conference.
- †Bapt. . . . Baptist and Jamaica Baptist Missionary Societies.
- Un. Presb. . . United Presbyterian (Scotland) Church Mission.
- Morav. . . . Moravian Missionary Society.

- Un. Meth. . . United Methodist Free Churches Missionary Society.
- Can. Presb. . . Canadian Presbyterian Church Missions.
- Am. Prot. Epis. . . American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
- Am. Bible . . . American Bible Society.
- Am. Presb. . . Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
- AfricanMeth. Epis. . . African Methodist Episcopal Church (America) Missionary Society.

* The Stations occupied by these two Societies, though included in, form only a small part of, the work of the Church of England in the West Indies, which is divided into six dioceses, viz.:—*GUIANA* (see South America). *ANTIGUA* (including Nevis, St. Christopher, Barbuda, Montserrat, Anguilla, Virgin Islands, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, Tortola, &c.), with forty-two churches and other places of worship. *BARBADOES AND WINDWARD ISLANDS* (including Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, and St. Lucia), with ninety churches. *JAMAICA*, with ninety-seven churches and forty-four chapels in Jamaica, four clergy in British Honduras, and one missionary in Colon and Panama. *NASSAU* (including the Bahamas, Turk and Caicos Islands), with eighty-seven mission stations and churches. *TRINIDAD*, with seventeen clergy and four catechists.

† The Baptist Missions in the West Indies will probably shortly be handed over to the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society.

ABACO, GREAT	Bahamas . . .	Wes., Bapt.
„ LITTLE	„ . . .	„ „
Acklin Island	„ . . .	Bapt.
ALLIGATOR POND	Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb.
ANDROS ISLAND	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
ANGUILLA	„ Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
ANTIGUA	„ „	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
BAHAMAS	—	Wes., S. P. G., Bapt., Col. & Cont.
BAHAMA, GREAT	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
BARBADOES	„ Windward Isles	W. I. Wes., Morav.
BARBUDA	„ „	S. P. G.
BELIZE	„ Brit. Honduras.	Wes., Bapt.
BENINI ISLES	„ Bahamas . . .	Wes., S. P. G.
BETHANY	„ Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
BLEWFIELDS	„ „	„
CAICOS, GRAND	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
„ EAST	„ . . .	„
CAP HAITIEN	Haiti . . .	W. I. Wes., Bapt.
CARACAS	„ Venezuela . . .	Am. Bible.
CARAT	„ Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
CAT ISLAND	„ Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
CAYES	„ Haiti . . .	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
CAYMAN, GRAND	„ Greater Antilles	Bapt.
„ LITTLE	„ „	„
„ BRAC	„ „	„
CIENFUEGO	„ Cuba . . .	„
COLON	„ Panama . . .	S. P. G.
COROSAL	„ Brit. Honduras.	Wes.

COSTA RICA	„	Bapt.
CROOKED ISLE	„ Bahamas . . .	„
CUBA	„	Bapt., Am. Bible.
DOMINICA	„ Windward Isles	W. I. Wes.
ELEUTHERA	„ Bahamas . . .	Wes., S. P. G., Bapt., Col. & Cont.
EPHRATA	„ Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
EXUMA, GREAT	„ Bahamas . . .	S. P. G., Bapt.
FALMOUTH	„ Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb.
FORTUNE ISLAND	„ Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
GONAIVES	„ Haiti . . .	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
GRAND TURK	„ Turk Island . . .	Bapt., W. I. Wes.
GREEN ISLAND	„ Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb.
GRENADA	„ Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
GREYTOWN	„ See San Juan de Norte.	
GUATEMALA	„ Guatemala . . .	Am. Presb., Wes.
HAITI	„	Am. Prot. Epis., W. I. Wes., African Meth. Epis., Bapt.
HARBOUR ISLAND	„ Bahamas . . .	Wes.
HONDURAS	„	Wes., Bapt.
„ „ BRIT.	„	„
INAGUA	„ Bahamas . . .	S. P. G., Bapt.
JACMEL	„ Haiti . . .	Bapt.

JAMAICA. (<i>See also foot-note *</i>).	Col. & Cont., Un. Presb., Bapt., Un. Meth., Morav., Wes.		RUATAN, <i>Island of</i>	Honduras	Wes., Bapt.
JEREMIE . . .	Haiti . . .	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.	RUM CAY . . .	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
KINGSTON . . .	Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb., Col. & Cont.	ST. ANNE'S BAY	Jamaica . . .	Un. Meth.
KUKALAYA . . .	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.	ST. BARTHOLOMEW.	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
LEOGANE . . .	Haiti . . .	Am. Prot. Epis.	ST. CHRISTOPHER'S (<i>St. Kitts</i>).	„ „	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
LIVINGSTON . . .	Guatemala . . .	Wes.	ST. EUSTATIUS . . .	„ „	W. I. Wes.
LONG ISLAND . . .	Bahamas . . .	S. P. G., Bapt.	ST. JOHN . . .	Virgin Isles . . .	Morav.
LUCEA . . .	Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb.	ST. KITTs. <i>See</i> St. Christopher's.		
MAGDALA . . .	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.	ST. LUCIA . . .	Windward Isles	W. I. Wes., Can. Presb.
MARIGUANA . . .	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.	ST. MARC . . .	Haiti . . .	Bapt.
MIREBALAIS . . .	Haiti . . .	Am. Prot. Epis.	ST. MARTIN'S . . .	Windward Isles	W. I. Wes.
MONTE CRISTI . . .	San Domingo . . .	W. I. Wes., Bapt.	ST. THOMAS . . .	Virgin Isles . . .	S. P. G., Morav.
MONTEGO BAY . . .	Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb.	ST. VINCENT . . .	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
MONTSERRAT . . .	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.	SAMANA . . .	San Domingo . . .	W. I. Wes.
MOSQUITO COAST.	—	Morav.	SAN DOMINGO	—	W. I. Wes., Bapt., African Meth. Epis.
MULLIN'S RIVER	Brit. Honduras.	Wes.	SAN FERNANDO	Trinidad . . .	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
NASSAU . . .	Bahamas . . .	Bapt., Col. & Cont.	SAN JUAN DE NORTE (<i>Oreytown</i>).	Nicaragua . . .	Bapt.
NEVIS . . .	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.	SAN PEDRO SULA	Honduras . . .	Wes.
NEW PROVIDENCE.	Bahamas . . .	Wes., Bapt., Col. & Cont.	SAN SALVADOR	Bahamas . . .	S. P. G., Bapt.
NICARAGUA	—	Morav., Bapt.	(<i>Watling's Island</i>).		
ORANGE WALK . . .	Brit. Honduras.	Wes.	SANTA CRUX . . .	Virgin Isles . . .	Morav.
PANAMA . . .	—	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.	SEAL CAYES . . .	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.
PANAMA, <i>Town of</i>	—	W. I. Wes.	TOBAGO . . .	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
PONCE . . .	Puerto Rico . . .	Col. & Cont.	TORTOLA . . .	Virgin Isles . . .	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
PORT AU PRINCE	Haiti . . .	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis., Bapt.	TRINIDAD . . .	—	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
PORT DE PAIX . . .	„ . . .	Bapt.	TURK ISLAND . . .	Bahamas . . .	S. P. G., Bapt., W. I. Wes.
PORTO CORTES	Honduras . . .	Wes.	UTILA, <i>Island of</i>	Honduras . . .	Wes.
(<i>Porto Caballos</i>)			VIRGIN ISLANDS.		Morav., S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
PORT OF SPAIN . . .	Trinidad . . .	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb.	WATLING'S ISLAND. <i>See</i> San Salvador.		
PORT MARIA . . .	Jamaica . . .	Un. Presb.			
PUERTO LIMON . . .	Costa Rica . . .	Bapt.			
„ PLATA . . .	San Domingo . . .	Bapt., W. I. Wes.			
„ RICO, <i>Island of</i>	—	Col. & Cont.			
RAGGED ISLAND	Bahamas . . .	Bapt.			
RAMA . . .	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.			

* Owing to the scale of the map it has not been possible to mark more than a few of the stations in JAMAICA; but the following statement will give some idea of the religious work being carried on in the island:—The Colonial and Continental Church Society have seven missionaries; the United Presbyterian Church have thirty-one missionaries; the United Methodist Free Churches have nine missionaries; and the Moravian Missionary Society have fourteen stations. In addition to these outside agencies there is a Jamaica Baptist Union, with its own Missionary Society, and the island comprises four out of the eleven districts of the West Indian Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It is also a Diocese of the Anglican Church in the West Indies (*see note on previous page*).

forty minor ones, and an almost countless host of islets or mere reefs of no great importance. The total present population may roughly be estimated at about four and a half millions, the British possessions containing a little more than one million souls.

When the early explorers from Europe first became acquainted with those outwardly attractive islands, they were tenanted, in the southern portions at least, by a dark, tall, and rather strongly built race, described collectively as Caribs, or Indians. After the fierce Spanish conquerors took possession of the northernmost islets, the aboriginal Arrawaaks, who were probably of the same stock as the Caribs, were soon cruelly swept away from their island homes, leaving hardly any vestiges behind, though of the once warlike Caribs there are still small but interesting remnants who cling to the coast of Trinidad, and to the tangled forests on the damp, hot delta of the great Orinoco on the mainland, and neighbouring regions. They live chiefly on fish of their own catching. It is said that many of them retain a strange primitive habit of building their houses, nest-like, on the branches of tall trees in dense parts of the forest, where they feel themselves to be safe from the periodical floods to which the Orinoco is exposed from sudden rainfall.

A remnant of the Caribs remained in savage independence on the island of St. Vincent (which was almost the last to be colonised by the invaders from Europe) after their brethren had elsewhere succumbed to Spanish cruelty and oppression. They probably found congenial residences amidst its leafy trees, while fish were good and plentiful enough to furnish them with a living not difficult to earn. At last they began to blend with a shipwrecked crew of sable voyagers from Africa—possibly escaped slaves—and so there came to be on that island a mixed race called the Black Caribs, as distinct from the aboriginal, or Red Caribs.

Columbus and the men of his time called these people Indians, but also Calibs or Caribs, and we, strangely enough, find this word also in our Shakespeare's island savage, Caliban, in the play of *The Tempest*. It is also quite clear that our word "cannibal" came from the same original. For example, one of the earliest occasions when the word came into use was in the English translation of Decade's "New World" (A.D. 1555), in which the sentence occurs:—"The wyld and myscheuous people called Canibales or Caribes, which were accustomed to eat mannes flesshe." It need not surprise us to be told that the native word *Caribe*, by which those now almost forgotten savages described themselves, meant "brave, daring." The Spaniards found in the native name a convenient resemblance to their own word for a dog, and so these poor savages got a very ill name indeed, which still clings to them firmly.

There are two sides to most questions, and fairness requires that we should quote "an o'er-true tale," told on the authority of a missionary, of a comely and kind-hearted Carib girl, Yarico, who, a long time ago, sold her heart to an Englishman named Inkle. It was that critical time for the dark races when planters were finding that great fortunes could easily be made out of human sweat and toil. The negroes were not yet being brought in sufficient numbers from Africa to meet the growing demand, and sudden raids were made by those who feared neither God nor man, in order

to capture and enslave the free men of the woods. One day, however, a band of European man-hunters was surprised to meet a stout resistance, for their cruel object was now known. At a sudden signal, the woods became alive with the dark, menacing visages of the Carib warriors they had expected to make into easy merchandise. A warlike race by nature and breeding, they had now, if they never had before, a righteous cause. They fought fiercely in their own primitive way, and the white men at last turned and fled—those of them, at least, that were left alive—to the tangled, fever-breeding recesses of those tropical woods.

There Inkle, utterly exhausted, and fearing a violent death at any moment, was



SUGAR-CANE.

found by Yarieo, who, pitying the now hotly driven and famishing slave-hunter, gently ministered to him, supplying, at the greatest risk to her own life, the food he needed. But one day a far-off sail shone out on the sapphire plain of the Caribbean. It drew nearer, and the Englishman could at last, if he would, escape from his foes. With unselfish joy beaming in her jet eyes, dimpling her swarthy cheeks, and curving with winning smiles her ruddy lips, she rushed to tell the wasted white man the good news of his safety. She walked to the shore supporting him, but as the poor girl saw him step from the crisp beach to the boat that was to sever them, her breaking heart beat with wild yearning after the life she had saved. She pleaded in her Carib native tongue, and more eloquently with sobs and tears, to be allowed to go with him wherever he went. The Englishman at last haughtily yielded assent to her prayer. After a short and pleasant voyage

they landed safely at Barbadoes, and—this is not a mere fairy tale—he nobly rewarded his poor pagan deliverer by selling her as a slave to one of the sugar-planters!

Space will not permit us to glance at the physical features of these islands, or at their wonderful vegetable and animal life; but there is one vegetable production of which we must say a few words in this chapter. It is a very handsome kind of grass, growing to the height of ten or twelve feet, and yielding a juice from which a white crystalline substance is obtained, dear to all British youth of a certain age. This is the *sugar-cane*. Who could have predicted that this lordly looking grass would one day lead to African slavery, with all its yet untold horrors? Every one who has been stifled in a hot, breezeless cane-brake may have some conception of the demands made by hard labour there on the poor human frame. The aboriginal Caribs could

not endure it long, and Europeans succumb to the heat very readily indeed. Yet in itself the sugar-cane is strikingly beautiful in form and colour, and gently swaying motion. Well might Kingsley go into raptures over it:—"A noble grass it is, with its stems as thick as one's wrist, tillering out below in bold curves over the well-hoed dark soil, and its broad bright leaves falling and folding above in curves as bold as those of the stems: handsome enough thus, but handsomer still, I am told,



A SUGAR PLANTATION.

when the 'arrow,' as the flower is called, spreads over the cane-piece a purple haze, which flickers in long shining waves before the breeze."

It is sad that we must now for ever associate this lovely masterpiece of Nature's kindly chemistry with the most brutal and demoralising phases of civilised man's history; for out of the conditions of cane-culture grew the slave trade of the West Indies and the Southern States of America.

It has been noted that, although the islands of the Caribbean are so near to each other, the conditions of life and labour vary greatly, and the labour-wants of one island or colony are not so readily met by migration from those near them as might have been expected. Labour must be imported from a distance. Hence, early in the

nineteenth century, throughout all the British possessions, slavery was a recognised institution. When slavery on British territory was abolished, sugar continued to be produced by forced labour on the other islands, and for a time there was a competition which meant mere loss to the British planter. With the abolition of the Corn Laws, the "protection" of the British sugar industry seemed to many statesmen an anomaly, and when it ceased, disaster came upon the free sugar-growing industry, and enslaved about 1,000,000 additional negroes. It was clear that more work could be got out of slaves than free negroes were willing to yield, and so the foreign slaveholders, with fresh supplies from Africa, were able to sell their sugar more cheaply than the British planter could do. It is hoped that now, with free labour, machinery, and education, a new life is rising up in the West Indies; but the scar of slavery is deeply marked in the history of our colonies. As Montgomery Martin has eloquently said:—"Slavery, both Indian and negro, that blighting upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accompanied the white colonist, whether Spanish, French, or British, in his progress, tainting like a plague every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed, by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator has endowed him, leaving all cold and dark and desolate within."

It is impossible, by the clumsy apparatus of art or literature, to picture vividly enough the agony of those poor Africans, rudely snatched from their native homes. The atrocious trade in "black ivory" is probably, thank God, now drawing near its end, though still some 30,000 or more human beings are yearly exported as saleable goods from the east coast of Africa alone. But it is far from easy for us nowadays to realise the agony of feeling, the strenuous eloquence, the practical zeal in agitation required by the Clarksons and the Wilberforces in the early part of our century, in order to arouse languid interest into a genuine Christian sympathy for the wretched Ethiopian victims of British and American lust for gold.

Dr. Livingstone used to say that about one only out of every five souls in a slave gang leaving the interior, reached the coast alive! Try to conceive what such a statement means. Think of the inconceivably bitter sufferings, the nameless horrors of that toilsome, hopeless journey through tangled, thorny forest, steamy swamp, and scorching desert; day after day tortured with the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and galled with undressed sores from the friction of the heavy wooden "gorees," or slave collars, to which two slaves were attached by means of riveted bolts. Try to imagine the final settled looks of dull despair, unlit by a gleam of humour or a ray of hope: or the callous, brute-like subjection from which the nobleness of manhood has fled, roused only into agony or anger by the fiery, sudden sting of the slaver's lash.

"Let me assure you," said Sir Bartle Frere—and no one could speak with better authority—"let me assure you that what you have heard of the horrors of the slave trade is in no way exaggerated. We have seen so much of the horrors which were going on, that we can have no doubt that what you read in books, which are so often spoken of as containing exaggerations, is exaggerated in no respect. The evil is

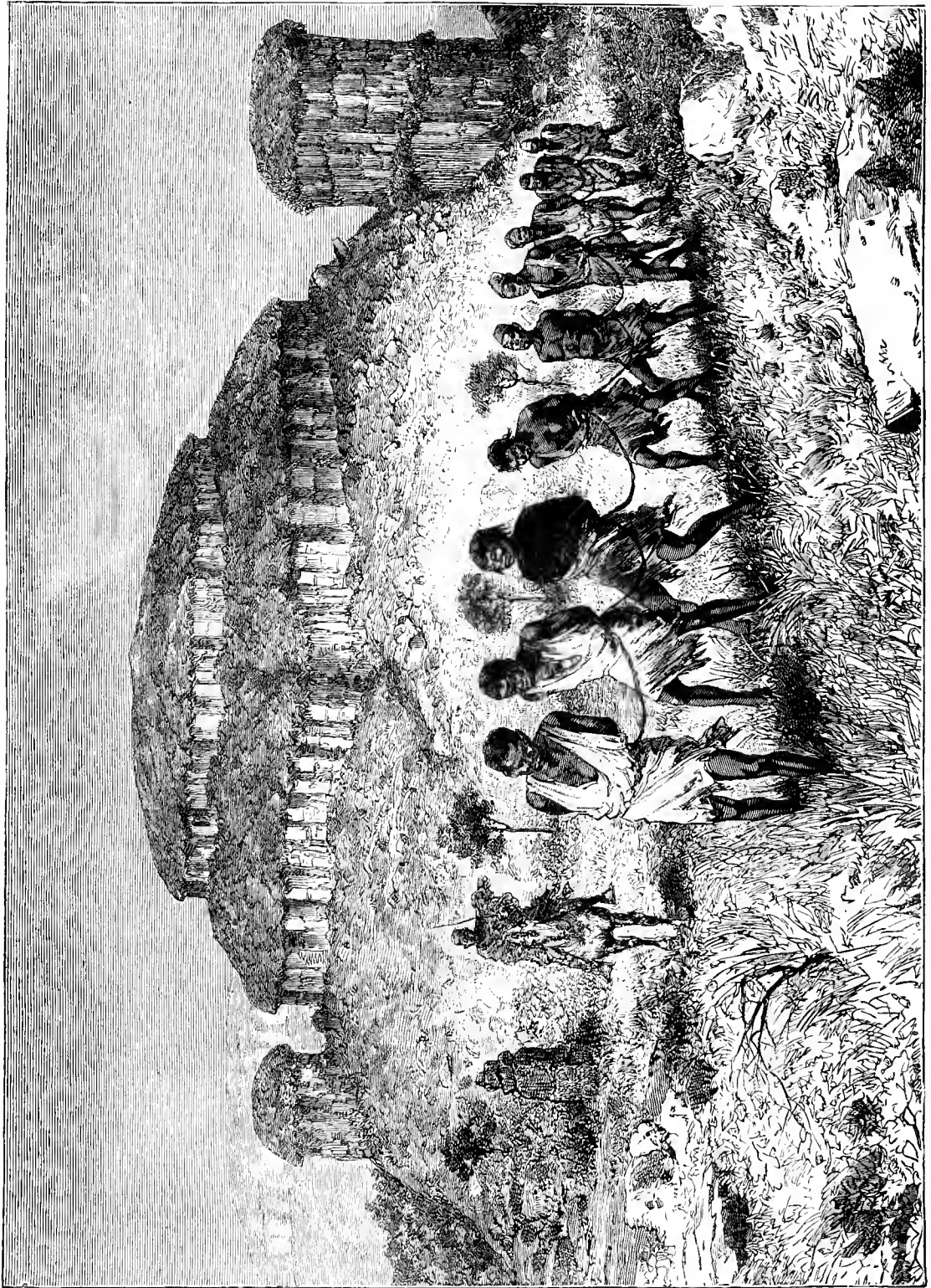
much greater than anything you can conceive. Among the poor class of Africans there is nothing like security from fathers and mothers being put to death in order that their children may be captured."

When the wretched slave arrived at the coast, his troubles were only beginning. It is almost a comfort to think that human nature is so constituted, that it has the capacity to endure consciously only a certain degree of misery, and thus, as we have seen, only one in five might be expected to survive the first stage of the terrible journey. What, then, became of the survivors? We are told how each woebegone ebon image of its Maker was placed on deck of the crazy craft which was to convey him to the plantations, set on his haunches, thighs to breast, chin to knees, and placed row against row, shoulder to shoulder, with no possibility of change of position, "a solid phalanx of human flesh," with no awning to protect them from the tropical sun. At night, they were cooped below in a foul and fetid black hole. The pitiable wretches could not straighten themselves for weeks after release from the voyage, and myriads of them died on the way, and were cast to the sharks.

Perhaps the most impressive statements on the subject are to be found in the unromantic pages of a Blue Book. In February, 1878, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to inquire into the present condition and prospects of the sugar and coffee planting interest in the East and West Indies, and Mauritius." Amongst the subjects carefully inquired into and reported on was that of the slave trade across the Atlantic. One of the witnesses who was examined was stated by Sir J. Pakington to have seen more naval service upon the coast of Africa, and to have captured more slave ships, than any other officer in the service. The examination of this gallant gentleman, Captain Marston, was likely to afford some solid facts, worth more than volumes of sermons, about the horrors of slavery. Let us give this most reliable and cool-headed witness our attention for a sentence or two.

When asked to give the Committee any information he might possess as to the mode in which the slaves are usually packed in the "slavers"—as the vessels used in this traffic were called—he answered:—"They are packed as closely as salt fish; they are doubled up and stowed as closely as they can be in the night, when they are obliged to go below." He stated that the men were generally put in irons, but that this depended on the part of the coast they were taken from.

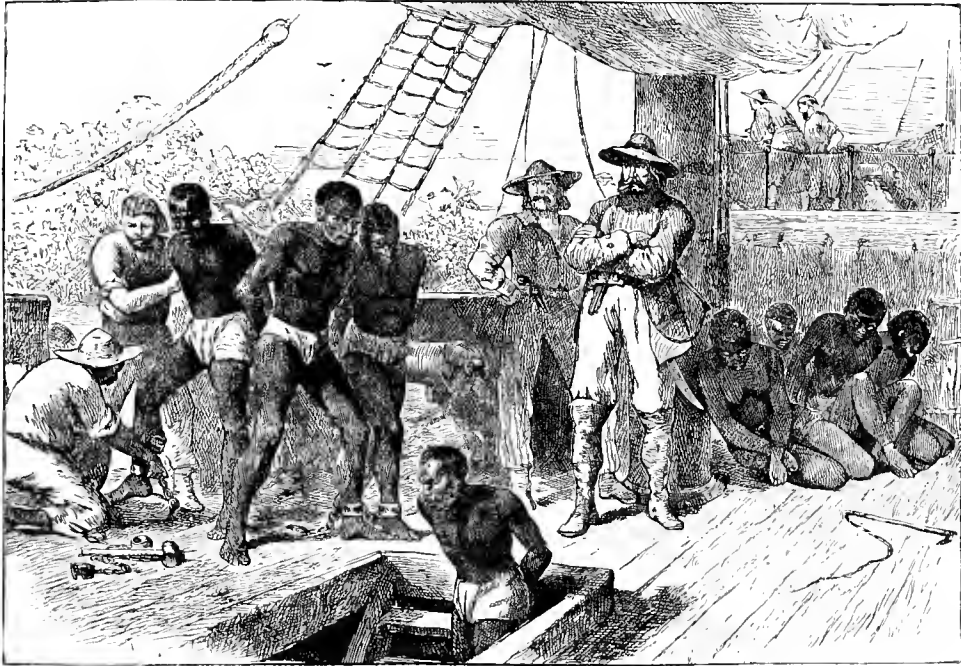
Great difficulty is often felt in understanding how such tremendous overcrowding could be held compatible with even the self-interest of the traders. That point was solved by Captain Marston, and his answer shows that they had some kind of Darwinian method of serving their ends. The witness was asked:—"The ordinary practice is, is it not, that where a slave-trader calculates upon carrying 300 slaves to the other shore, he embarks 500? Answer—"Yes; that is for the purpose of putting them to the test. It is impossible for the most practised eye to tell a healthy from an unhealthy slave; but the trader reckons that, during the first forty-eight hours, they will be sufficiently weeded to leave a prime cargo. As the slave sickens during the first forty-eight hours, they leave him on deck, and give him nothing to eat, but let him die, and then throw him overboard."



A SLAVE MARCH IN AFRICA.

Captain Marston being again asked as to the tonnage of the vessels used to embark a cargo of, say, 500 slaves, replied that from his experience he could mention one case in which 427 negro slaves were packed on board a vessel of only forty-nine tons.

It was among the negroes under the actual conditions of slavery in the West Indies, that the work of the early missionaries began. It does not appear that the planters were usually guilty of cruelty out of mere wantonness. The negro, if not much worse than the average unit of humanity, is certainly not any better; and the barest justice demands that we should admit that, only premising slavery as a permis-



ON BOARD A SLAVE SHIP.

sible institution, severity might probably sometimes be judicious and necessary. On the other hand, the supposed duties of such a despotic position have naturally a brutalising effect, and there can be no possible doubt that the cruelties inflicted were sometimes most savage and uncalled-for. In the lowest aspect of it, kindness and mercy must have been economical, but many of the overseers were unable to feel and see the truth of even this selfish reason for gentleness, in cases where personal offence had been given.

It is too often forgotten, on the other hand, that the slaves as a class were not able—how, indeed, could they be?—to rise to the sublime patience inculcated by the apostle. We may quote with advantage the testimony of Mr. Rowe, a Baptist missionary who arrived in Jamaica in 1814. Writing of the negroes, he says:—"Their passions and affections not being under the control of reason or religion, sometimes

break out with frightful violence; rage, revenge, grief, and jealousy have often been productive of horrible catastrophes."

As it is our object to give a perfectly fair and impartial view of a subject which has led to much violent and bitter controversy, let a planter from Cornwall, Jamaica, as quoted by the *Quarterly Review*, say a word on the other side of the question. This gentleman, speaking from a daily experience of the negro character, says:—"To do the negroes mere justice, I must say that I could not have wished to find a more tractable set of people on almost every occasion. Some lazy and obstinate persons, of course, there must inevitably be in so great a number, but in general I found them excellently disposed. . . . I am certain there cannot be more tractable or better disposed persons, take them for all in all, than my negroes of Cornwall."

We shall have directly to tell more fully of the life of the slaves in their "tracks," and of the battle which was so bravely fought to win their freedom from the chains of spiritual darkness long imposed upon them; for the planters feared to give the negroes that Gospel which seeks to bring all men into one great brotherhood. It is hardly now to be credited, but it is the truth nevertheless, that British planters, professedly Christian men, would not allow the teaching of Jesus to be brought before their slaves, lest it should make them rebellious and impatient. But even under Christian teaching, race-qualities are not easily effaced. Hence the semi-civilised and Christian free man of our day in the West Indies reveals strange streaks of the old African life his ancestors led, with its grim superstitions, in the recesses of the Dark Continent. A professedly competent Review writer says:—"We reject, as undeserving of serious remark, the vague gossip of some writers about the prevalence of Obeah, the revival of heathen practices, and the like." Let a Creole's strange story of the Jumby Dance, as told to Kingsley, and related at greater length in his charming "At Last," give the reply.

The Creole, who was anxious to see for once this most mysterious and uncanny secret solemnity of the negroes, told Kingsley how he and his companion had to tear their way through the tangled brushwood to a miserable building on the river's bank, where some thirty African men and women were gathered, squatting on their haunches in the usual orthodox way. "They were very scantily dressed, and with necklaces of beads, sharks' teeth, or dried frogs, hung round their necks." After some preliminaries, an almost naked negro, tall and of muscular development, with his body painted as a skeleton, suddenly dashed open a door and strode forth into the centre of the dusky gathering.

"As long as I live," continues the narrator, "I shall never forget that scene. The hut was lighted by some eight or ten candles or lamps, and in the centre, dimly visible, was a Fétish, somewhat of the appearance of a man, but with the head of a cock. Everything that the coarsest fancy could invent had been done to make this image horrible; and yet it appeared to be the object of special adoration to the devotees assembled."

The "skeleton" now began to chant, to the melodious accompaniment of the tom-tom, a monotonous African song, quickening the measure and the words while the

drums beat ever faster and faster. Suddenly a woman sprang into the arena and spun round and round the repulsive image in a rhythmic whirl. "Quicker still went the drum. And now the whole of the woman's body seemed electrified by it, and, as if catching the infection, a man now joined her in the mad dance. Couple after couple entered the arena, and a true sorcerer's sabbath began; while light after light was extinguished, till at last but one remained, by whose dim ray I could just perceive the faint outlines of the remaining persons." At this crisis, one of the visitors thoughtlessly gave some trivial offence, when the music suddenly ceased. The "skeleton" seized the offender's naked foot between his finger and thumb, and, as was supposed, inserted a poisoned finger-nail into the skin. At all events, the victim at once fell writhing to the ground, and died in agony some two hours afterwards.

Depend upon it, the Christian Church undertook as real a work when she sought first to deliver the African mind in the West Indies from the thralldom of Satan, as when she afterwards sought to free their bodies from the fetters with which man had cruelly tortured them.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLOUGH BREAKS GROUND.

Columbus, First Missionary to the West Indies—Colonisation and Christianity—John Leonhard Dober and David Nitschmann—A Scene at the Coronation of Christian VI.—Adventures of First Missionaries—Frederick Martin—Religious Movement among the Negroes—Persecution of the Moravians—A Dutch Ecclesiastic—Troubles of Frederick Martin—Arrival of Count Zinzendorf in St. Thomas.

THE first Christian missionary to the West Indies was no other than Christopher Columbus. It is quite true that when he sought to reach, by sailing westward, the golden realms of Kublai Khan, he hoped to profit in a worldly way by reaching them. He missed his mark; but it seems to be pretty certain that his grand object in getting gold was perhaps the holiest one by which a mediæval mind could be swayed. He sought, almost in the spirit of the purest and best of the old Crusaders, to rebuild the tomb where it was thought the lacerated body of the Christ had for a little while been laid; and the truth—as Roman Catholics then devoutly held it—was to be taught to the dusky barbarians scattered amidst the fair far-off lands that lay hid in a golden haze beyond the seas—lands where there were "rivers rolling down golden sand, mountains shining with priceless gems, forests fragrant with rich spices."

"I do not," says a very candid historian of those times, Faria y Sousa, "imagine that I shall persuade the world that our intent was only to be preachers; but, on the other hand, the world must not fancy that our intent was merely to be traders."

Columbus sent to Spain a few Cannibal Islanders to learn Spanish. They were to become interpreters on returning to their own people, and were to be the means of propagating the Catholic faith among them, so that their souls might be saved by

baptism; for the great explorer, in the simplicity of his soul, seeing the poor people had no creed, thought they might very easily be made Christians. The necessary articles which had to be supplied to the colonists from Spain, were to be paid for by the sale of the islanders who might be captured, and who were, of course, to be sold into slavery for their souls' good.

This pretty little scheme, however, did not meet with the most cordial approval, even from such good Catholics as were Ferdinand and Isabella; and the royal pair gave Columbus a gentle but significant snubbing on this particular point in his programme.

There was evidently no thought of harshness or cruelty in the mind of Columbus

while making such a proposal. Indeed, he had received no little kindness personally from the poor Caribs, who helped him once when shipwrecked. He had told his royal patrons of this, and his little picture of a race that seems doomed soon to vanish from the scene is most interesting. "They are," he says, "a loving, un-covetous people, so docile in all things that I assure your highnesses I believe in all the world there is not a better people, or a better country; they love their neighbours as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile." The nine "Indian" natives he brought with him to Spain were duly baptised, and one of them dying soon afterwards, was piously said to have therefore been the first of his race to gain admission into Paradise.



COLUMBUS.

In connection with this strange mingling

of colonising with Christianising, it is worthy of note that our own James I. declares in a proclamation which was made in the year 1662, that what specially led him to seek the development of the plantations in the New World, was a strong desire to spread the blessings of the Gospel. The unfortunate Charles I. also, in a charter bestowed upon the new colony of Massachusetts, lays down directions in order that the English colonists there "may be so religiously, peaceably, and civilly governed as their good life and orderly conversation may win and incite the Natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, which, in our Royal intention and the Adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of the Plantation."

When we come to listen to the debates which rung around slavery in our colonies for years before it fell, we shall feel familiar with this old thread of pietism, which ran through the web of commercial speculation in those days, and which formed a too ready justification for every wrong done to races too weak to help themselves. But we must

now pass on to the main object of this chapter, which is to bring before our readers the struggles and trials of the pioneers of genuine mission work in the West Indies.

Ten years had elapsed since the early followers of Count Zinzendorf had gathered together in the little hamlet called Herrnhut, to form a community of brethren. Then two humble workmen—John Leonhard Dober, a potter, and David Nitschmann, a carpenter, and, like Zinzendorf, an Elder amongst the United Brethren or Moravians at Herrnhut—had their hearts touched by the tidings of Hans Egede, and what he had done for the poor Greenlanders, and awoke to the fact that there were other realms for brave Christian men to enter and conquer for the Lord.

The way in which they came to know and think about the need of the West Indian slaves for Christian faith and hope was this:—At Copenhagen, in the year 1731, there were great doings. It was the time of the coronation of Christian the Sixth, and everybody was in the city to see the stir, and to be seen. Our Saxon Count, too, was there, for he had an old friendship for the Danish royal family, and was esteemed at court. With him was the humble and earnest Elder from Herrnhut, feeling, we may be sure, very little at home in the gay throng of courtiers and sightseers.

Amid the crowd of gaping retainers and onlookers was at least one black face, full of interest at the unwonted spectacle; and this led the good Count and the country Elder to make inquiries about the strange-looking visitor. Soon they found that this man Anthony, who was in attendance on a Danish nobleman, had been a slave on a West Indian plantation, and had a dark sister still in bondage in the isle of St. Thomas. Anthony had much to tell that was quite new to them—both of the sufferings and of the sins that hung like a dark cloud, without any silver lining, over the lovely palm-fringed islands in the Caribbean Sea. He told them how he had sat alone on the sea-shore at St. Thomas, praying that Heaven would condescend to give him a message. He promised great and immediate success to any mission that might be sent to the poor slaves. Indeed, all through, he prophesied smooth things, which were never quite fulfilled.

Now it had come by this time to be a serious question (as we have seen in a



THE DISCOVERY OF ST. DOMINGO BY COLUMBUS.
(Fac-simile of an Engraving made in 1493, in the *Bibliothèque de Milan*.)

previous chapter) whether the mission of the Danes to the people of Greenland might not have to be abandoned. How, then, would it be for them to fill the gap by taking up the cause of the dark, down-trodden slaves in the West Indies, which till now no Church had cared for?

Full of this great project, the Count opened his heart to the little congregation at Herrnhut on his return thither, the negro Anthony following with many useful facts, and a good deal which was not useful and not actual. It was thus that Leonhard Dober came to pass a restless night, with the heavy burden of the long-forgotten negroes on his soul. At last, on opening the Book, he happened on the strange parting words of Moses to the chosen people, recorded in Deuteronomy xxxii. 47 :—"For it is no vain thing for you; because it is your life." And so he deemed that the Lord had spoken His will to him in these words.

Anthony did warn those who thought of going out, that the way would be found hard and full of thorns. He told them, however, and probably he quite meant what he said, that the slaves would welcome the message of the Gospel in great numbers; but that the messenger himself, to be effective as a missionary, must needs become a slave. This arose, he explained, from the fact that the poor toilers in those tropical plantations were always kept hard at work, and could only be instructed by one working at their side in the fields.

Surely a great height of Christian heroism was reached when free-born Europeans were prompt to express their willingness to make this great sacrifice of liberty! Dober, soberly and sensibly viewing the whole facts of the case, so far as he could get at them in his rural home, wrote that he had determined—if only one Brother would go with him—that he would give himself up to be a slave, and would tell to the slaves as much of the Saviour as he himself knew. "I leave it," he adds, "in the hands of the congregation, and have no other reason for going than that there are souls in the islands that cannot believe because they have not heard."

Lots had in the end to be cast, in order to know clearly from the Lord, as the Moravian Brethren believe, whether Dober was to go or to stay. A number of written slips of paper were thrown into a receptacle, and the candidate drew for himself the sentence which was to seal his destiny. The words were drawn, "Let the lad go, for the Lord is with him." So Nitschmann, who, it was intended, was soon to return to his wife and children—as he safely did—and Dober, who was to remain in the field, were sent out by this little Moravian congregation at Herrnhut on the 18th of August, 1732, as the first missionaries to the West Indies.

When we read such a decision, reached in such a manner, we feel how just was the remark of Cecil: "The Moravians have very nearly hit on Christianity. They appear to have found out what sort of a thing it is; its quietness, meekness, patience, spirituality, heavenliness, and order."

Count Zinzendorf went along with the two Brethren a part of the way. He gave each of them a ducat, worth about half a sovereign; the Church gave each of them three dollars; the Countess of Stolberg, who sympathised more deeply with their

purpose than any one else, gave them some cheering counsel; and one of the royal family—the Princess Charlotte—gave them a Dutch Bible.

The voyage across the Atlantic took nine weeks, and as they travelled as poor working men, their comforts were few and grudgingly bestowed, and the sailors were not at all friendly. Nitschmann earned the captain's good graces, however, by his skill as a cabinet-maker.* On arriving, they found, by means of a letter of introduction from Copenhagen, a friendly planter with whom they stayed for a brief time, beginning work amongst the negroes on the plantations the very day after their arrival, which happened to be Sunday.

To carry the Gospel to the slaves may have seemed an easy task to accomplish, when once they should have gained a footing on the plantations, but they found the negroes did not welcome them at all warmly, and doubted even the sincerity of their motives. Sundays and Saturdays were the only days of the week in which they could carry on conversation with the slaves on the plantations to any purpose, and *spiritual* rest and blessedness were not the things most of them desired during their few hours of leisure.

Nitschmann found his skilled labour as a carpenter in good demand among his new neighbours, and he got on very well; but, according to the original plan, he had soon to return to Europe. Poor Dober, naturally perhaps, did not find his making of pottery so popular, and there were difficulties in regard to the material he had to use; so he took for a time to fishing, but with no better success. Depressed and discouraged beyond measure, he sank at last into a low fever, and was faithfully nursed through it by his companion till his time came to return to Herrnhut. Dober was then advised, all round, to give up his wild mission to the slaves in the West Indies as a bad business, and to get back to Europe as well and as quickly as he could. These sneers and doubts his faith was able to answer, and he still clung with hopeful devotion to his forlorn post, writing to his far-off friends at Herrnhut that he was free from suffering, though not from anxiety, and imploring their prayers that the good Lord might comfort, guide and sustain him in the great work he hoped yet to do for the poor bondsmen of the West Indian plantations. With aching heart he listened to the creaking of the cordage and the heaving of the anchor as the ship, which carried Nitschmann back to his dear old home, slowly cleft its way through the sapphire bay.

Faith and hope do not always in these days bring plentiful manna direct from the skies, and so poor Dober, with heavy heart and chilling fears, returned to his fishing-tackle, but with no better luck than before. It was clear that this would never do, so he took a situation of a humble kind in the mansion of the Governor. He was, in fact, made steward of the household, and just because His Excellency deemed him to be a truly pious man. Dober agreed to take the post on condition that, after the day's business was over, he should be allowed to give religious teaching to the negroes on the estate. With beautiful candour he tells us that: "The sailors, who till now had ridiculed me, were perfectly astonished, and counted me very fortunate; but I found myself far from comfortable, though I had improved my outward condition. For some

time I sat at the Governor's table, and had everything, as the world says, which heart could desire; but I was ashamed to see myself so raised above my former ideas of slavery, and this new manner of living was so oppressive to me that I was often quite wretched. I could only comfort myself with the assurance that the Lord had placed me in this situation; for I had solemnly promised Him not to seek employment from any one, but to give myself up implicitly to the direction of His providence."

Finding, therefore, his position out of harmony with his original intention in coming to the land, he resigned. Then we find him for a little while trying to gain even scanty bread and water as a watchman. Finally, guided by the Hand that had always led him, he became an overseer on a cotton plantation. He had from this time regular opportunities, and full liberty to preach to and to teach the slaves, which he did with all tenderness and sympathy, born of such bitter experiences. He carried on this work faithfully for two years. A brother of the negro Anthony, whom he had met at the coronation, Anthony's sister, her negro husband, and another negro, regularly came to learn more of Christ. That was all the visible result of so much labour and sorrow, when Dober, who had been appointed to the office of presiding Elder at Herrnhut, was recalled to his old home and its new duties there.

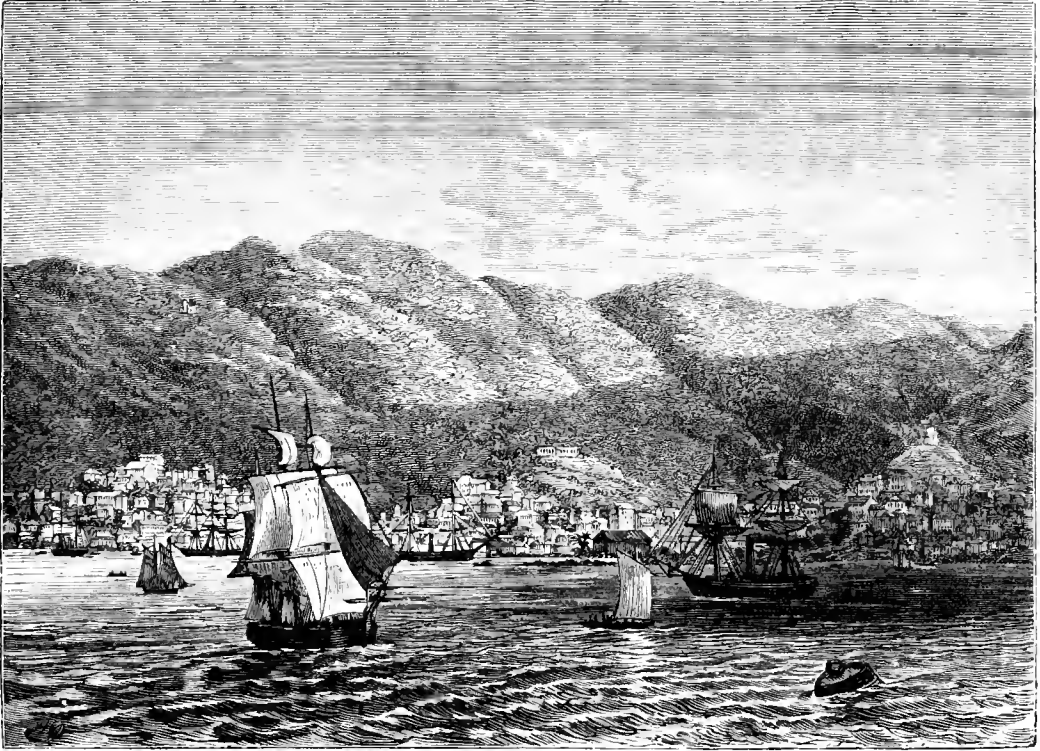
Dober did not, however, leave the country till those who were to take up the broken threads of his unfinished web had arrived in the field. A new and broader spirit had now breathed upon the growing band at Herrnhut, and the Moravians were henceforth to be known to the Church and to the world for their great missionary work in many lands.

In 1734, a rather sickly lad, whose heart burned with a great enthusiasm—Frederick Martin—offered to go out to St. Thomas, the island on whose white shore negro Anthony had been wont to kneel and pray for some heavenly radiance to light up his gloom. Very soon Martin, along with T. W. Grothaus, and an apparently rather vain tailor, named John A. Bonike, came to work at St. Thomas, and came also, as the Americans say, to stay.

The little band of four believers that Dober had gathered round him was still unbroken, and each had remained loyal to the faith. Martin, who was a man of remarkable vigour and energy, infused some of his own vitality into every agency of the mission. He visited plantation after plantation, and island after island, telling the poor slaves the story of the Saviour of men, to whom every soul was precious, and kindling a new hope and dignity within the dusky bosoms of those crushed toilers, whom no one had seemed to think of as anything but machines. He held meetings in his own narrow dwelling and elsewhere, while the number of hearers went on increasing till "there came a veritable hunger for the Word of God." There was, indeed, a genuine and large religious movement among the negroes, who might be heard praying aloud by the waysides during the night. But just at this crisis, so full of hope for the mission, Bonike and Martin somehow fell out, and very bitter was the dispute; while Martin was also stricken with a sore fever, due, no doubt, to climatic influences acting on an overstrained and naturally fragile frame.

One of the results of such a fever, when long-continued in a tropical climate, is great lack of blood-supply to the brain, which betrays itself strikingly just when general recovery is setting in. Martin's memory accordingly came to fail him, and he would forget the doings even of the day before. When some of the little Christian company he had brought together were dismayed at finding this, he would say, "Children, do not be alarmed: I am stronger; the Lord has given me strength for His work."

As he began to get his powers back, the people came in crowds too great for his narrow dwelling to contain, and then they taught the truth to others, and so the work spread through the plantations like leaven. A negro church of St. Thomas was



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS.

founded, and a plantation was bought, in which to form a little Christian colony or settlement.

We are told that in his intercourse with the negroes, Martin by his simplicity and graciousness of manner won their affections in a wonderful way. "He used to shake hands with them, sit down beside them, and converse with them as if they had been his friends and his equals. . . . He divided his own scanty supplies with such of them as were poor and needy. The cripple, the lame, and other miserable creatures who crawled to his door, found in him a friend and benefactor." All this had a profound and lasting effect upon the susceptible hearts of the negroes, who are of a strongly emotional nature, as their later history in the West Indies has strikingly shown.

All this had been very encouraging to the hearts of the workers; but now there began to be heard ominous mutterings among the planters and other slave-holders, which were soon to burst forth into a violent storm of animosity and persecution. Many of them forbade their slaves to go to the meetings, and if they disobeyed, as some had dared to do, they were savagely beaten or flogged till the blood streamed down their quivering backs. Many Christian negresses who were slaves, were subjected to special persecutions from their brutal owners, the recital of which makes one blush to think of our human nature, no means being left untried to entice or compel them into sin. Attempts were made also to crush the work of the Moravians by Government influence, and even to suppress it by legal authority.

Bonike and the others could no longer work in harmony, and one now wonders how far this zealous tailor, who had from the first been expected to provide by his handicraft for the wants of his delicate brother, was altogether wisely or kindly used. However that may be, Bonike went his own way henceforth as a missionary, and gathered around himself a little body of believers, who acknowledged him as their earthly guide and teacher. Such schismatic operations as his were deemed, however, gave much offence to the United Brethren, and poor Bonike was denounced on all hands, without any stint of terms of reprobation. Possibly he may have been wrong; but a tragic event was soon to end the sad quarrel, in a way which seems to have left no manner of doubt in the minds of the good men who opposed him, that Heaven had taken up their quarrel and had solemnly settled it in favour of their own view.

One day Bonike had called on his missionary brethren at Tappus, where their chief station was. They had talked long and warmly over the affairs of the mission, but could not see eye to eye, and Bonike evidently formed an unyielding minority of one. Possibly his conscience would not allow him simply to bow, for peace' sake, to the dictation of those he considered as his equals. They finally pressed him to humble himself before the Almighty, and to confess the error of his ways. The poor man seems to have felt that this was begging the questions at issue between them, and stress was afterwards laid on the fact that he solemnly appealed to God to be the Judge between them. He then mounted his horse and rode off rapidly, in company with a negro lad who had come with him. He had not gone far, however, when the Brethren were startled by the loud, piercing crash of a tropical thunderbolt close at hand. In a minute or two the black boy came running in to say that his master was dead. Alas! it was indeed true. He had been struck by the lightning, staggered for a second or two, and then fell lifeless to the ground. His pale corpse was soon brought in, and we may try to picture the awed hush which stole over that still flushed group, as they gazed on the marble lineaments of the man they had argued with so warmly a few minutes before. They sorrowfully laid him in the quiet grave, there to rest till the great and only just Judge shall try those on whom the tower of Siloam fell, with countless others whom the world has unjustly condemned.

A most extraordinary series of persecutions soon afterwards arose against Martin personally, and against the whole of the Moravians as a class. Their position in Europe, as an object of popular prejudice, was then not unlike that of the early Wesleyans in

England, or the Salvation Army in our own day, and this strong feeling of antipathy had now travelled westward to the Caribbean Sea. It sometimes took strange forms of expressing itself. Martin had in some Hermlutian or ecclesiastical sense been ordained by a writing from Nitschmann. No official would nowadays care to meddle with a question so clearly internal as this one was. However, a Dutch reformed minister, Borm Zaume by name, felt moved to raise this delicate question, but not necessarily, as one writer assumes, for the purpose of bringing Martin's work to an abrupt end. The objection was raised in the name of the Consistory, and there was no question at all as to the religious liberty of the United Brethren in the islands. That was clear and quite undisputed. In consequence of this move the Governor was led to prohibit Martin from acting as a minister, and to this decision Martin, protesting indignantly, declined to yield. He and another, Freundlich, further refusing, on religious principle, to take oath while offering evidence in a criminal court, were fined far beyond their present or probable means, and were forthwith haled to prison, singing hymns on the way, which negroes, working in the fields, joined in from afar.

The criminal case arose thus:—Timothy Fredler, one of the missionaries, left his station at St. Croix, and began quietly to make a little money for himself at St. Thomas. This was felt to be a great scandal, and it led Martin and the negro converts to withdraw their fellowship from him. Just after this, a plantation inspector, on the estate of the Lord Chamberlain, found, or alleged that he had found, in Fredler's trunk, certain valuable articles that had been the property of his lordship. Fredler was therefore charged with the theft, and was detained in prison for trial. It had thus come to pass that three of the early missionaries were at one time in prison, one of them, it would seem, *falsely* charged with theft (for he was ultimately acquitted), and the two others for religiously declining to take oath, and not finding the means to pay the outrageous fines imposed on them for their offence. For although they expressed their perfect readiness to give their testimony on affirmation, they were fined and fined again, the penalty being increased each time.

While the sickly Martin was thus pining away in prison, the old vexed question of the validity of his ordination was revived by his Dutch reverence Borm, in a most bitter and revengeful spirit, and probably few things more extraordinary ever happened in a Christian country, than what now took place at the instigation of this valiant minister of the Gospel.

Martin, in virtue of his ordination, had married a missionary, named Freundlich, to one Rebecca, a good Christian woman, just a little too dark in her complexion to make everything quite comfortable in such a state of society as the West Indies then presented. Borm, good man, insisted that they should be re-married, or rather *properly* married, by himself, but this coarse demand was not acceded to. Then followed a trial and decision the most revolting conceivable to enlightened Christian feeling. According to Danish law—based on Jewish legislative principles—a man and woman living together without marriage were subject to severe and deterrent penalties. Here, then, was a case, all ready to hand, which might yield this narrow-souled Dutch ecclesiastical diabolical revenge on his Moravian rivals. Thus, without waiting for the legal opinion of

the Home authorities, which had been duly invoked, poor friendless Freundlich was sentenced to pay an impossible fine of one hundred rix-dollars, and to be imprisoned during the whole term of his natural life. That might perhaps have seemed to be enough even to satiate a thirst for vengeance on an unoffending rival, but worse was to follow. It was further judicially determined that poor olive-skinned Rebecca, from whose bosom her husband had been so foully torn away, was now to be sold into slavery, and the price of her Christian flesh and blood was to be given—O Charity, what deeds are done in thy name!—*to aid the funds of the hospital!*



ATTACK BY WHITES ON THE MISSION STATION OF POSAUNENBERG.

So anxious was this worthy pastor, Born, to advance the kingdom of righteousness, that he next insisted on the Moravian negro converts coming before himself for examination, as their instruction in Christian doctrine by the Moravians had, he thought, been so defective as to be really worse than none at all, which was what he had afforded them.

Just at this terrible crisis in the history of the Moravian missions to the slaves in the West Indies, good Count Zinzendorf, all unwitting of the state of affairs, arrived on the island of St. Thomas, a veritable *deus ex machinâ*. Martin, who, as we have seen, was from the first a delicate man, had got out of prison on bail, seriously injured in health. Zinzendorf, making vigorous efforts on their behalf, got Freundlich and his

beloved Rebecca out of gaol for a few days, and finally succeeded in obtaining full freedom for them both. Fredler, too, who had been accused of theft, was not only freed from imprisonment, but from even the suspicion of the crime with which he had been charged. He remained a true and loyal friend to the Brethren till the day of his death, and left a legacy to their missions.

On the day before the Count was to return to Europe, a great gathering of the negro converts took place at Tappus, to wish him farewell and a good voyage. Some of the white people, armed with swords and staves, who had been petitioning the Governor to put a complete stop to all this teaching and preaching, attacked this peaceful assembly with great violence. They afterwards rushed to the missionary plantation at Posaunenberg, which the Brethren had purchased, and where they had a dwelling-place. Arriving there, they at once proceeded to smash the dishes and furniture, making an utter wreck of the property, beating such negroes as they found remaining on the estate, wounding some of them severely, and putting the rest to flight. This kind of outrage was repeated on several occasions, the "whites" breaking up the meetings with drawn swords. "One of the Brethren received a wound in the shoulder, and some cuts through his coat. His wife was stabbed in the breast through her handkerchief. The wife of another of the missionaries was wounded in the shoulder, and a woman, who had a child in her arms, was cut in the head." One of the planters rode his horse through the rooms with brutal threats.

But, after all, the tide was now turning, and the authorities began to give their countenance and support against these ruffians. Martin's eager, busy life, whose activities had no pause, was, however, to end. In 1750 the fever again broke him down, and he died full of peace and hope. They laid him to rest by the little negro church at St. Thomas, as he had requested. A cairn of stones was reared over the lowly grave by the loving hands of the converts, "and still, as they visit the place, they reverently uncover their heads." Just before his death the Governor pointed out the plantation, used by the Moravians as a nursery for their "Mustard Seed," which had now come to yield a great spiritual harvest, and he said, "That is our security now in this island. By that influence we are enabled to sleep soundly." Was there ever a clearer testimony to the value of missions?

It had been slow and uphill work, but "In fifty years after the mission was founded," says Fleming Stevenson, "nearly twelve thousand had been baptised; fifty years later the number had risen to over thirty-one thousand; and during these one hundred years death had been so busy, that it took more than three hundred missionaries to sow the seed."

X. — SOUTH AFRICA.

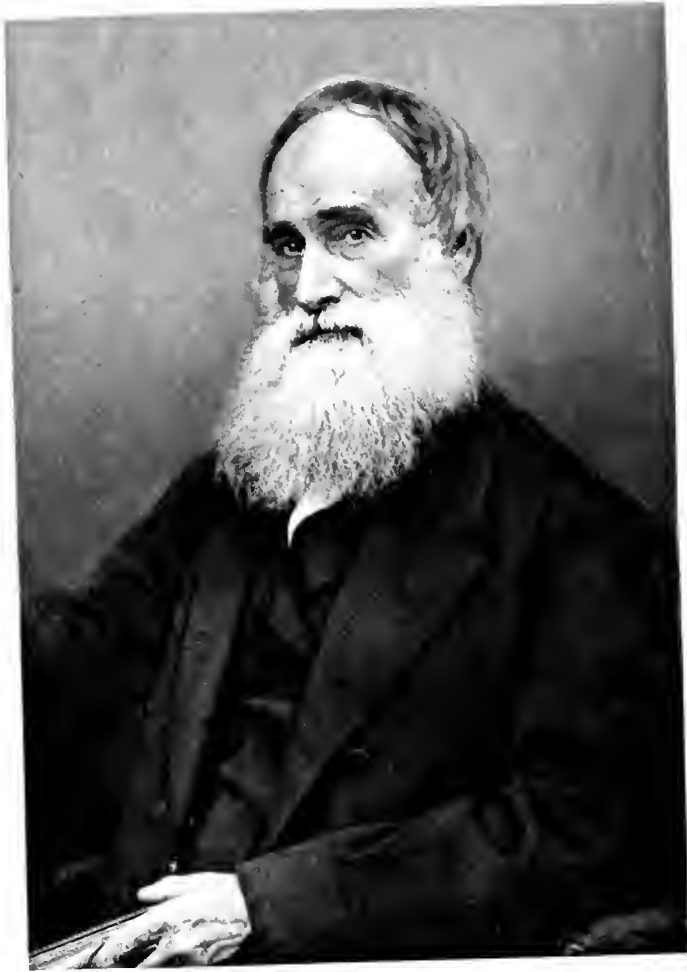
CHAPTER XVIII.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

In Westminster Abbey—Early Life—Spiritual History—Offers Services to London Missionary Society—Mary Smith—Sails for Cape Town—A Practical Sermon—Africaner, The Bonaparte of South Africa—Marriage—The Sechuana Language—Life at Lattakoo—Perils from the Heathen and from Wild Beasts—The Mantatees—A Tribal War—Translation of Scriptures—Visits to England—Adventure of Miss Moffat—Founding New Missions—Sechéle, Chief of the Bakwains—Closing Years.

ON the evening of St. Andrew's Day, in the year 1873, a remarkable service was held in the nave of Westminster Abbey, one of a series established in connection with the Day of Intercession for Missions by the then Dean, Dr. Stanley. On two previous occasions the address had been given by an eminent layman, and a well-known minister of the Church of Scotland, but in 1873 the speaker was a Nonconformist who had spent fifty years as a missionary in South Africa. As he took his place at the reading-desk, every face was turned to the tall upright form, keen countenance, and bright eye, apparently undimmed by the weight of nearly eighty years, of the venerable man, who spoke so simply and yet so eloquently of his wonderful experience in heathen lands. The dimly lighted nave was filled with men and women differing widely in theological opinions, but all moved by the desire of hearing Robert Moffat plead the cause he loved so well, in the noblest of English churches. The occasion was unique. Never before, and never since, has the voice of an English Nonconformist minister been heard in Westminster Abbey.

Robert Moffat was the son of humble but God-fearing parents, and was born on the shortest day of the year 1795, at Ormiston, in East Lothian, where a tall granite column has been erected to his memory. He received a very modest education, and his first school-book was the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, to which the alphabet was prefixed, so that as soon as he had learnt his letters he at once plunged into the first question, "What is the chief end of man?" His passion for travelling was developed at a very early age, for when he was only eleven he ran away to sea and made several coasting voyages: but, to the great joy of his parents, he soon got disgusted with a seafaring life, and returned to school for two years. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a nursery gardener at Polmont, where he had to put up with many hardships, often rising as early as four o'clock in the bitter cold of a winter's morning, and never having more food than was absolutely necessary: yet, in spite of these disadvantages, finding time to attend an evening class, and to learn mensuration and a little Latin, diversifying his meagre leisure by working at a blacksmith's anvil and playing the violin. When his apprenticeship was ended, he obtained a situation for a twelvemonth in the gardens of the Earl of Moray, at Donibristle, near Aberdour, and at the conclusion of his engagement he became under-gardener to Mr. Leigh, of High Leigh, in the county of Chester, and at no great distance from Manchester.



L. B. M. F. T.

At High Leigh he was more comfortably circumstanced. The head-gardener, finding him well up to the work, left much of it to him, and Mrs. Leigh took an interest in the young man, and encouraged him to study in his spare time, lending him books and advising him as to his reading. Here, too, he became acquainted with a pious Methodist family, who took him with them to some of their meetings, where he was much impressed by the earnest appeals of those who spoke. He had always been a diligent reader of the New Testament, and on leaving home his poor mother had entreated him never to forget God's Word; but it was not until he heard the Methodist preachers that the Bible became to him anything more than an ordinary book, and even then he confesses that he tried for a long time to stifle his convictions. Nor was his own unwillingness the sole obstacle. His mistress disliked the Methodists, and as soon as she knew of his attendance at their meetings ceased to befriend him; and his father, who, as a Calvinist, distrusted the theology of his new friends, urged him by letter to be cautious how he followed their teachings. Thus for a long time a severe struggle continued; but in the end the great change came, and Moffat, influenced by the Spirit of God, became a sincere and an avowed Christian.

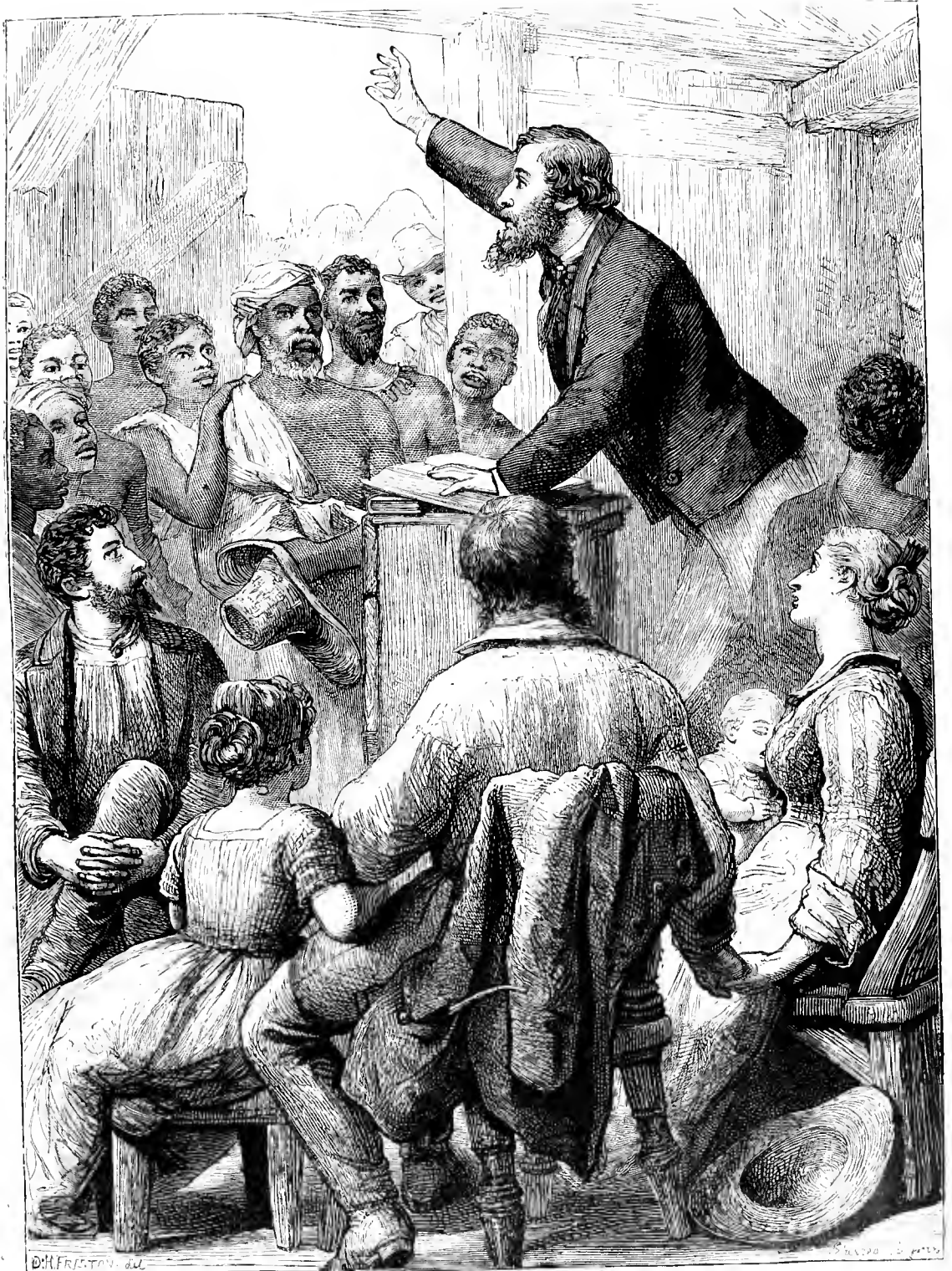
At this crisis in his life, a mere accident, as men would say, attracted him to Mr. Roby, an Independent minister of some repute in Manchester, who took a great interest in the training of young men for the Christian ministry, and who subsequently founded the Lancashire Independent College. As Moffat was walking one fine summer evening into Warrington to do some shopping, he noticed a placard announcing a missionary meeting to be held in Manchester under the chairmanship of the Rev. William Roby. The date was already passed, but Moffat had never seen a missionary placard before, and it so fascinated him that when he had done his errand he returned to it and read it over and over again, recalling as he did so the stories of the Moravians in Greenland and Labrador, which his mother had told him when he sat as a boy at her side. The seed then sown had not died, but now sprang up to bear much fruit in the years to come. He could not, and would not if he could, get the thought of missions out of his head, and with the thought he always associated the name of Roby. He resolved at least to hear him, and when he found an opportunity he was much impressed by the looks and manner of the preacher, but had no idea of making his acquaintance or of seeking his assistance and advice. Another accidental circumstance, however, induced Moffat to take this step. The conversation at the house where he was staying turning upon the preacher, a lady observed that Mr. Roby took much interest in young men, and sometimes sent them out as missionaries, a remark that fell upon the attentive ears of Moffat, who pondered over it in prayer during the night, and when morning came was firmly resolved to call upon the preacher and ask to be sent out to the heathen. Doubts indeed suggested themselves; he had, he knew, few qualifications for the work; his educational advantages were small; he was bashful and timid, and, he feared, presumptuous; and these doubts and fears accompanied him to Mr. Roby's door, where for a time he feared to knock, and once turned back in diffidence and despair. But courage returned to him; he knocked and was admitted. Mr. Roby soon appeared, and listened patiently and kindly to all his visitor had to tell of his

desire to go to the heathen and labour for Christ; and, after putting many questions, agreed to write to the directors of the London Missionary Society asking whether they could accept Moffat's offer. Weeks passed slowly enough, and the young gardener began to think he was quite forgotten, until his suspense was ended by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Roby asking him to come to Manchester, so that he might be placed in a situation there, and have the opportunity of further intercourse, and of an examination into his fitness for the work he desired to undertake.

Moffat had no hesitation about leaving Leigh and accepting the proposal, but he had some difficulty in obtaining a situation. Mr. Roby, however, exerted himself, and found a place for him with Mr. Smith, a nurseryman at Dukinfield, where he remained a year, diligently working at the business and devoting all his spare time to study and preparation for his future career.

At last, in the summer of 1816, the long-expected and welcome news arrived that his offer was accepted. He gave up his situation, and for a few weeks applied himself closely to his studies, and then paid a hurried visit to Scotland to say good-bye to his father and mother, whom he never thought to meet again. He returned once more to Manchester to take farewell of Mr. Roby and of Mary Smith, his master's daughter, whose heart he had won, though her parents objected to her accompanying him to the mission-field. But the young lovers did not give up the hope of overcoming their objections in time, and Moffat went to London full of zeal and eager to begin his work. His interview with the directors of the Missionary Society, a much dreaded ordeal, was in every respect satisfactory, and on the 30th of September he was ordained at Surrey Chapel, with John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, and seven other young men who were going out as missionaries, four to the South Seas, and four to Africa.

Moffat sailed for the Cape on the 18th of the following month, and reached Cape Town, where he received a hearty welcome from Mr. Thorn, the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, on the 13th of January, 1817. His intended destination was Namaqualand, but the colonial authorities refused to allow him to proceed thither, alleging that, as many servants and slaves had run away from their masters and taken refuge at the mission stations in Griqualand, it was altogether undesirable to found other stations, which might be used for a similar purpose. No argument or entreaty could turn the Governor, and it became necessary to send home for further directions. But Moffat was not idle during the tedious interval, and he utilised the time in learning Dutch, going to Stellenbosch for the purpose of isolating himself from his English friends, and lodging with a Dutch farmer, who, unlike most of his fellows, was a man of deep piety and an ardent supporter of missions. He soon acquired the language, and was able to use it in conducting religious services at Stellenbosch and in the surrounding district. Meantime, Mr. Thorn continued to apply to the Governor to withdraw his opposition to the intended mission to Namaqualand, and though for a considerable time without result, at length his persevering efforts were successful. Moffat was then recalled to Cape Town, and, accompanied by another missionary for part of the way, set off on his long journey.



MOFFAT PREACHING TO A BOER'S FAMILY AND SERVANTS.

As the two men travelled through the colony, most of the farmers with whom they rested at night, or on Sunday, shook their heads, and indulged in gloomy forebodings on hearing of their desire to evangelise Namaqualand; and one motherly dame even shed tears when young Moffat told her where he proposed to go, because she felt sure he was rushing into danger, and probably into death. The farmers were generally hospitable enough to the travellers, and once, after supper, Moffat was asked to conduct family worship. The big Bible was produced, and the family seated themselves round the room. "But where are the servants?" asked Moffat. "Do you mean the Hottentots?" was the reply. "Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons; or, stop, boys! call in the dogs!" The request for the servants was not repeated, and a psalm having been sung, the missionary read from St. Luke's Gospel the story of the Syrophenician woman, laying an emphasis on the words, "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the children's table." The words went home, and the farmer stopped the reading and called in the servants, many of whom had never before been inside the house. The worship ended, and the Hottentots having withdrawn, he turned to Moffat, and said, "My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head."

Moffat's destination was Africaner's kraal, where he relieved another missionary, Mr. Ebner, who had unfortunately quarrelled with a brother of the chief, and had accepted an invitation from another chief named Bondelzwarts to go and teach his people. Moffat was thus single-handed, and found himself in a lonely position, with no friend or brother with whom he could consult, in a barren and miserable country, without corn or bread, and without means of communicating with the colony. The outlook was dismal enough; but he found a friend, where he had least expected, in the person of Africaner himself.

This man had long been the terror of the country, and had obtained the name of the "Bonaparte of South Africa." He was originally a Hottentot in the service of a Dutch farmer at Tulbach, not very far from Cape Town, and was generally employed in tending cattle, though sometimes he and his sons were sent on commandoes, or plundering expeditions, which were frequently organised by the Boers against the defenceless natives of the interior. In this way Africaner and his sons learnt to rob and murder, and it is hardly a matter for surprise that, having been provoked by their employer, they shot him and his wife to revenge their real or supposed injuries. They then fled across the Orange River, and settled in Great Namaqualand, far enough from the boundaries of the colony to ensure their own safety, but near enough to strike at many of the unprotected farms belonging to the Boers. Nor was their hostility directed only against the whites. For many years, like Ishmael of old, the hand of Africaner was against every man. In all directions, he and his followers plundered the country, carried off the cattle, and mercilessly destroyed the Boers, Hottentots, or Namaquas who opposed them. The colonial authorities offered a large reward for the capture of this wild and fierce chief, but nobody was bold enough to make the attempt. Missionaries had visited him, and he suffered them to remain; but they had been obliged to withdraw in despair of effecting any good, and Mr. Ebner was but

following the example of his predecessors in leaving Africaner and betaking himself to another part of the country.

Wonderful to relate, Africaner was soon attracted to Moffat, and became an altered character. He listened eagerly to his teaching, and one day, after hearing him for a time, broke off with the exclamation, "I have had enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would burst with these great subjects." When the missionary fell sick, he attended him with great care, and supplied him with the best food to be obtained, and with cows to give him milk, and during the whole of their intercourse there was never the slightest difficulty or misunderstanding between them. So great, indeed, was Moffat's influence, that when he found it necessary to go to Cape Town, he succeeded in persuading Africaner to go with him.

This was a great triumph. The offer of a reward for the chief's capture had never been withdrawn, yet he ventured to go to the authorities who had made the offer, in implicit reliance on the protection of a young missionary. Many strange incidents occurred during the journey. At one place, where Moffat had stayed on his way to Namaqualand, the farmer came to meet, but did not recognise, his former guest, and on being reminded who he was, exclaimed "Moffat! No, it must be his ghost, for I have heard of his murder by Africaner, and I know a man who was shown his bones." Convinced at length of the fact that he was talking to the living Moffat, a still greater surprise awaited him when he was told that Africaner himself was an altogether changed character, and was actually close at hand. "If what you say is true," the farmer replied, "I should like to see him, though he killed my uncle." This statement was somewhat disconcerting, but trusting his host's sincerity, Moffat introduced his companion: and the farmer, after asking him some questions, could not but exclaim: "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! what cannot Thy grace do?"

The arrival of Africaner at Cape Town created no little astonishment, and brought home to the authorities in a very practical and striking way, the civilising effect of Christian missions. Here was a man formerly guilty of great crimes, whom they had vainly tried to capture, trusting himself amongst them as the companion of a missionary, whose teaching and influence had wrought so wonderful a change. The Governor sent for the chief, and, as a result of the interview between the representative of the King of England and the outlaw, the amount of the reward was actually spent in presents for himself and his people. He returned in safety to his kraal, but he had decided to move into the Bechuana country, where his friend and teacher was about to take up his abode, it having been found impossible to maintain the Namaqualand mission.

Moffat had, it will be remembered, been engaged whilst at Dukinfield to Mary Smith, his employer's daughter, but as her parents objected to her marriage he had been obliged to come out alone, and to trust that in time she would be able to join him. Three years elapsed, and then Mr. and Mrs. Smith, feeling it would be wrong to withhold their consent any longer, parted with their beloved child, who was married to Robert Moffat in St. George's Church, Cape Town, at Christmas, 1819, and was for fifty years his devoted wife and helper

Early in the following year they started for Bechuanaland, accompanied by John Campbell, of Kingsland, who was paying his second missionary visit to South Africa. The travellers, in their slow and lumbering ox-waggons, were seven weeks in getting to the



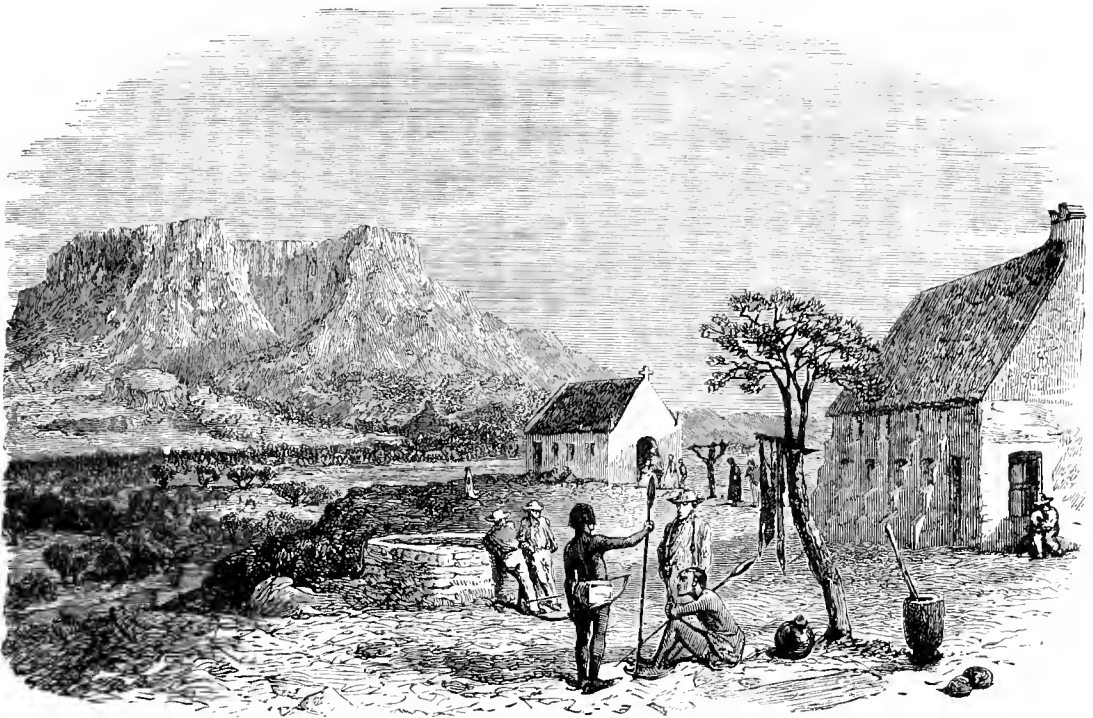
AFRICANER.

Orange River, a journey which can now be accomplished by railway in two days, and, having crossed the river without difficulty, soon arrived at Lattakoo. Mary Moffat was delighted with the first view of her new home, the landscape reminded her of the scenery of England, and the trees were finer than any she had seen elsewhere in Africa, but with a thought of her old home, she confessed that no African forest was in her eyes so beautiful as the little wood above the nursery at Dukinfield. Mateebe, the king, welcomed the new-comers, and they were introduced to the chiefs and other principal people, but they could not at once settle down to their work, as the necessary permission had not been received from the Colonial Governor. They therefore returned for a time to Griqua Town, where they met Africaner, who had conveyed Moffat's property, consisting of cattle, sheep, a little furniture, and a few books, in safety from Namaqualand. The old chief having thus faithfully fulfilled his promise, started to fetch his own property, in order to carry out his intention of settling near his beloved teacher; but he never came back, and died at his old kraal a few months afterwards.

The Moffats were detained at Griqua Town much longer than they liked, and during their stay their eldest child, Mary, afterwards the wife of David Livingstone,

was born. Their patience was in time rewarded by the receipt of the Governor's permission to proceed to Lattakoo, where Mr. Hamilton had been living for some years without making much headway, as he had not been able to acquire the Bechuana or Sechuana language, and could not therefore communicate directly with the people. Many of the Hottentots who had been brought from Bethelsdorf as servants and

interpreters, turned out very badly, and brought disgrace upon the Christian profession, and this also was a serious hindrance to the success of the mission. Unqualified interpreters had always proved a difficulty in missionary work, and though some of their blunders were amusing—as, for instance, when a traveller asked the name of the place through which he was passing, and was told “Ua reay,” which really means “What do you say?”—other errors were more serious, as when a preacher told his congregation that “The salvation of the soul is a great and important subject,” the interpreter translated it, “The salvation of the soul is a great and important sack.”



MOFFAT'S MISSION STATION IN NAMAQUALAND (BEERSHEBA).

Moffat quickly perceived that to make progress he must acquire the Sechuana language, and as soon as he had settled his family at Lattakoo, he went away by himself to a village where no Dutch or English was spoken, and thus obtained his object quickly and effectually. He was now able to address the people in their own tongue, and he made use of every practicable opportunity of explaining why he had come to them; but it took a long, long time to make any impression. If, in return for some service, a native received a present, he would perhaps attend worship once or twice by way of showing his gratitude, and if Moffat had been able and willing to bribe the people, no doubt he would soon have got a congregation. Nothing, however, was farther from his thoughts, and he could only wait patiently for better days.

The Bechuanas, indeed, did not want the Gospel, and were unwilling to abandon

the customs and superstitions which they had inherited from their ancestors. They were without any notion of a Supreme Being, and had no idols, temples, altars, or other signs of worship, so that no appeal could be made to them respecting God or immortality, or to any other religious ideas which most men possess in some rudimentary form or other. They had little or no sense of honour, and were crafty and cunning, though not ill-natured. In their wars, which were generally undertaken for the purpose of carrying off cattle, they were often guilty of cruel and ferocious practices, especially towards the Bushmen, who were in most respects their inferiors, but it is said that they were more humane than the kindred tribes of the Zulus and Kaffirs.

Amongst the Bechuanas, as so often happens in uncivilised peoples, and especially where polygamy prevails, much of the hardest work was done by the women. The men, of course, went to the wars and on hunting expeditions; but at home, in times of peace, they watched the cattle, milked the cows, dressed the skins of animals and made them into mantles whilst the women worked in the fields, brought home wood for the fires, built the houses, and did all the heavy work. They were merely drudges, and as an indolent husband took additional wives, he had more toilers to labour for him, and was the less likely to sympathise with teachers who told him that it was contrary to the spirit of true religion that a man should have more than one wife.

In Moffat's early struggles at Lattakoo, patience was not the only virtue he was required to exercise. When he had been living there little more than a year, a period of drought set in, and the country suffered terribly for want of water. As usual, the rain-makers, or rain-doctors, were sent for. The rain-doctors were looked up to with great respect, and their strange and sometimes disgusting practices were believed to be efficacious in bringing down the rain. One of their devices was to burn charcoal made from the bodies of bats, the livers of jackals, and parts of lions, baboons, and snakes; and another to pound a poisonous bulb, boiling part of it in water and giving the decoction to a sheep, who soon died in convulsions, the other part being burnt, and producing an unpleasant smoke. These devices were tried at Lattakoo without result, and the rain-doctors then declared that the prayers of the missionaries, and the ringing of their chapel bell, kept away the clouds; therefore it was decided that the missionaries must quit the place, and one of the chiefs, accompanied by twelve armed warriors, came to them with peremptory orders to leave. Moffat was unmoved by their threatening behaviour, and firmly refused to go. "We are not willing to leave you," he said. "You may shed my blood, and burn the houses, but I know you will not touch my wife and children, and you will surely spare my venerable friend," pointing, as he spoke, to Mr. Hamilton. "As for myself," he continued, "I have decided not to leave the country; but, if you will, put me to death, and when you have killed me my companions will know they must depart." This bold language had its natural effect; the chief retired in awe, and the missionaries were allowed to remain in peace.

Having escaped this peril from the heathen, Moffat was soon afterwards exposed to perils from wild beasts. On one of his journeys to a neighbouring village, as he

was wandering in search of food, he shot at an antelope, and on going to secure it came upon a panther crouched in a tree, and preparing to spring upon him. His double-barrelled gun had been loaded with ball and small shot, but the ball had been fired at the antelope, and as the small shot would only have infuriated the panther, he slowly retired backwards, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the beast. Suddenly he trod on a cobra lying in the grass, and felt it twisting itself round his legs, which were only protected by thin trousers. A moment's delay would have been fatal, for the venomous serpent was preparing to strike, when a well-directed charge of small shot killed it, and Moffat dragged it after him to his companion, who said that had it bitten him death must have been instantaneous.

On another journey he came upon a party of Bushmen whose movements excited his curiosity. He found that one of the women had died, and they were digging a grave. When this was done he discovered, to his horror, that they intended not only to bury the dead woman, but her two living children, and no persuasion on his part would induce them to desist from this dreadful purpose, unless he would take charge of the orphans. Concluding that only in this way would they be spared, he agreed to become their guardian, and brought them to Lattakoo, where for many years they formed part of his household, one of them afterwards becoming a nurse-girl to his elder children.

The first years of Moffat's labours in Bechuanaland were full of discouragement, and the prospects of the mission appeared to become worse and worse. The people robbed the houses and gardens of the missionaries with impunity, for the chief was too weak or too timid to interfere. Sheep were stolen from the fold at night, and cattle were driven off, sometimes only for mischief, and left to become the prey of wild beasts. By an expenditure of great labour the missionaries had dug a small canal some miles in length to supply their garden with water, but the work was hardly completed before the people diverted the whole of the stream into their own gardens, and deprived the missionaries of the fruit of their toil. For some months Hamilton and Moffat were obliged to watch in turn all night to save the vegetables in their gardens, and when they were absent from their houses at worship, the people would carry off their saws, knives, and other tools. Almost every day something was lost, and Moffat has left it upon record that the only gains were "those of resignation and peace, the results of prayer, patience, and faith in the unchangeable purposes of God."

Another and a heavier trial was the conduct of the Hottentots, who had come from the institutions at Bethelsdorp and other places in the colony to help the missionaries in building, gardening, and similar work. These men were nominally Christians, but they were too weak to resist the temptations to which they were exposed amongst a heathen and corrupt people; and their behaviour was a source of shame to the missionaries, and a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel, of which they showed themselves such unworthy representatives.

The dirty habits of the Bechuanas were a minor annoyance. Their custom of smearing their bodies with grease and red ochre made intercourse with them very unpleasant, and their slight clothing was often exceedingly filthy. Cleanliness was

unknown, and they were only amused at the missionaries putting their arms, legs, and feet into bags, and fastening their clothes with buttons, instead of suspending ornaments from the neck or hair of the head.

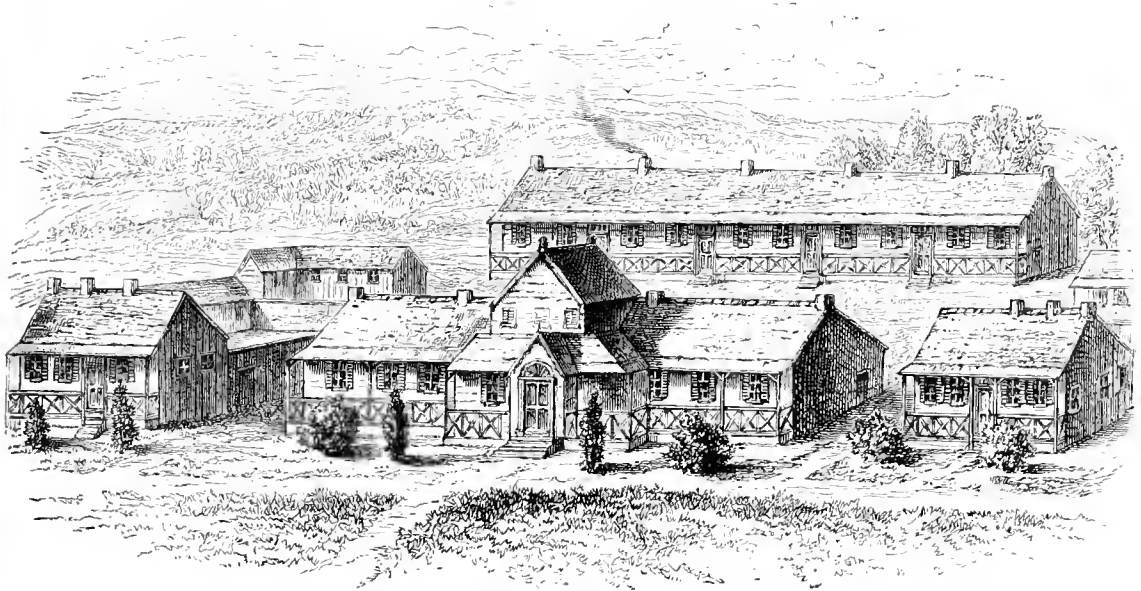
These troubles continued for six years, but at the expiration of that long and trying time, Moffat was able to render a signal service to the people amongst whom his lot was cast. In the year 1828 he undertook a long journey, with the two-fold



BECHUANA RAIN-DOCTORS.

object of visiting another Bechuana tribe, living two hundred miles from Lattakoo, and of ascertaining the truth of a rumoured invasion of the Mantatees, who had been expelled from their own country in the district now known as the Transvaal by the Matabele, a warlike and powerful Kaffir tribe, with whom Moffat was in future years to have much intercourse. It was feared that the Mantatees would attack Lattakoo, and drive the inhabitants westward to the foodless and waterless wastes of the Kalahari desert; and if the design were successful, it seemed probable the missionaries would be destroyed, and that Griqualand and even Cape Colony would not be safe. Moffat soon

learnt that the rumours were only too true, and he hastened back to Lattakoo in terrible uncertainty whether the enemy might not be there before him. Happily he was in time to give warning of their coming; but, from all he had heard, he judged that the Bechuanas unaided would be no match for the invaders, and he proposed to go himself to Griqua Town, in order to consult Mr. Melville, the English Resident, and to obtain, if possible, the help of Waterboer, the Griqua chief. His proposals were gladly accepted, and in a few days he returned, accompanied by the Resident, with a force of a hundred men under the command of the chief. They did not arrive a moment too soon, for the invaders were within forty miles of the place, and it was decided to go out immediately and meet them.



MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN.

Moffat accompanied the little army, not to fight, but, if possible, to negotiate with the invaders, and to restrain the ferocity of the Griquas and the Bechuanas. On the second day after leaving Lattakoo, they came in sight of the Mantatees, who were not a little alarmed at the mounted Griquas, and captured a woman, who was kindly treated and sent back to her own people with an offer of peace. No notice was taken of this offer, and a second attempt at negotiation on the following morning was also unsuccessful. The Mantatees soon began to advance, and at Moffat's request the Griquas and Bechuanas retired slowly and deliberately, to give, if it were possible, an opportunity of coming to terms. So much Fabian strategy did not please the less patient Waterboer, who shot one of the foe, and commanded his men to keep up a steady fire, which wrought deadly havoc, yet did not stop the attack. For three hours the battle continued, in the course of which the Bechuanas made an unsuccessful charge, and at last the Mantatees, no longer able to withstand the fire of the

Griquas, took to flight, burning their camp as they passed through it. The Bechuanas then began to fall upon and kill the women and children, in spite of the endeavours of Moffat and the Commissioner to stop the murderous work. Both the Englishmen rode over the field of battle, exposing themselves to the danger of being speared by the wounded Mantatees, and the missionary narrowly escaped death. He was galloping as fast as his horse could go along a narrow way between some rocks and a body of the wounded enemy, when suddenly one of them jumped up, spear in hand, and would no doubt have killed him, had not one of the Griquas seen the danger, and, by a well-aimed shot, brought down the Mantatee. The bullet whizzed close to Moffat's ear, but it saved him from a terrible death.

We may think it not a little strange that a messenger of the Gospel of peace should have been thus occupied in actual warfare, but we must remember that he was not a combatant, and that the Mantatees were the invaders, threatening to destroy the Bechuanas, who had done them no wrong. Though Moffat was unable entirely to prevent the killing of women and children, he did succeed in saving many of them, who were thrown upon his hands to be provided for and taken care of. His energy had saved the Bechuanas from almost certain destruction; and although it was feared the Mantatees might renew hostilities, they never again attacked the country, but made their way to Basutoland and the Transvaal, where their descendants are to be found to this day.

This crisis had a remarkable effect upon the fortunes of the mission. So long as there was any reason to fear a return of the invaders, Mrs. Moffat and the children were sent to Griqua Town, out of the way of danger, but Moffat remained at his post, and was gratefully recognised as the friend and deliverer of the Bechuanas. His influence increased, and when he proposed to remove to Kuruman, as a more advantageous spot for the work of the mission, many of the people migrated with him, and helped to build a chapel, and houses for himself and Hamilton. The buildings were not completed for some time, but they were substantial, and after an existence of sixty years, are still in good condition, serving the purposes for which they were originally erected.

When the chapel was finished, the hearts of the missionaries were greatly encouraged by the interest the people took in the services, and by other signs of a spiritual awakening. The seed so patiently sown, and so long apparently unfruitful, now began to spring up and bear fruit; old heathen practices were being abandoned, and many wished to be baptised. Of those who presented themselves for baptism, six only were accepted, after a careful examination, as Church members, and were admitted to the ordinances of the Christian Church. Three years before, Mary Moffat had written to some of her friends in England asking them to send out a set of vessels for the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and, by a singular coincidence, the box containing them arrived just in time for the first native communion. It was a joyful and happy service, the first of a long series at which Moffat presided and welcomed to the Church a succession of converts from heathen darkness and degradation.

For some years Moffat had been working at a translation of parts of the New

Testament into the Sechuana language, beginning with the Gospel of St. Luke. The task was not an easy one, and could only be carried on at such times as could be spared from his other multifarious duties. Having little or no knowledge of the original Greek, he made use of the English and Dutch versions to ascertain the precise form of the text, and when this had been satisfactorily established, he turned it into Sechuana. But it was an exceedingly difficult matter to find satisfactory equivalents in that language for many words and phrases. He was thoroughly conversant with what was almost his adopted tongue, but the people had no ideas beyond the requirements of their ordinary uncivilised life, and it was only by hard labour, supported by his indomitable Scotch energy, that the many obstacles were overcome.

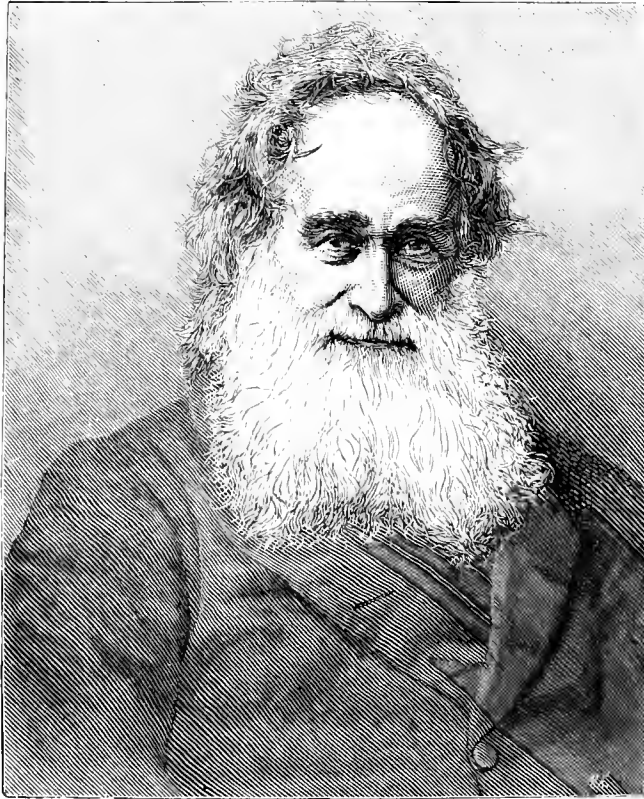
As soon as the Gospel of St. Luke and some other parts of the New Testament were finished, he took his precious manuscript to Cape Town to get it printed, but he could find no printer to undertake the work. In this emergency he applied to the Colonial Secretary for leave to have the printing done at the Government press, and though the authorities were willing to help as far as they could, they were not able to do all that was wanted. They told Moffat he was welcome to use the type and the press, but they could not lend him printers, and he therefore determined to try to set up the type and print the sheets with the assistance of a colleague. They induced one of the printers to give them some instruction, and, applying themselves diligently to their new occupation, succeeded in printing off the sheets, and then learnt to bind them into little books, which Moffat took back with him to Kuruman. A year or two later a printing-press was sent out from England, and when it had been set up, the natives were greatly astonished to see how their teacher picked up and arranged the type, and produced sheets covered with print.

After returning from the Cape, Moffat continued his translation, and in time completed the New Testament, but as he did not possess sufficient material to print it at Kuruman, he started with Mrs. Moffat for Cape Town, in the hope this time of finding a printer. Once more, however, he was disappointed, and after much consultation with friends, he determined to take his manuscript to England, and endeavour to obtain the help of the Bible Society in the publication of the New Testament in the Sechuana language.

There are many persons now living who can recall the extraordinary impression created by Moffat's visit to England in 1840, an impression increased by the arrival of the news of the martyrdom of John Williams, who had been ordained with him twenty-four years before. When he attended the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, the crowd was so great that it overflowed Exeter Hall; and after he had spoken there, he was obliged to repeat his address in a smaller room, where an audience had been patiently waiting for some hours. People in London, in the provinces, and in his native Scotland, were most anxious to hear him, and though meetings were a sad hindrance to the supervision of the printing of the New Testament, he attended as many as he could. The Bible Society agreed to help, but wished him to add the Psalms to the New Testament, and he readily acquiesced in the proposal, though he

would not consent to suspend the printing of the New Testament until the Psalms were ready; and was able to send out five hundred complete Testaments by David Livingstone, who went out as a missionary at the end of the year 1840.

When the Psalms were finished, a further demand was made for translations of parts of the Old Testament, to enable some members of the Society of Friends to send out an edition of six thousand copies of selected portions of the Bible to the Bechuanas. Again he cheerfully complied with this further demand upon his time; and while in



ROBERT MOFFAT.

England he also wrote his well-known "Labours and Scenes in South Africa," which quickly became popular, and still holds its place in our voluminous missionary literature.

His aged father and mother lived to welcome their now famous and honoured son, and Mrs. Moffat's father was also spared to receive her at her old home. But these near and dear relatives had once more to give them up, for the missionary and his wife were both anxious to return to their self-denying labours; and in January, 1843, they left England to resume and continue their work for the long period of twenty-seven years. Owing to a variety of causes, they did not reach Kuruman until the following December, when they were received with many manifestations of joy at their return. Livingstone rode out a hundred and fifty miles to meet them, and to tell of

the preparations for their welcome. Many came shorter distances, and when they all entered Kuruman, such a procession had never been seen there before.

During Moffat's prolonged absence, reinforcements had arrived at Kuruman, and he was now enabled to arrange for an extension of missionary work to tribes hitherto unvisited. From the time of his return, down to the day of his quitting the station for ever, he was, in fact, the Bishop of the South African missionaries. In matters of Church government, he was as sturdy an Independent as ever drew breath, and in his



MRS. MOFFAT.

earlier days he had somewhat chafed at the nominal superintendence of Dr. Philip of Cape Town. His great experience, his natural abilities, his energy, and his willingness to help his brethren, naturally placed him in a position where all were anxious to avail themselves of his suggestions and advice.

His family were now growing up, and his daughter Mary, who at one time had taken charge of the infant school at Kuruman, had married David Livingstone, and was living with him at Chowane, among the Bakwains. The Livingstones were chiefly dependent upon Kuruman for their supplies, and Mary often travelled the two hundred miles between the two places without the escort of her husband and father, relying solely upon the protection of the native drivers. Her sister was equally courageous,

and once, as she was returning from a visit to Chowane, met with an adventure which, but for her coolness, might have had serious results.

The party, consisting of Miss Moffat, a native maid-servant, and three boys as drivers, on coming to a halt one night, discovered that some of their property had been dropped by the way, and two of the boys were sent back to recover it. The oxen had been unyoked, and Miss Moffat was sitting by the camp fire, when she saw the oxen galloping past her, pursued by a lion, which soon brought one of them to the ground, and began to devour it. She at once got into the waggon, and was followed by the girl and boy, and there they had to stay all night without means of defence,—for the only gun had been taken by the two boys—listening to the lion crunching the bones of the ox. As morning dawned, the beast gave a contented roar, as if he had enjoyed his large meal, and made off; but as soon as it was light, and Miss Moffat ventured to peep out, she saw that another lion had come, and she was compelled to remain in the waggon until he too had departed. At last she was able to get out of her prison, but the oxen were nowhere to be seen, and the two boys had not returned. The only thing to be done was to go back to their last halting-place for help; as they went they met the two boys, who had spent the night in a tree for fear of the wild beasts. After walking many miles they obtained assistance, recovered the oxen, and were able to resume their interrupted journey.

Moffat still devoted all his spare time to the translation of the Bible, but this work so seriously affected his health, that many of his friends urged him to pay another visit to England in order to recruit his strength. But though he did not wish to take so long a holiday, he felt that change of occupation and of scene would be the most effectual remedy; he therefore decided upon visiting Sechéle, the chief of the Bakwains, and Mosilikatse, the chief of the Matabele, whose territories lay between Kuruman and the Zambesi. Sechéle had embraced Christianity during Livingstone's residence amongst his people, many of whom had followed their chief's example, and Moffat was very anxious to ascertain whether they were still faithful to the truth, for their teacher had now left them, and was pursuing his journey across Africa. Sechéle was glad to receive his visitor, but matters were not altogether satisfactory, for though the chief still clung to Christianity, and was in the habit of conducting religious worship for his people, there was so much temporising with old and heathen customs that Moffat felt constrained to forbid him from preaching, promising, however, to send a native teacher as soon as he returned to Kuruman. He then proceeded across a hundred and twenty miles of desert to Shoshong, the residence of Sekhowmi, chief of the Bannangwato tribe, hoping to find guides to conduct him to Matabeleland, but Sekhowmi refused to render any help, and forbade his people to accompany Moffat. Nothing daunted, he determined to go on with his own men, and with much difficulty reached Mosilikatse's country, where he remained three months. The old chief was suffering from dropsy, and Moffat prescribed for him with considerable success; he was also able to arrange for sending on supplies to Livingstone, who was known to be in the valley of the Zambesi, and some months later, when returning from St. Paul de Loando, on the west coast, the traveller found them awaiting him. To send this relief had been one of the objects of

Moffat's long journey, and now that he had accomplished it, as far as it lay in his power, he once more set his face homewards. But he did not leave the Matabele without again earnestly speaking to them as to their eternal welfare; and supposing it to be improbable that he would ever see Mosilikatse again, it was with great sadness of heart that he took his farewell.

He reached Kuruman in safety, but his wife was away at the Cape, and without her the place was desolate: and news of the death of his mother, at the ripe age of eighty-four, which came to him in his solitude, did not tend to raise his spirits. The long journey had, however, restored him to health, in spite of its dangers and privations, and he was able to resume and finish the translation of the Old Testament, which had been seventeen years in hand. The entire Bible was now published in the Sechuana tongue, and Moffat's identical text is still the means of conveying to the tribes of South Africa the living Word of God.

In the course of a year or two the arrival of further missionaries from England enabled him to make an attempt to establish a missionary station amongst the Matabele, and once more to visit Mosilikatse. In his journey he found that Sechéle had already obtained the services of Mr. Schroeder, who had come out to Africa under the auspices of Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg, and generously offered to withdraw if Moffat would supply his place. The case presented some difficulties, and many men would have resented what looked like an intrusion, especially as the German, strangely enough, had been sent to Sechéle through the intervention of the Dutch Boers of the Transvaal, usually so hostile to missions. Moffat, however, quickly saw that it would be unwise to interfere, and as Schroeder was a man after his own heart, persuaded him to remain, and the mission was transferred to the Germans.

Mosilikatse was glad enough to receive his old friend, whom he had never expected to see again, but he was not very willing to allow the missionaries who accompanied him to settle amongst the people. Former attempts to found a mission had failed, and the chief did not like the idea of white men taking up their abode in his country, unless Moffat would stay himself. This was out of the question, and much patience and persuasion had to be used before the chief would give way, but in the end his objections were overcome, and the new field was occupied by the missionaries. Mosilikatse proved a steady friend, and his son followed in his steps, yet the mission has never been a great success. It is still maintained, and has doubtless borne some fruit, though the harvest has not been very apparent.

The closing years of Moffat's labours in South Africa were marked by much family trouble. Mary Livingstone died at Shupanga on the Zambesi in 1862, and her brother Robert died at Natal in the same year. Four years later a son-in-law, Jean Fredoux, of the Paris Evangelical Society, was killed at Morokweng, on the borders of Kalahari desert, and his widow and children were a material addition to the many anxieties of the now aged missionary and his wife, upon whom the labour of more than fifty years in South Africa was beginning to tell. The directors of the London Missionary Society urged him to give up, but he did not like the thought of deserting his beloved Kuruman. In 1871, however, the decisive step was taken; the last

sermon was preached in the chapel his own hands had helped to build, and on Friday, the 25th of March, Robert and Mary Moffat quitted Kuruman for ever.

Two of their children were left in South Africa to carry on the work. Bessie Moffat, who had married, in 1861, Roger Price, for a short time missionary at Shoshong, afterwards amongst the Bakwena of Sechéle, and now in charge of the Theological Institution at Kuruman; and John Moffat, who was settled by his father at Myate, where he was sustained as a missionary out of Livingstone's private resources, and continued to enjoy the hereditary friendship of Mosilikatse. It is to Mr. John Moffat's



MISSION STATION, KURUMAN.

pen that we owe the "Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat," the story of the abundant labours of his honoured parents.

Mrs. Moffat did not long survive her return to England, but her husband was spared for nearly thirteen years to advocate on the platform and in the pulpit the claims of South Africa. Many honours were conferred upon him. The University of Edinburgh made him a Doctor of Divinity; the Lord Mayor of London gave him a banquet at the Mansion House, which was attended by men eminent in Church and State. Money was raised to found at Kuruman a missionary institution which bears his name, and on two occasions he had an interview with the Queen. The end of his long and useful life came in August, 1883, and when devout men had carried him to his burial, the leading English newspaper declared that "His name will be remembered while the South African Church endures, and his example will remain with us as a stimulus to others, and as an abiding proof of what a Christian missionary can be and can do."



DAVID LIVINGSTONE



CHAPTER XIX.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND THE BECHUANAS.

A Death-bed Precept—The Blantyre Cotton Works—Frugality and Study—Sails for South Africa—Among the Bakwains—Methods with the Natives—At Lepelole and Mabotsa—Adventure with a Lion—Married to Mary Moffat—At Chonuane—Sechle, Chief of the Bakwains—Rain-doctors and Drought—Settles at Kolobeng—Conflicts with the Boers—The Bushmen—Discovers Lake N'gami—Sebituane, Chief of the Makololo—Bent on Discovery.

IN Ulva, an island on the west coast of Mull, in Argyleshire, an old farmer lay on his death-bed with his children gathered around him. "I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family," said the dying man, "and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it was in our blood. I leave this precept with you—Be honest."

Honesty does not consist in keeping one's hand out of another man's pocket. It is *honour*. It involves faithfulness to all just claims as between man and man; it implies faithfulness to convictions of right, and duty towards God. It was in this sense that David Livingstone, the grandson of the Ulva farmer, came to regard that death-bed utterance.

When he was a boy of ten, he wended his way from his humble cottage home to the Blantyre Cotton Works on the Clyde, a little above Glasgow, to be entered as a "piecer." It was a humble occupation, with hard work and poor pay; his hours of labour being from six in the morning until eight at night. But Davie, as he was called, plodded on, and at the end of his first week's work, had saved enough to enable him to purchase Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." Every night, as the clock struck eight, he scampered off to a night-school, where he studied till ten, and then after supper, in his cottage home, he would amuse himself by reading scientific works, or books of travel, often until long after midnight. In the factory it was his habit to place a book on a part of the spinning-jenny while he worked, and, as he passed to and fro, he would catch sentence after sentence, and carrying them in his memory, was thus enabled to continue the studies he loved so ardently. When, at the age of nineteen, he attained to the dignity of a cotton-spinner, his wages were sufficiently high to enable him, by careful living, to take steps towards carrying out a wish that had been in his mind from an early age, which was that he might prepare himself for some day going as a medical missionary to China. He had no one in the world to aid him in his determination to attend medical, divinity, and other classes in the Glasgow University, but, strong in his own resolution, he saved enough, by working hard in the summer, to support himself in Glasgow, and attend the classes during the winter months.

The outbreak of the Opium War compelled him to abandon his cherished scheme of proceeding to China, but about that time the religious world was deeply interested in Dr. Moffat's work in South Africa, and Livingstone offered his services for that



DAVID LIVINGSTONE STUDYING AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE MILL.

country. In course of time he presented himself to the London Missionary Society, "which sends neither episcopacy, nor presbyterianism, nor independency, but simply the Gospel of Christ to the heathen;" his services were accepted, and he was sent on probation to the Society's training college at Chipping Ongar, in Essex, where he worked with a hearty goodwill, and distinguished himself not only in the acquisition of languages, but in the hard manual labour which formed part of a missionary's education in that college.

In 1840 he sailed for South Africa, and, after a short stay at Capetown, proceeded, in accordance with his instructions, to Kuruman, a mission station in the country of the Bechuanas, about seven hundred miles distant, under the care of Dr. Moffat, with whom he had been brought into contact in England.

Here he found that the good work which had been done, greatly exceeded his expectation. "Everything I witnessed," he wrote to his parents, "surpassed my hopes, and if this one station is a fair sample of the whole, the statements of the missionaries with regard to their work are far within the mark."

He only stayed at Kuruman for a few months, to familiarise himself with the language, manners, and customs of the Bechuana people, and then proceeded, in company with another missionary, on a journey about seven hundred miles to the North, with a view to the establishment of a station among the Bakwains, a tribe, or section, of the great Bechuana nation. They are a harmless, inoffensive people, differing essentially from the Zulu Kaffirs and some other of the South Africans. At one time they may have been animal-worshippers, like the ancient Egyptians, for they are divided into tribes such as the Bakatla, which means "they of the monkey;" the Bakuena, "they of the alligator;" the Battapi, "they of the fish." Each tribe has a special dread of the animal after which it is named, and they abstain from eating it.

Livingstone apparently accomplished very little by this journey. He selected a spot for a mission, and promised the natives that he would return. That was all. But that journey of 700 miles, when he looked at it upon the map, was, he saw, but a speck on the vast heathen continent, and it caused him to ponder the overwhelming question how the whole continent was to be evangelised. There seemed to him to be only one way, and that was to follow the precedent given in the South Sea Island Missions, and organise a native agency. But, before that could be done effectually, much more must be known of the country, and this idea of opening up the hitherto unknown regions dawned upon him at this early stage of his career. In a letter to a friend he said, "Whatever way my life may be spent so as best to promote the glory of our gracious God, I feel anxious to do it. . . . *My life may be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way.*"

For some time he laboured on at Kuruman, and then, in fulfilment of his promise, made a second journey to the natives in the interior. Many strange experiences marked this journey. Livingstone found that he possessed the power of exercising a remarkable influence over both chiefs and people with whom he came in contact. He disabused the mind of one chief of a faith in the rain-maker, by proving that he too "could make rain;" not, however, by enchantment, as they did, but by leading out their river for irrigation; and forthwith he set to work to construct a canal, assisted by the natives, "the first instance in which Bechuanas have been got to work without wages." Conciliatory but firm, he determined to deal with the natives on a plan not hitherto adopted by the majority of missionaries. "I make my presence with any of them a favour," he wrote; "and when they show any impudence, I threaten to leave them, and if they don't amend, I put my threat into execution. By a bold free course among them, I have had not the least difficulty in managing the most fierce."

It grieved him to find how horrible was the ignorance of even the most civilised tribes. The Bagmanwantos, for instance, had not the vaguest idea of a God, often applying the name to their chief or to any one possessing superiority. Livingstone was shocked when he was addressed as the Deity, although it furnished him with a text from which to tell them of "the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." One of the friendly chiefs of this tribe asked Livingstone to give him some medicine to change his heart. Among the Bakaas he preached for the first time in the Bechuana tongue without notes, and referring to this he wrote, "I had more than ordinary pleasure in telling these murderers of the precious blood which cleanseth from all sins. I bless God that He has conferred on one so worthless, the distinguished privilege and honour of being the first messenger of mercy that ever trod these regions."

During his second journey into the Bechuana country, he settled six months at a place called Lepelole, after a cavern of that name, and with his characteristic pluck and determination, isolated himself from every European, so that he might obtain an accurate and independent knowledge of the language and people. Before he returned he made a long journey, principally on foot, to the north, and penetrated within ten days' march of Lake N'gami—the lake which he discovered in 1849.

In 1843 Livingstone received a letter from the directors of the London Missionary Society, authorising him to form a settlement in the regions beyond. In reply to the Secretary, he wrote of the inexpressible delight with which he "hailed the decision of the directors, that we *go forward to the dark interior*. May the Lord enable me to consecrate my whole being to the glorious work!"

We have said that Livingstone put out at interest the legacy of his dying grandfather—"Be honest." He would not trifle with his convictions of duty, and he did what none but an honest and fearless man could do; he wrote firmly but frankly to the directors, and told them his views. It was, as Dr. Blaikie says, "like impugning their whole policy, and arraigning their wisdom."* He pointed out the need of native agency as the *only* means of effectually carrying the Gospel throughout Africa, and he exposed the folly of huddling a number of missionaries together in the immediate vicinity of Cape Colony, instead of distributing them throughout the land.

The site of the new missionary station that Livingstone had selected was at Mabotsa (or a "marriage feast"), among the Bakhatla tribe, a people of whom he wrote: "Nothing can exceed the grovelling earthliness of their minds; they seem to have fallen as low in the scale of existence as human nature can." It was a lovely spot, however, in a valley surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and eligible as a centre for operations into the interior. But there was a great drawback to the place—it was infested with lions, and it was here, in the early part of his career, that Livingstone met with one of the most extraordinary adventures ever recorded.

* "Personal Life of Livingstone," by W. G. Blaikie, D.D. LL.D.



LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION.

The Bakhatlas, in their superstitious ignorance, attributed the arrival of lions among them to the spell of witchcraft exercised by another tribe; and therefore, when they made an attack upon the animals, they did it in a fearful and half-hearted way, with the result that the fierce brutes increased in boldness, leaping into the cattle-pens at night, and sometimes venturing to attack the herds by day. Had the people succeeded in killing one of the lions, the others would, in accordance with their well-known habit, have quitted the neighbourhood; and it was to inspire them with courage to accomplish this, that Livingstone went out with the people on one of their hunting expeditions.

It was not long before they traced the lions to a small wooded hill, which the hunters proceeded to encircle, at first loosely, but gradually closing in, thus becoming a more compact body as they advanced, and beating the underwood, with the object of driving the prey to a position where the shooters could see and fire at them. Livingstone was accompanied by Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster, who, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired and missed! The lion, infuriated, bounded away, and broke the circle before the timid natives had made an attempt to spear him. There were, however, still two other lions within the circle, which was speedily re-formed, but in such a clumsy fashion, that no one could fire without hitting some of the men on the opposite side. They were not left long in doubt what to do next, for the lions settled the question by dashing through the circle with a bound and a roar, scattering the natives in all directions.

Whither the angry brutes had gone, no one knew, but as the hunters were returning towards the village they saw one of them standing in a savage attitude on a piece of rock at the foot of a hill they were about to pass. The lion was not more than thirty yards from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels into a little bush, behind which the animal had crept.

There was a joyful cry from the natives, "He is shot! He is shot!" But the cry was premature. Just as the people were about to rush in, Livingstone perceived that the tail of the lion was raised in anger, and warned them to desist. He was in the act of reloading his gun, when a shout of terror was raised. "Starting, and looking half round," says Livingstone, "I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came down to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under the influence of chloroform, describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision made by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of

my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received began to take effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds in my arm."

Livingstone had on a tartan jacket, which wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so preserved him from much after-suffering, which others, who had not this protection, experienced. But his broken and splintered bones were very imperfectly attended to, as he had to act as his own surgeon, and it was a long time before his wounds healed. "For thirty years afterwards," remarked Sir Bartle Frere in his obituary notice of Livingstone, read to the Royal Geographical Society, "all his labours and adventures, entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful for him to raise a fowling-piece, or, in fact, to place the left arm in any position above the level of the shoulder."

Livingstone always had a singularly modest way of recounting his adventures, and shrank from telling any sensational stories. But for the importunity of his friends, he tells us that he meant to keep this lion story in store "to tell to his children in his dotage." When on a visit to England, he was constantly pressed for details of his narrow escape, but he had nothing more to relate, except on one occasion, when a group of sympathetic friends questioned him as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and he answered quietly, "I was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of me the lion would eat first"!

In 1844 Livingstone was married at Kuruman to Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter of Robert Moffat, the eminent and honoured missionary. She had been born in the country, was thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit, and gifted with those peculiar talents which could win the sympathy and affection of heathen people. From the day that Livingstone took her to his home in Mabotsa, to the day when he buried her beneath the baobab-tree on the banks of the Zambesi, she was in every respect a loving wife, and a faithful helpmeet in the difficult and extraordinary work that fell to his lot.

There was now before him the happy prospect of real missionary work; his wife was busy with her infant-school, while he was engaged in visiting the sick, preaching and teaching, varying this with encounters with the rain-makers, and in elaborating the details of a scheme on which his heart was set—the establishment of a training seminary for native agents. His scheme did not meet with favour, and for the present he determined to abandon it, but, meanwhile, to seek every opportunity of settling native teachers in eligible places. It is surely not presumption to trace in this the hand of Providence. "Had his wishes been gratified," says his biographer, "he might have spent his life training native agents, and doing undoubtedly a noble work, but he would not

have traversed Africa; he would not have given its death-blow to African slavery: he would not have closed the open sore of the world, nor rolled away the great obstacle to the evangelisation of the continent."

Circumstances, not of his own seeking, arose, which made it desirable for Livingstone to leave Mabotsa, and in 1846 he removed to Choumane, about forty miles to the north-east, where dwelt Sechéle, the chief of a numerous tribe of the Bakwains. He was a man of great intelligence for his class, and could boast that his grandfather was the first to tell his people of the existence of a race of white men. He was an attentive hearer when Livingstone preached his first sermon in Choumane. At its close he asked if he might be permitted to put a few questions to the speaker, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, inquired if Livingstone's ancestors knew of God and of a future judgment. On being told that they did, and on some of the main points of the sermon being reiterated, especially the prediction of a final judgment, Sechéle exclaimed, "You startle me; these words make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time that yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going!"

Sechéle applied himself diligently to learning; acquired a knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of the missionary's residence at Choumane, and in course of time was able to read the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book, and he would astonish Livingstone with his quaint remarks, such as, "He was a fine man, Isaiah; he knew how to speak!" He was extremely anxious that his subjects should become converts, and offered to assist the missionary by calling his head men together, and making them help him, by means of whips made of rhinoceros hide, to beat them into a state of belief!

Poor Sechéle had much to unlearn; he had been the chief rain-doctor of the tribe; he had been addicted to witchcraft, and had been fearfully reckless of human life; but, little by little, Christian influence told upon him; he put away his superfluous wives, set an excellent example to his people, was zealous in instituting family prayer, and in process of time was baptised on a confession of his faith, together with his children. A great multitude came to the ceremony, and were much surprised to find that only water was used in the holy rite—they had thought the converts would have been made to drink dead men's brains! The example of Sechéle was not followed by his people. Old men wept to see their father, as they called him, bewitched by the white man, who had made a slave of him; his divorced wives became enemies to the new religion, and very few beyond the family of Sechéle continued to attend the church and school.

It was soon found that Choumane was not a good place for a mission station; the want of rain was fatal to it. It gave a handle to the rain-doctors, who said, "What is the good of your preaching and praying if it brings no rain? Other tribes, who do not pray, get rain in abundance, and it is plain that our charms have as much power as your prayers!" Moreover, Sechéle had been a rain-doctor, and at that

time water was abundant; now there was a drought, and the natives attributed it to the influence of Livingstone.

For months the people were starving for want of food and water, and Livingstone pointed out to Sechéle that the only way to alleviate the suffering, was to remove the people to some place where water was plentiful. An exodus was decided upon, and a locality was chosen on the banks of the Kolobeng, whither the whole tribe repaired.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The labour involved in all this moving about from place to place is almost incredible, and nearly the whole of it fell to the share of Livingstone. He had already built a house, church, and school at Mabotsa, and the same at Chonwane; now he had to repeat these operations at Kolobeng, and in addition, to organise important irrigation works, to prevent the recurrence of the mischief which had rendered their former station uninhabitable. Sechéle undertook to erect the school—a work in which he was assisted by two hundred of his people, who also helped in the construction of dams and other “public works.” By-and-bye everything was in working order, and in his “Travels and Researches in South Africa” Livingstone has given a very graphic picture of an ordinary day’s work:—

“After family worship and breakfast between six and seven, we kept school—men, women, and children being all invited. This lasted till eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant-school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. After sunset, the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. We had a public service on three nights in the week, and on another, instruction in secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. In addition to these duties, we prescribed for the sick, and furnished food for the poor. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, forms a reputation which procures favour for the Gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love.”

Although the passage we have quoted gives a graphic account of a day's work, it does not by any means give an exhaustive one. Almost everything they required for themselves, or for their work, had to be manufactured, and Livingstone was the Jack-of-all-trades to do it. He made the bricks to build the house, in moulds formed of planks sawn from trees which fell to his own axe. All the material for roofing, doors, windows and lintels, he had to select and adapt for use; he had to design and lay out the gardens and to superintend every fresh stage in the irrigation works: while by turns he was blacksmith, carpenter, and mason. Even such matters as what to eat and to drink came under his care, for the corn received from Kuruman had to be ground at home, and baked in an extempore oven, constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan; the butter was made in a jar which did duty for a churn; candles were made in moulds from the fat of animals he had killed in the chase: soap was made from the ashes of a native plant, or ordinary wood ashes—in short, almost all that made the house home-like was literally the “labour of his hands.” But, with all this detail work, he did not neglect the higher aims of life; he put to use his scientific tastes by taking observations, collecting and classifying specimens; he corresponded voluminously with friends in England, principally on questions affecting the welfare of Africa; he studied and prepared a grammar of the Sechuana language: above all, he spared neither time nor labour to advance the spiritual well-being of the tribe amongst whom his lot was cast. He yearned over those poor ignorant souls, and never wearied in preaching and talking to them, his favourite themes being the love of Christ and the Fatherhood of God—the simple, glad tidings of salvation. Nor was he neglectful of their bodies: on the contrary, he was willing to lay down his life, if need be, as the following incident, quoted by Dr. Blaikie on the authority of Dr. Moffat, will show:—

“In going through a wood, a party of hunters were startled by the appearance of

a black rhinoceros"—one of the most dangerous of the wild beasts of South Africa. "The furious beast dashed at the waggon, and drove his horn into the bowels of the driver, inflicting a frightful wound. A messenger was despatched in the greatest haste for Dr. Livingstone, whose house was eight or ten miles distant. The messenger in his eagerness ran the whole way. Livingstone's friends were horror-struck at the idea of his riding through that wood at night, exposed to the rhinoceros and other deadly beasts. 'No, no! you must not think of it, Livingstone,' said they; 'it is certain death.' Livingstone believed it was a Christian duty to try to save the poor fellow's life, and he resolved to go, happen what might. Mounting his horse, he rode to the scene of the accident. The man had died, and the waggon had left, so that there was nothing for Livingstone but to return, and run the risk of the forest anew, without even the hope that he might be useful in saving life."

Kolobeng was not to be the permanent scene of Livingstone's labours. Already influences were at work to make him cast his eyes towards another and a wider sphere. In the first place, there was a continuance of drought, which caused a great deal of suffering among the Bakwains, in which Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone shared: the domestic animals died of hunger and thirst, for the pastures were burnt up; the country had to be scoured for miles around by the women and children to find bulbous plants to sustain life, while the men employed themselves in hunting wild animals which came in search of water. Sometimes a herd of antelopes, zebras, and quaggas would come into the neighbourhood, when they were surrounded and driven into a V-shaped enclosure, with a deep pit dug at the end, into which they would fall, and then be despatched with spears. But, in addition to the drought, there was ever-increasing trouble with the neighbouring Boers. At first these were welcomed by the Bechuanas, because they had conquered and driven away a Kaffir chief who had cruelly oppressed them; but they soon found that the Boers compelled them to perform the hardest labour without any reward, and were keeping from them a knowledge of the real mercantile value of the products of the country, which they obtained in exchange for articles of trifling cost.

These Boers looked with no favourable eye on Livingstone, whom they were powerless to frighten or coerce; they were enraged at his efforts to enlighten and civilise the Bechuanas, as, with the increase of knowledge, the hope of their gains would go: and the teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God, and that the dark races had equal rights with the white men, was hateful to those whose success depended upon keeping the Africans as their slaves.

When they heard a rumour that Livingstone was contemplating a journey across the Kalahari desert, into regions they were specially anxious to keep closed, their malice was stirred; but finding that threats could not intimidate him, they spread reports that he had with him large supplies of firearms, and that he was assisting the Bakwains to make war against their neighbours! The five muskets in his possession, they magnified into five hundred, a cooking-pan became a cannon, and the possession of a sextant proved his immediate connection with the British Government, from whom, it was said, the five hundred muskets had come!



ANIMAL TRAP. (See p. 339).
(After Livingstone.)

After several vain attempts to frighten Livingstone, they sent a threatening letter to Sechéle, commanding him to surrender to the Dutch, acknowledge himself their vassal, and stop English traders from proceeding into the interior. To this Sechéle, notwithstanding the risk he ran in quarrelling with them, sent this noble reply:—“I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends; I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like.” The threatened attack did not take place then; it could not while Livingstone was upon the scene; but later

on, when he was away across the desert, the storm burst disastrously. Meanwhile Livingstone had determined to attempt a journey to the north, into a region where no white man had ever yet gone, to ascertain whether Lake N'gani, of which he had heard when he was at the Cape, was really in existence. On the 1st of June, 1849, he set out, accompanied by Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, the latter an old and valued friend, with a train consisting of eighty oxen, twenty horses, and as many men. Sechéle could not go with them, but he gave up two of his best men to Livingstone, to be, as he said, "his arms to serve him." A long and wearisome journey lay before them, at first through a flat sandy country, with here and there open forest, bush and grass; then through a trackless waste of desert bounded only by the horizon. Day after day, as they toiled along, Livingstone and his friends headed the procession, eager to trace any sign of water to slake their burning thirst, from which both man and beast were constantly suffering; keen to bring down with their guns the startled animals upon whose desolate domain they had intruded; curious to note all the strange and wonderful things that met their gaze, as they wandered where hitherto no white man's foot had ever trodden.



DUTCH BOERS.

The beasts and the birds were not the only inhabitants of the desert; they came upon tribes of Bushmen who live in holes in the rock, or in rude structures formed of such grass and vegetable fibres as come to hand, and subsist upon the carcasses, often putrid, of the animals which die or are slain in the chase, or on roots, insects, or anything that can be found. They are the most degraded of all the African tribes, uttering uncouth sounds which can scarcely be called a language, and living lives that are little better than bestial. Yet even amongst these strange wild people Livingstone was at home, and knew how to manage them. It was their custom to hide any water they possessed, or which they knew existed in any hidden quarter, to preserve it from any wandering band who might take it by force. Livingstone's method of conciliating them and gaining their good opinion, was by sitting down quietly, and talking to them in a friendly way, until the precious fluid, which no amount of threatening or domineering could have brought forth, was produced. Livingstone was not a man to take without giving, and we cannot doubt that to those poor children of the desert he told, in language which the Spirit of God might interpret to their hearts, of that Water of Life of which if a man drink he shall not thirst again.

Slowly and painfully the journey was pursued. At times the courage of the party almost died within them as they staggered on wearily, dreamily, almost mechanically,

under a scorching sun, in a glaring light, without a blade of green to relieve the aching eyes, or a drop of water to cool the burning tongue. At length they passed the north-eastern border of the desert, and the face of the country assumed a different appearance; patches of verdure became frequent and extensive; old river-courses exhibited signs of moisture, and at last they stood under the shade of a group of graceful palmyra trees. Then Mr. Oswell threw his hat up into the air "and shouted a huzza which made the Bakwains think him mad." He saw a broad sheet of water, only a short distance off, glistening and flashing in the beams of the setting sun! Soon, alas! the vision faded! It was but a mirage caused by a large salt-pan tract gleaming in the sunlight. Lake N'gami, the long-looked-for goal, was more than three hundred miles away.

Not long after this, they came upon a large and beautiful river, and the people of a village on its banks told them that it was the Zouga, and that it came from the great lake! These people, who called themselves Bayeiye, that is, "men," are a race totally distinct from the Bechuanas, by some of whom they are looked upon with scorn, and called Bakoba, or slaves, because they will not fight.

One of the principal objects of Livingstone's journey was to visit Sebituane, the famous chief of the Makololo, who was known to Sechéle, and was extremely anxious to be visited by the white man. He had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, and this the Bayeiye were perfectly willing to do. On inquiring of them whence came a large river which flows into the Zouga from the north, they replied that "it came from a country full of rivers, so many that no one can tell their number!"

From that moment Livingstone's lot in life may be said to have been fixed. This was a confirmation of reports he had heard from travelled Bakwains; it convinced him that Central Africa was not "a vast howling wilderness," and he concluded that the unknown continent was a land well watered and wooded, teeming with life, and traversed by watery highways along which, eventually, Christianity and commerce, and the arts of peace, might be conveyed to regions never yet visited by civilised man.

On the 1st of August, 1849, two months after leaving Kolobeng, Livingstone and his companions stood on the shore of Lake N'gami—a sheet of water so vast that the further shore could not be seen, and which, according to the report of the natives, was a three-days' journey (about a hundred miles) to go round. In order to accomplish the remaining part of his object in the journey, and pay his visit to Sebituane, it was necessary that Livingstone should cross the Zouga, but the local chief, Lechulatebe, refused to allow him to do so, fearing that his object might be to carry muskets to Sebituane, and thus make him a dangerous neighbour; and reluctantly therefore the party retraced their steps to Kolobeng.

It had been a fruitful journey; the Royal Geographical Society recognised it by awarding Livingstone a royal premium of twenty-five guineas for the discovery of Lake N'gami; but the real reward lay in the hopes it had inspired in the heart of the brave traveller. In a letter to the secretary of the London Missionary

Society, after telling him that the fact of the Zouga being connected with large rivers coming from the north awakened emotions in his mind which made the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight, and inspired for the benighted inhabitants the enthusiasm of hope, he added, "I do not wish to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality, but I hope to be permitted to work, so long as I live, beyond other men's line of things, and plant the seed of the Gospel where others have not planted; though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months. Kolobeng will then be supplied by native teachers during these times of absence; and when we have given the Bakwains a fair trial it will probably be advisable for all to move forward."

Little did he think, when he wrote those words, how long and painful were to be the separations from family and friends, or how the whole of his life was to be spent in "moving forward!"

In the following year (1850) Livingstone made his second journey to Lake N'gami, this time accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and her three children, the chief Sechéle, and Mebalwe the native teacher. But again the missionary was unsuccessful in his attempt to reach Sebituane; for, although he had succeeded in overcoming the scruples of the obnoxious local chief, Lechulatebe, Mrs. Livingstone and the children, as well as several of the attendants, were smitten down by fever, and as soon as arrangements could be made, they turned their faces homeward, convinced that the neighbourhood of the lake was uninhabitable by Europeans.

Nothing daunted, Livingstone set forth again the next year, accompanied, as before, by his wife and family. It was a journey beset by terrible difficulties; their guide lost his way, and finally forsook them; they suffered fearfully from thirst, and expected to see their children die before their eyes; the tsetse fly, whose bite is fatal to cattle and horses, attacked them, and forty of their oxen died. Nevertheless, the party arrived safely in the Makololo country, and at last Livingstone stood before the great chief he had so long desired to see.

Sebituane was a tall, wiry man, about forty-five years of age, with a frank and open manner, unlike other African chiefs. A mighty man of valour was Sebituane; he was a warrior, and always led his men into battle; he was so fleet of foot that no enemy who fled from him could escape; he held his possessions, not by right of birth, but by the strength of his arm. He had been an adventurer from his youth, and though Bakwains and other of the Bechuanas had threatened to "eat him up," he still held his own. There was, however, another side to his character. In peace, he was benevolent and kind, hospitable to strangers, and so affable in his manners that he secured, not only the attachment of his own people, but that of the tribes he had conquered. His great ambition was to be brought in contact with white men, and long before he saw Livingstone he had determined on opening up a highway for trade with the west coast. He seemed to be the one man of all men in Africa who could assist in the projects which were dimly shaping themselves in the brain of the missionary pioneer. But it was not to be. The two men met only to see each other, and to part for ever.

Right loyally Sebituane greeted the traveller, and was greatly touched by the confidence Livingstone reposed in him by bringing his wife and children, and even offering to leave them as hostages for his good faith while he went back to Kolobeng to bring his household effects, with a view to settlement in Makololo. Sebituane, in his turn, offered to take them to see his country, and help them to select a suitable site, promising also to replace the cattle that had perished in the journeys hitherto from the bite of the tsetse fly.

A feeling of brotherhood sprang up at once between these two men, and great



LIVINGSTONE AT THE DEATH-BED OF SEBITUANE.

possibilities were opening up before the mind's eye of Livingstone, when Sebituane was seized with an alarming attack of inflammation of the lungs—the second serious attack within two years. On a Sunday afternoon the missionary took his little boy Robert with him to see the dying chief. “Come near,” he said, “and see if I am any longer a man. I am done!” Seeing the rapid progress the disease had made, Livingstone assented to what he had said, but spoke to him of a hope after death. “Death!” said the doctors, who pretended to be confident in the power of their enchantments, “why do you speak of death?—Sebituane cannot die! Speak not of death to him.” Livingstone felt that it was of no use to persist; if he continued to speak about death, the impression would go forth that he wished him to die; if he attempted to temporarily arrest the malady,

he would probably be accused of causing his death if he did not effect a cure, and this was beyond hope. After sitting with him for some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, Livingstone rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, who had been greatly pleased with little Robert Livingstone, called a servant, and said faintly, even while the film of death was overspreading his eyes, "Take Robert to Mauuku (one of his wives) and tell her to give him some milk." These simple words of kindness to the missionary's child were the last the great chief ever spoke.

"I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man," wrote Livingstone, "and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that assuredly the Judge of all the world will do right."

Soon after his return to Kolobeng, Livingstone had to face the future of his life. Before him was the call of the Master, "If any man love father or mother or wife or children more than Me, he is not worthy of Me!" In the Makololo country, the iniquitous slave traffic, to check which was one of the master ideas of his life, was just commencing. But he dared not take his family to settle in that unhealthy country, and in the midst of the uncertain conditions consequent upon the death of Sebituane. Nor could he leave them at Kolobeng. The Boers were still in deadly opposition to the Bakwains, and the storm which had been so long threatening broke a little later on, while Livingstone was on one of his journeys. Four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechéle's town, slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away captive over two hundred children. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely till midnight, when they fled, under cover of the darkness, to the mountains. In the struggle, they had slain eight of the Boers—the first occasion on which the Bechuanas had ever killed any of the settlers. This these maliciously attributed to the teaching of Livingstone, and proceeded to make a raid upon his house, which they plundered, destroying his stock of medicine (often used by him for their healing), and carrying off his furniture and clothing, together with large quantities of stores. Worst of all, they tore and scattered to the winds his books and diaries, leaving nothing but a wreckage of worthless paper.

Therefore, as he could not find a safe or a healthy district for a station as a centre of civilisation, and a home for his family, and as he felt that the time had come when he must "go forward" and penetrate further into the country, he placed those nearest and dearest to him in life in a homeward-bound ship at Cape Town, and then plunged into the wilderness, and was lost to the world as completely, for a long time, "as if he had been swallowed up by the waves, or had gone down quick into the grave."

XI.—NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XX.

MISSIONARY LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN LABRADOR.

John Christian Erhardt—Nisbet Bay—Murdered by the Savages—Jens Haven, Carpenter—Set Apart for Work—Arrival of the Missionary Ship—Perils in the Sea—Okak—Last Days of Jens Haven—Liebisch and Turner—The Eskimo Dog—A Terrible Adventure on the Ice—Saved from the Flood—Hopedale Mission—The Labrador of To-day.

WE have told the story of missionary life and adventure in the neighbourhood of "Greenland's icy mountains;" let us now turn to a land if possible still more severely cold, inhospitable, and sterile—Labrador, or "the land which cannot be built upon," whose inhabitants were notorious for treachery, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness—a land with a temperature in winter of fifty degrees below freezing, and with a savage coast fringed with islands of bare rock.

In the year 1741, John Christian Erhardt, a sailor on board a Dutch vessel, landed at the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, where he was brought under the influence of Frederick Martin, who was labouring with much success among the negroes. From listening to the words of Martin when addressing the slaves on a plantation, Erhardt became a Christian man. Eight years later he went on a voyage to Greenland, and while there, he heard of the heathen people who lived in a wild and barbarous state on the opposite side of Davis Strait. Filled with compassion for them, he pleaded, on his return to Europe, with the authorities of the Moravian Church, that they would organise a mission to Labrador. There were many difficulties in the way, and even Count Zinzendorf, generally the first to encourage any fresh missionary effort, looked coldly on the scheme. But Erhardt was not to be daunted, and, as the result of his perseverance, Matthew Staeh* was sent for, to give his advice, which was in favour of the expedition. Some London merchants volunteered to fit out a vessel, and on the 17th of May, 1752, Erhardt, and four others of the Brethren, set sail in the good ship *Hope*, bound for Labrador!

Soon after anchoring, some Eskimos came towards them in their kayaks, and uttered fierce cries at the sight of the strangers, but Erhardt, who on his visit to Greenland had picked up some knowledge of the language, answered them in Greenlandic, which so far appeased them that they accepted an invitation to come on board the *Hope*. In a sheltered bay, which they named Nisbet Harbour in honour of one of the merchants who had come to their aid in equipping the vessel, the missionaries landed, and erected the wooden hut they had brought with them, calling the spot, in which they trusted a settlement would be formed, Hopedale. Here four of the missionaries remained, while Erhardt went forward up the coast with the captain and crew, hoping to meet with more of the Eskimos, and, by trading with them, to secure a home cargo for the ship.

* See page 81.

One day they saw a considerable number of natives, and Erhardt, with the captain and five of the crew, went ashore in a boat full of articles for barter. The natives seemed friendly, and appeared, to the anxious eyes of those who watched them from the ship, to be begging the travellers to accompany them into the interior. Night came, and the travellers did not return to the ship; days of painful watching and waiting passed, and still there was no sign. Then the *Hope* weighed anchor, and sailed back to Nisbet Harbour, bearing the distressing news that Erhardt and the brave men who went with him had been treacherously dealt with and murdered by the savages. From that day to this no word was ever heard of them again.

“Cast down, but not in despair,” the four Hopedale missionaries had to take the place of the sailors who had been put to death, to work the ship home, but they left their house standing, in case the missing ones should return—a faint hope, which was never realised.

The truth of the old saying that the “blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church,” has been verified over and over again in the history of the Moravian missions. A carpenter, Jens Haven, a member of the Moravian Church, when he heard the tidings of the death of the brave sailor Erhardt, resolved to take up his work. It was no resolve made in a moment of mere enthusiasm, but a deep-rooted conviction that he was called of God to that special work. Forthwith he collected every book he could find relating directly or indirectly to Labrador, and made himself acquainted with the difficult language. It was a disappointment to him, however, when in 1764 he received a call to Greenland; nevertheless, he went cheerfully and readily, but not until he had told Count Zinzendorf that the thought was borne into his mind that Labrador was to be the scene of his future labours. Two years were spent by him in Greenland, where he assisted in establishing the station of Lichtenfels,* the second mission station of the Brethren in that country.

On his return to Europe he proposed to engage himself as a ship’s carpenter or sailor on board one of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s vessels, in order to reach Labrador; and to Labrador he went. From an interesting memoir, chiefly written by himself, we can look into the heart of this noble and simple-minded man: “The 4th of September, 1764,” he writes, “was the day for which I had so long waited.” For on that day a party of Eskimos was seen by him upon the rocky shore. Haven, to their astonishment, hailed them in Greenlandic, and with loud shouts they bade him welcome and invited him to come ashore. The sailors, remembering the fate of Erhardt and his party, determined not to risk their lives; Haven, however, was only too eager to go among them, but before doing so he knelt upon the deck and prayed: “I will go to them in Thy name, O Lord; if they kill me, my work on earth is done; if they spare me, I will believe firmly it is Thy will they should hear and receive the Gospel.” The natives were friendly, listened with interest to what the missionary said to them, and sang in his honour a song, the refrain of which was “Our friend is come.” Then, in true heathen fashion, they began a dance, accompanying it with horrible noises,

* See p. 92.

which, however, were instantly stopped when Haven began to sing to them a Moravian hymn in the Greenlandic tongue.

His stay in Labrador was short, as the ship's crew were anxious to return to Europe; but in the following year a second voyage was made, when Jens was accompanied by three other Brethren, John Hill, Andrew Schloetzer, and Christian Lawrence Drachart; the latter of whom had been for many years in Greenland. On landing at Château Bay, some three hundred natives came to greet the new-comers, and several of the Eskimos recognised and warmly welcomed Jens Haven. The Brethren mixed freely with the natives, who listened with apparent interest to a discourse from Drachart,



NATIVES OF LABRADOR.

in which he told them what the Gospel was doing in Greenland. They replied, "Then we will do as the Greenlanders have done; we believe all you say." On one occasion, a violent storm prevented the missionaries from returning to their ship, and they accepted the hospitality of one of the leading *Angekoks*: the first Europeans who had slept in the tents of the heathen of Labrador.

Again the missionaries were obliged to return after a short visit, and it was not until 1769 that the Moravian Church was able to obtain from the English Government a grant of land for missionary purposes on a part of the Labrador coast not owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. In that year George III. made a grant of 100,000 square acres in Eskimo Bay.

In May, 1771, at the little Moravian Chapel in Fetter Lane, Haven, Drachart, and seven others were set apart for permanent work in Labrador; and after a tedious voyage, in which they encountered many perils, they arrived in Château Bay, where the natives received them with great joy. Soon a site was fixed upon, to which they gave the name of *Nain*, and during the building of their station they received the cordial

co-operation of the Eskimos, whose confidence in them increased daily. There was plenty of work to do, and in building their houses and collecting stores for the winter, there was much to interest the people, who were also taught to assist in boat-building, the manufacture of household utensils, and other useful work. One or two families soon pitched their tents near the station, and every day the natives assembled to hear from the lips of the missionaries the Word of God.

When the winter came on, the Eskimos took down their tents, and dispersed much in the same way as the Greenlanders had done in the days of Hans Egede; but Haven



ESKIMOS ON THE SHORE OF LABRADOR.

and Drachart followed them up through deep snow and intense cold to their winter huts, accepting such hospitality as they could get. It was not long before they found that their labour was not in vain. Referring to the adroitness with which they, like the Greenlanders, could turn serious things into ridicule, Drachart wrote:—"I pray to my Lord—'Bless my feeble words; Thou hast in Greenland made dark minds understand, and cold hearts warm; do so here also, that I be not put to shame, for the work is Thine.'" Not long after, one of the Eskimos, speaking for over a hundred who were settled in one place, said, "We thank our brothers that they have come to us. We love the Brethren, we wish to go on hearing about Jesus, we wish to renounce our heathen customs. We, and our wives and children, talk in our tents about the Lord Jesus; we know that we are sinners, but we believe in His mercy."

To the missionaries, every year brought its own trials. In consequence of the difficulties and inconvenience inseparable from any effort to communicate with Labrador by way of Newfoundland, the "Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel" had procured a vessel which was to maintain direct and regular intercourse with that coast. There was much anxiety with regard to the arrival of the vessel, and during the first year the missionaries were reduced to great extremities, the ship not arriving until the beginning of winter. Only two small pieces of meat were left, and until fresh supplies arrived there was nothing but suffering and privation for them. "Had you seen the joy which reigned among us," wrote one of the missionaries, "when we heard that the ship had arrived, you certainly would never forget it. We had given up all hope of her this season, and had devoted ourselves to extreme poverty; but yet we cannot say that a dejected spirit prevailed among us. We had resolved to surrender ourselves up to all circumstances, trusting that He who had sent us hither, who has counted the hairs of our head, and without whose permission none of them can fall to the ground, would preserve us." When the captain of the ship saw the improved condition of the people, he exclaimed, "They do not look like the same old robbers and murderers—they have become good sheep already!"

Jens Haven made several important explorations along the coast, and everywhere the Eskimos, including the Angekoks, seemed to fall under the power of his influence. Far and wide along the coast his name and fame had spread, and it was not long before it was thought desirable to form a second station. In August, 1774, Haven, with three other of the Brethren—Brasen, Lister, and Lehman—set out in a small sloop to select a suitable spot. Perhaps there were few men in the world less superstitious than the practical Jens Haven, but he had a fear or presentiment of evil in the journey; at the same time he could not doubt that it was the will of God he should go forward. His fears were justified by the event; a terrible disaster befell the party, which may best be told in his own words:—

"It had snowed the whole night, and was very cold. A brisk gale sprang up from the north-east, which inspired us with the hope that we should soon reach Nain. September 14th, towards four p.m., we all at once found ourselves in shoal-water, which surprised us exceedingly, as we were in the usual channel between Nain and Navon, and more than a league from the nearest island. We tacked about immediately. Scarcely had we done this, when the vessel struck on a rocky bottom, which, as we afterwards learned, is dry at springtide. The boat was lowered immediately in order to take the soundings round the ship, and as we found deep water at the prow, we proposed casting an anchor forwards. There was too much sea, however, to allow us to row out with it; we therefore let down a small anchor to steady the boat during this operation. But no sooner was the large anchor on board the boat, than the sails got loose, and drove it before the wind; so that it took the men half an hour's hard rowing to get back to the sloop, and reach the rope which we threw out to them. After the anchor was cast, we endeavoured to wear the ship off, but finding that the anchor drove, and that we had now only four feet of water, we were obliged to desist till the tide should turn, and commended ourselves meanwhile to the merey of

God. We had, however, but slender hope that the ship would hold out so long, as the waves broke over us incessantly, and we expected every moment to see it go to pieces.

“We secured the boat, as well as we could, by means of three strong ropes two inches thick, and, in full resignation to the Lord's will, determined to stay in the sloop till morning, if possible. The wind roared furiously; every wave washed over us, and the foaming of the deep was rendered yet more terrible by the thick darkness of the night. Towards ten o'clock the ship began to roll most violently, and to drive upon the cliffs in such a manner that everything on board was turned upside down, and we could not but fear that the timbers would soon part. Shortly after ten o'clock the rudder was carried away by a huge wave, which broke over the whole vessel and covered us as with a winding-sheet. Our two sailors entreated us to take to the boat if we wished to save our lives. We represented to them the danger of braving so rough a sea in so small a boat, and that, supposing it could outlive that, it must inevitably perish in the breakers on the coast, which we could not avoid in the darkness. We begged them to stay by the ship as long as possible: perhaps we might maintain the post till daybreak, and, at all events, should it come to the worst, we had the boat to fly to. They appeared to give in to our arguments, but we were obliged to watch their motions lest they should slip off with the boat. We waited in stillness to see what our dear Lord should appoint for us.

“By two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the sloop had shipped so much water that the chests on which we sat began to float, and we were obliged to leave the cabin and go on to the upper deck, where a fearful scene presented itself. The middle deck was entirely under water, and the waves were rolling mountains high. All were now convinced that it was time to leave the vessel. But here we were met by a new difficulty. The sea was so rough that, had we brought the boat alongside, it would inevitably have been stove in. We therefore drew it astern, and, climbing one by one down the anchor shaft, jumped into it, and through the mercy of God we all, nine in number, succeeded in reaching it.

“We now found that we had taken this step only just in time, for two of the three ropes by which the boat was moored had already given way, and the third held only by one strand, the others having parted, so that we should very soon have lost the boat. Our first business was to bale out the water, which the boat had shipped in no small quantity. Oars being useless in such a sea, we let the boat run before the wind, which it did with incredible celerity. We attempted in vain to get under the lee of different islands, as the breakers drove us off from the coast whenever we approached it. At length we thought we saw a prospect of finding harbourage between two islands, but we were again interrupted by rocks and breakers. The boat filled with water, which kept us constantly at work, and as there appeared to be no other resource left, we resolved in God's name to run the boat on shore, which was about twenty yards distant, but begirt with cliffs, on which the waves were dashing furiously.

“We darted rapidly through them, when the boat struck on a sunken rock with

such violence that we were all thrown from our seats, and the boat instantly filled with water. The captain, John Hill, and the two sailors, threw themselves into the sea and swam to land, which they gained in safety, and from whence they reached out an oar to assist the rest in landing. Brother Lister was the first who neared the shore, but he was driven back into the sea by the violence of the waves. On approaching the rocks a second time, he found a small ledge, by which he held on till the oar was extended to him by his companions on the strand. I had been thrown out of the boat by the first shock, and resigned myself to the Lord's gracious hands to do with me what He pleased. After swallowing a large quantity of water, I was hurled back into the boat, and as it drifted to the shore I succeeded in grasping the friendly oar. At the same time, the Eskimo pilot clung to my legs, and thus we were both drawn up the rocks together. Brother Brasen thrice gained the rocks, and twice caught hold of the oar, but he was so exhausted, and encumbered besides by his heavy garments, that he could make no effort to save himself, and finally sank. Brother Lehman was heard exclaiming, as the boat struck, 'Dear Saviour, I commend my spirit into Thy hands!' We all thought that he had got on shore, but it pleased the Lord thus to take him to Himself.

"The rest of us who had reached dry land were rescued for the present from a watery grave, but we found ourselves upon a bare rock, half dead with cold, in so dark a night that we could not see a hand before us, without shelter, without food, without boat; in short, without the smallest gleam of hope that we should ever leave this fearful spot alive. We knew that no Eskimos were likely to come this way, as they had all resolved to winter to the south of Nain. The cold was intense, so that we were obliged to keep ourselves warm by constant motion. When morning came, we sought for our boat, but in vain; a few fragments of it, which had been washed on shore, was all that we could find, and we concluded that it had gone to pieces. We also met with a few blankets, some broken biscuits, and other articles, which we collected very carefully.

"At low water, we discovered the bodies of our two brethren lying close together on the strand, but they were quite dead. They were safe from all trouble, and had brethren surviving to bury their remains, while we had no other prospect than to pine away with hunger, and then leave our bodies to be entombed by birds and beasts of prey. About seven o'clock in the morning we had the joy to see, first the prow and then the stern of our boat emerging from the water. But our joy was damped on dragging it to land, for the planks were torn off from both sides of the keel, and the few ribs left were in splinters. Happily, however, the prow, stern, and keel were yet entire.

"We now set ourselves to repair the boat, impracticable as it seemed with such a lack of materials for the purpose. Yet we contrived to lash the blankets over the open spaces, sewing to them, in addition, all the seal-skins we could muster from our upper and nether garments, including even our boots. We spent three days in these miserable repairs, and on the 18th launched our boat for Nain, which, by the help of an Eskimo party that we met not far from the settlement, we succeeded in reaching the same evening."

At Okak, about 150 miles to the north of Nain, Jens Haven at length succeeded in founding the second Moravian station, and, six years afterwards, a third station was established on a spot about 150 miles to the south of Nain, which they named Hopedale. When this latter station was established, Jens Haven, who was now an old man, felt that his strength for further enterprise had gone. In 1784 he returned to Europe, and for six years laboured amongst his own people. "His conversation," says his biographer, "was profitable even to persons of rank, who never failed to call upon him



WRECK OF THE MISSION PARTY.

when they visited Herrnhut; and none who came hither with a view to profit for their souls neglected to converse with him, for what he said proceeded from the experience of a heart living in constant communion with God, and rejoicing in His salvation." For the last six years of his life he was totally blind, but he bore the affliction with cheerfulness and resignation. At length, in 1796, he died, in the seventy-second year of his age. After his decease, a slip of paper was found, bearing in his handwriting these words: "I wish the following to be added to the narrative of my life:—On such a day, Jens Haven, a poor sinner who, in his own judgment, deserved eternal condemnation, fell happily asleep, relying upon the death and merits of Jesus." Drachart, his faithful friend and zealous fellow-labourer, died at Nain six years after Jens Haven left that place for Europe.

Meanwhile, the success of the mission to Labrador had been demonstrated, but we need not here pause to trace, step by step, its progress: let us rather turn to some of the perilous incidents in the lives of some of the missionaries in their journeyings upon that dangerous coast.

In 1782 a very remarkable deliverance was experienced by two of the Brethren, Samuel Liebisch, the first general superintendent of the Moravian Missions in Labrador, and William Turner.

Liebisch was required by the duties of his office to leave Nain on a visit to Okak, distant, as we have said, about a hundred and fifty English miles, and Turner was appointed to accompany him. Early in the morning of the 11th of March, in remarkably clear weather, the stars shining with uncommon brilliancy, the two set off from Nain, driven in their sledge by a Christian Eskimo baptised in the name of Mark, and accompanied by another sledge containing two men, one woman, and a child.

These sledges are drawn by dogs, and the services of these animals are indispensable to the Eskimos. The Eskimo dog is not unlike our shepherd's dog in its general aspect, but is more muscular and has a broader chest, owing, in a great measure, to the hard work to which it is trained. The ears are pointed, the muzzle is long, and the animals are not unlike wolves: like them, they never bark, but howl disagreeably. An ordinary well-grown dog will be somewhat smaller than a Newfoundland dog, and broad like a mastiff. The coat consists of long hair, and in the winter it is further protected by a soft downy under-covering, which does not appear during the warm weather.

A traveller has described their education thus: "When about two months old, eight or ten puppies are harnessed to a sledge with two experienced runners, and by means of frequent and cruel beatings, and angry repetitions of their names, they are taught their duty, but not without much hard labour on the driver's part, and great patience. Personal experience has taught me some of the peculiar difficulties of managing a puppy-dog team. Each dog is harnessed to a separate line; and these, being eight abreast, fully endowed with all, and more than all, the playfulness of young animals in this country, the effect may be pictured when, all jumping on each other in most admired confusion, the lines become entangled, and are only set right after many efforts. This process has to be repeated again and again, as the gambols or quarrels of the young dogs render it necessary. The whip, too, would puzzle a London cabby, and is not easy for a novice to use—with a lash from twenty to twenty-four feet long, attached to a handle *one* foot long, it requires no small amount of dexterity to avoid wounding your own person in an attempt to make an example of one of your pupils. When trained, however, they are guided only by a touch of the whip to the near or off leader, and over smooth ice, with a light load, can be made to go seven or eight miles per hour."

Dogs are kept by the Eskimos in smaller or larger packs or teams, in proportion to the affluence of the master. They quietly submit to be harnessed for their work, and are treated with but little mercy by their owners, who make them do hard duty for the small quantity of food they allow them. This consists chiefly of offal, old skins, entrails, such parts of whale-flesh as are unfit for other use, and rotten

whale-tins. If they are not provided with this kind of dog's meat, they are left to go and seek dead fish or mussels upon the beach. When pinched with hunger, they will swallow almost anything, and on a journey it is necessary to secure the harness within the snow-house overnight, lest, by devouring it, they should render it impossible to proceed in the morning. When the travellers arrive at their night quarters, and the dogs are unharnessed, they are left to burrow in the snow where they please, and in the morning are sure to come at their driver's call, when they receive some food. Their strength and speed, even with a hungry stomach, are astonishing. In fastening them to the sledge, care is taken not to let them go abreast. They are tied by separate thongs of unequal lengths, to a horizontal bar in the front part of the sledge; an old knowing one leads the way, running ten or twenty paces ahead, directed by the driver's whip—the other dogs follow like a flock of sheep. If one of them receives a lash, he generally bites his neighbour, and the bite goes round.

When Liebisch and Turner got into their sledge on that bright March morning, they hoped to reach Okak in the course of two or three days. The track over the frozen sea was in splendid condition, and they spun along easily at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. When they had passed the islands in the Bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the coast, both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to weather the high rocky promontory of Kiglapit. At about eight o'clock, they met a sledge with Eskimos turning in from the sea. After the customary salutations, the strangers alighted, and in the course of conversation threw out some hints that it might be well for them to return. As, however, the missionaries saw no cause of alarm, and suspected that the Eskimos merely wished to enjoy the company of the travellers a little longer, they proceeded on their journey. After some time, their own Eskimo hinted that there was a ground-swell under the ice. It was then scarcely perceptible except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow, disagreeable, grating and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks. But the wind being strong from the north-west, nothing was less expected than a sudden change of weather.

The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, so as rather to alarm the travellers, who began to think it prudent to keep closer to the shore. The ice also had cracks and large fissures in many places, some of which were one or two feet wide; but as these are not uncommon even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, the sledge following without danger, they are only terrible to those who are unaccustomed to them.

As soon as the sun declined towards the west, the wind increased and rose to a storm, the bank of clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice and from off the peaks of the high mountains.



AN ESKIMO DOG SLEDGE.

and filled the air. At the same time, the ground-swell had increased so much that its effect upon the ice became very extraordinary and alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding along smoothly upon an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and shortly after seemed with difficulty to ascend the rising hill; for the elasticity of so vast a body of ice, of many leagues square, supported by a troubled sea, though in some places three or four yards in thickness, would in some degree occasion an undulatory motion not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a rippling stream. Noises were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at a distance.

In alarm the Eskimos drove with all haste towards the shore, intending to take up their night quarters on the south side of the Nivak. But, as it plainly appeared that the ice would break and disperse in the open sea, Mark, the driver, advised to push forward to the north of the Nivak, from whence he hoped the track to Okak might still remain entire. To this proposal the company agreed; but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice, having broken loose from the rocks, was forced up and down, grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow driving about in the air, deprived the travellers almost of the power of hearing or seeing anything distinctly.

To make for land was now the only hope left, but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be urged forward, as the whole body of ice sank frequently below the surface of the rocks and then rose above it. The only moment when it would be possible to land would be when the ice gained the level of the coast, and to seize upon that exact moment was an extremely nice and hazardous undertaking. Nevertheless it succeeded—both sledges gained the shore in safety and were drawn up the beach, although not without great difficulty.

No sooner had the travellers reached the land—and before there had been time for them to reflect on their providential deliverance—than that part of the ice from which they had just made good their escape burst asunder, and the water, forcing itself from below, covered and precipitated it into the sea. In a moment, as if by a given signal, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles along the coast and as far as the eye could reach, began to break and to be overwhelmed by the waves.

The sight was one of awful grandeur. Immense fields of ice, rising suddenly out of the water, struck against each other and then plunged into the deep with indescribable violence, while the noise was like the discharge of numberless batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and the waves, the dashing of the great masses of ice against the rocks, made up a scene which filled the travellers with sensations of awe and terror, so as almost to deprive them of the power of utterance. They stood overwhelmed with astonishment at their almost miraculous escape, and when at length their tongues found words of thanksgiving, even the pagan Eskimos joined them in expressions of gratitude to God for deliverance.

Night was coming on, and the Eskimos set to work to build a snow-house at a short distance from the beach, into which the whole party crept, thankful for any

shelter. They ate their supper, sang a hymn, and then lay down to rest. In an incredibly short time the Eskimos were all sound asleep, but not so Liebisch and Turner. The excitement of the past few hours, the noise of the sea dashing against the rocks, and the roar of the wind, kept them awake, and their sleeplessness was the means of saving the whole party from destruction.

It was nine o'clock at night when they entered the snow house. At two in the morning, Liebisch felt some drops of water falling from the roof, and one drop having touched his lips he discovered that it was salt water. Anxious not to disturb his companions unnecessarily, he lay still for a little while, when, just as he was about to give the alarm, a tremendous wave broke close to the house, discharging a quantity of water into it, and shortly afterwards a second wave followed, which carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance.

All were now effectually aroused, and in a moment were struggling to make their escape. With a huge knife one of the Eskimos cut a passage through the side of the house, and each person taking some of the baggage, a hasty retreat was beaten to an eminence hard by. Scarcely had they reached it, when an enormous wave broke upon the beach and carried away every vestige of the house which had so recently sheltered them.

Although hardly able to stand against the wind and sleet, the Eskimos succeeded before morning in cutting a hole in the snow for a temporary shelter, and when daylight came they built another snow house. But it would be impossible to remain there long, as their stock of provisions was nearly exhausted. Only two courses lay open to them: either to attempt to cross the wild unfrequented mountain Kiglapeit, or to wait until a new ice track on the sea should be found.

They determined to abide by the latter course, and anxiously they scanned the sky and sea. The weather cleared, the temperature grew milder, not a vestige of ice was to be seen upon the sea. Their provisions were exhausted, and they were reduced to the extremity of eating an old sack made of fish-skin, and a worn-out skin that had been used as a kind of cushion in the sledges.

At last the sea began to freeze, and, happily for them, it froze rapidly. On the sixth day since they had landed on that inhospitable shore, the sledges were brought out, and the party of Eskimos determined to pursue their journey to Okak; but Liebisch and Turner, who were worn out with hunger and exposure, resolved to return with their driver, Mark, to Nain.

There was great grief in that settlement, for the Eskimos who had met the missionaries on their outward journey, had found out the families of Liebisch and Turner, and had told them that they had perished in the breaking-up of the ice—so certain did they feel that it was impossible they could escape.

When, therefore, at midnight, there was heard the howling of dogs, the crack of the whip, and the cry of familiar voices, great was the joy of the whole settlement to welcome back the missionaries who had been mourned as dead.

At the close of the year 1800, there were at the three stations a hundred and ten

baptised converts, and two hundred and twenty-two persons in the care of the missionaries. One of the latter, Brother Reimann, started off one day from Nain to shoot ptarmigans. It was a bitterly cold day, which ended in a severe snow-storm. As night came on, the Brethren became anxious about his safety, and a search party, consisting of the whole of the Brethren and many Eskimos, was organised, carrying with them their muskets in order to attract the attention of the wanderer. But that night they were unsuccessful; next day they tracked his footsteps in the snow, and then lost them on the ice. For nine days they continued their search, but Reimann never was found, and it was supposed that, blinded by the beating snow, he had lost his way, and getting on thin ice, had broken through and been drowned.

At one time in the history of the Labrador mission, much evil was wrought by a man named Tuglavina, who, having professed Christianity, turned back to his old ways, and unhappily succeeded in introducing a spirit of discontent and defiance among his countrymen. For a time, levity and indifference took the place of the earnest desire for instruction. This was a sorrow which the brave-hearted missionaries, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, and whom no personal sufferings could discourage, found it almost impossible to bear. But by faith and patience they continued their work, and in the early years of the new century, there came a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Converts were added to them almost daily. The unfaithfulness of those who for a time had departed from the faith, was repented of with tears, and even Tuglavina, the instrument of all the mischief, turned from his evil ways, and died, as far as they could judge, in the Christian faith.

Prosperity continued, and in April, 1830, a fourth station was established about sixty miles to the north of Okak, which they called Hebron. Both here and at the other stations, great attention was given to the education of the young, and although it was only for about six months of each year that children could attend the schools, many, of even four or five years of age, were able to read fluently and write well. In course of time, a harmony of the four Gospels, the history of our Lord's Passion, a hymn-book, and other smaller works, were printed. Steadily the progress continued, notwithstanding the fact that here, as in Greenland, the people became attacked by European diseases, especially measles, whilst severe winters often brought them to the borders of starvation.

One incident, illustrating the change that Christianity has produced on the savage nature of the Eskimos, may be given here. In the year 1849, the crew of a ship belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company which had been lost on the ice, came to Okak. "Taking refuge in two boats, they rounded Cape Chudleigh, and made their way southwards along the coast of Labrador. One of the two was lost, with all on board. The other, containing the nine survivors, in a most deplorable condition from the effects of cold and hunger, was driven by the wind among the islands near Okak. Here they were soon seen by Eskimos in their kayaks, and they prepared for the cruel death which, from heathen natives, they had every reason to expect. To their great astonishment, they were welcomed with kindly warmth, and the offer of aid to bring them ashore, where they were again surprised to find the women singing

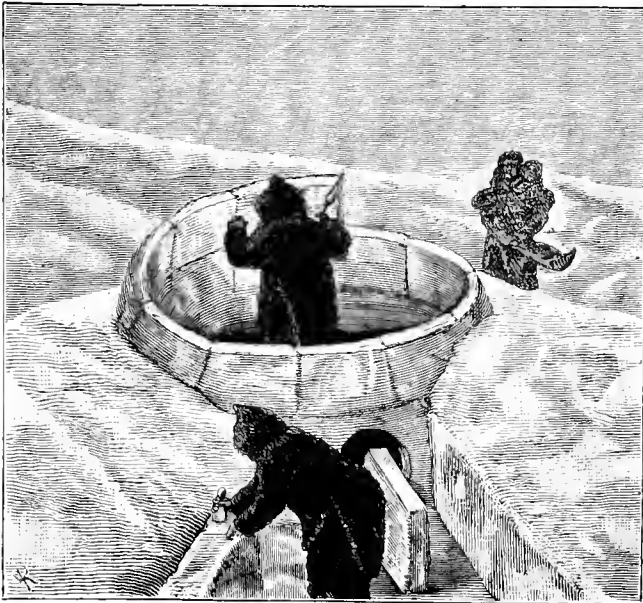
hymns at their work, and readily offering them whatever food was at their disposal. Unable to walk, they were carried to the mission-house, where they received every attention, the missionaries performing several surgical operations on severely frost-bitten limbs. The men, who were worn away to skeletons on their long journey of 800 miles by boat, wept tears of joy at their unexpected deliverance, and thankfully availed themselves of the opportunity to return to England with the *Harmony*.*

Two new stations, Zoar and Ramah, were formed in 1865 and 1871 respectively, and during the past few years a new and important sphere of labour has been opened up, the centre of which is Hopedale.

In the latter place an English-speaking missionary is located, whose special duty it is to care for the spiritual needs of the once-dreaded "Southlanders."

We cannot better conclude this sketch of the Moravian missionary work in Labrador than by quoting a few extracts from a letter written by Sister Asboe, who took up her residence at Hopedale in the summer of 1887:—

"My first sight of Labrador was not reassuring; it looked so lonely. But as soon as we landed at Hopedale I changed my mind. Indeed, I was quite pleased with the place. There is a long wooden pier, the shore end of which is quite close to



BUILDING SNOW HUTS.

the mission-house; only a few rocks and grass intervene. The premises are surrounded by wooden palisades to keep the dogs out. From the large green gate, a path leads straight up to the front door. This is approached by steps, and has a pretty porch. The flower-beds contain beautiful and fragrant stocks, geraniums, pansies, and roses.

"Behind the dwelling-house, and not far off, is the store. A covered passage affords access to the church, which is very nice and clean. Of course there is no pulpit, only, in German Moravian fashion, a table covered with a green cloth. On either side of this is a raised platform, where the missionaries and their wives sit.

"*August 8th.*—Yesterday was my first Sunday in Labrador. At nine o'clock the church bell rang for the first service, and then, as they invariably do, all the dogs began yelling and howling as fast and as loud as they could. They sometimes keep

* "History of the Mission of the Church of the United Brethren in Labrador."

up this dismal noise in the night, too. The nine o'clock service consists of the reading of the Litany, of course in Eskimo. The sermon follows at ten. It was curious to sit there and not understand a word of what was said. At three o'clock there was an English service for the settlers and the fishermen, when the church was crowded. I went to that, but not to the succeeding meeting, which was again in the Eskimo language.

"The other day we visited some of the Eskimos in their houses. I was surprised to find their rooms so nice and clean, and so fairly furnished, too, with chairs, tables, cupboards, and even pictures on the walls. Nor are the people themselves half so



HOPEDALE MISSION HOUSE, LABRADOR.

bad-looking as I had imagined. They have jet-black hair. They are simple, if not rather childish. They laugh whenever we meet them, not that they are making fun of us, but to show their friendliness.

"*August 9th.*—I am really pleased with Hopedale; I never expected it to be so nice. True, I do not yet know what the winter is like; but all in our missionary household seem to be very happy, and they say they do not find the winter months long or wearisome. On the contrary, I am told it is rather a busy time.

"*Sunday, 14th.*—To-day we are celebrating the memorial-day of the 13th of August. This morning I was awakened by the brass band playing chorales outside our house, and well they played too. Another surprise in the line of Eskimo musical ability awaited me in the morning service. Six natives were seated by the organ accompanying the singing on their violins. There was a choir, too, and they rendered a difficult anthem splendidly.

“This morning the mail steamer arrived, bringing me dear letters from home. Now I must close this, and post it, that the steamer may take it to Newfoundland.”

When we think of Labrador as it was when Erhardt was cruelly murdered by the savage heathen, and Labrador as it is to-day, we may say, “This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” In 1849, the labours of the Moravians who initiated Christian work in that country, were supplemented by other workers, and at the present day the western portion of the coast, on the northern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is included in the diocese of Quebec; while, from Blanc Savlon and onwards, the Bishop of Newfoundland is supposed to be responsible. Many estimable men under the auspices of the Church of England have done excellent work in these regions, among them the Rev. A. Gifford, who shared his room and his table with a fisherman at Fortvan; the Rev. G. Hutchinson, who left a pleasant parish on the slopes of the Malvern Hills to take up a twelve years’ residence in this cold, dreary, and inhospitable clime; the Rev. R. Wainwright, who, with his wife and family, were content to take up their abode in a half-finished barn, with the seams so open “that as the inmates lay in bed they could see the people outside through the chinks in the timbers,” until, when the winter came, beds, chairs, and tables were covered with ice, and the dexterous clergyman had to turn his hand to carpentering to keep out the weather. These, and others, worked with right good will in preaching the Gospel, setting bones, teaching children, “in journeyings oft” through snow and ice and fog, travelling long and dangerous journeys in sledges, feeding on the meanest fare, cut off from all the elegancies and refinements of life, yet content, and rejoicing that Christ was preached to those who “sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.”

At the present day, Labrador, “the land which cannot be built upon,” and upon whose coast the mariner once dreaded to land for fear of the treacherous and bloodthirsty savages, is, to all intents and purposes, a Christian country—a signal example of the Conquests of the Cross.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LABRADOR MISSIONARY SHIPS.

Wonderful Preservation of the Missionary Ships—The *Jersey Packet*—The *Amity*—The *Good Intent*—Protected by British Proclamation—Receive Safe-Conduct from France—Letter from Benjamin Franklin—Strange Deliverance from Capture of the *Resolution*—Perils of the *Jemima* as Related by a Missionary—The *Harmony*.

IN 1840 the celebrated Cunard Company was founded, and, from that year to the present, their splendid ships have traversed the stormy Atlantic with unfailing regularity and at high speed, and yet it is the proud boast of the Company that during the whole of that long period they have never lost a life or a letter. That is in itself a truly wonderful record, but that of the Labrador missionary ships is even more marvellous. A few brief particulars of the more remarkable deliverances from imminent peril which they have experienced from the year 1770 to the present time will form a fitting supplement to the account which we have given of the mission itself.

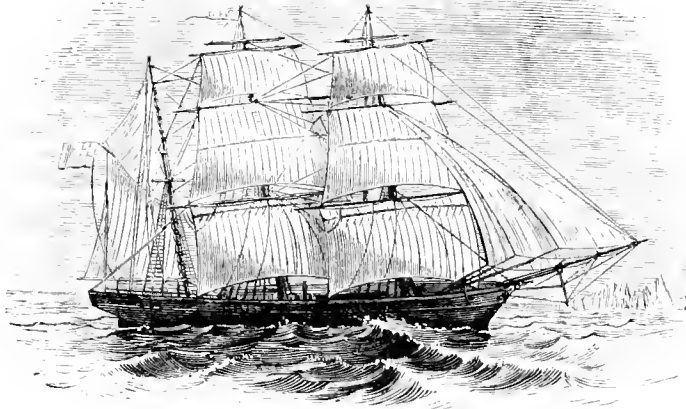
The immunity from loss during a hundred and twenty years, while annually encountering peculiar perils incident to the navigation of the North Atlantic, and traversing the dangerous ice-bound coast of Labrador, has been a source of wonder to many, and of adoring gratitude to the Moravians, who have traced in the fact the Divine protection and the special providence of God. Long ago, Lord Admiral Gambier stated that he considered the preservation of the Labrador ships as the most remarkable occurrence in maritime history that had come to his knowledge; and it is a most significant fact that underwriters at Lloyd's insure the Labrador ships at a premium considerably less than that which is charged for vessels bound to other portions of British North America, including the Territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.*

When it was decided that direct and regular intercourse with Labrador should supersede the method hitherto employed of reaching that coast by way of Newfoundland, the "Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel" procured a vessel—a small sloop of eighty tons burden, called the *Jersey Packet*. Her fitting out was entrusted to "The Ship's Company"—Brethren who undertook the management of the ship and of the barter traffic with the Eskimos, it being a principle with the Moravians that the talents of their members, whether they consisted in handling ropes, building houses, trading, or preaching the Gospel, should all be pressed into the service of their common Lord.

A proclamation in favour of the undertaking was issued by Commodore Byron, (grandfather of Lord Byron the poet), in which evidence is given of the desire of the British Government to promote the establishment of the mission in Labrador, and

* "Brief Account of the Missionary Ships employed in the Service of the Mission on the Coast of Labrador." (Moravian publication.)

one clause of it ran as follows:—"And whereas His Majesty did at the same time order that the Governor or Commander-in-Chief of Newfoundland for the time being, do give them all reasonable assistance and support in forming the said settlement, and in His Majesty's name to warn all persons from molesting or disturbing the said settlers; and whereas certain persons who are members of the said Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel have purchased the *Jersey Packet* (Francis Mugford, Commander), burthen 80 tons, square sterned, plantation built, in order to go this year to the coast of Labrador to converse with the Eskimos, and try to bring them to a peaceable temper, and to look out for such parts, on or near Eskimo Bay, as may best suit for the purpose of establishing a mission of the *Unitas Fratrum*, and, to that end, have



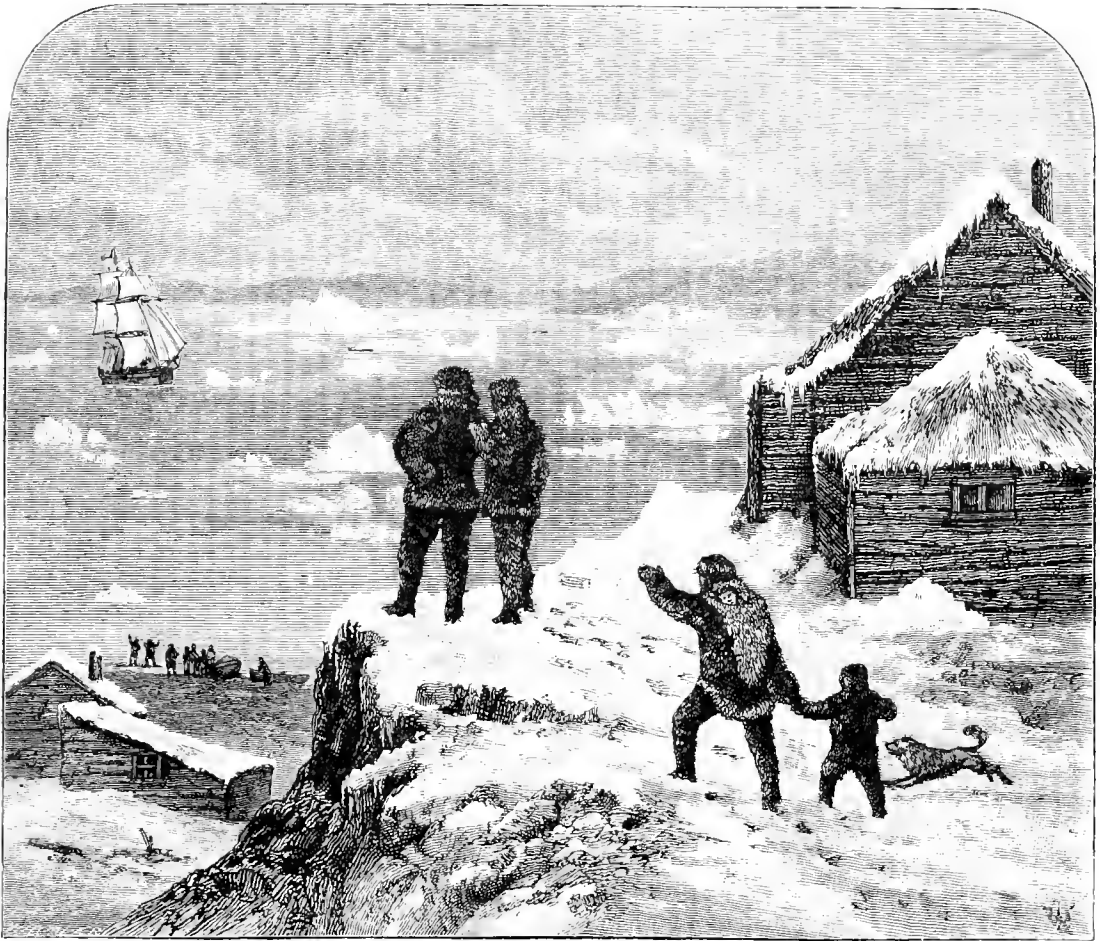
THE HARMONY.

engaged some missionaries to go on board the said *Jersey Packet*, for the laudable purposes aforesaid." Then followed the certificate calling upon all officers, civil and military, "to afford the said Brethren all friendly assistance for the success of their pious undertaking, calculated for the benefit of mankind in general, and for the kingdom of Great Britain in particular."

After the *Jersey Packet* came the *Amity*, which sailed regularly from 1773 to 1776, when her place was taken by the *Good Intent*. This vessel, on her second return voyage, was captured by a French privateer, but was happily re-captured by a British cruiser before she could reach a French port, and, although the captain and crew were carried into Dunkirk, together with the letters and journals of the missionaries, all got safely back to London. Good sprang out of this apparent evil, as a safe-conduct was granted to the ship of the Society by the King of France, and by the American Minister at the court of Versailles—the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin—empowering her to pass unmolested by the cruisers of both nations on her voyage to and from the coast of Labrador. The letter of Benjamin Franklin "to all captains and commanders of vessels of war, Privateers, Letters of Marque, belonging to the United States of America," is so

interesting a document, and bears such testimony to the good work of the Moravians, that we insert it here:—

“GENTLEMEN.—The religious Society commonly called the Moravian Brethren, having established a Mission on the coast of Labrador, for the conversion of the savages there to the Christian religion, which has already had good effects in turning them from their ancient practices of surprising, plundering, and murdering such white people, Americans and Europeans, for the purposes of trade or fishery happening to come on that



WATCHING FOR THE *HARMONY*, HOPEDALE HARBOUR.

coast, and persuading them to lead a new life of honest industry, and to treat strangers with humanity and kindness :

“And it being necessary for the support of this useful Mission, that a small vessel should go there every year, to furnish supplies and necessaries for the Missionaries and their converts, which vessel, for the present year, is a sloop of about 70 tons, called *The Good Intent*, whereof is master, Captain Francis Mugford :

“This is to request you, that, if the said vessel should happen to fall into your hands, you would not suffer her to be plundered, or hindered in her voyage, but on the contrary, would afford her any assistance she may stand in need of: wherein I am confident your conduct will be approved of by the Congress and your owners.

“Given at Passy, this 11th day of April, 1779.

“BENJ. FRANKLIN,

“Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States at the Court of France.”

In 1777, the first of the ships, bearing the name of *The Harmony*, was brought into the service, and her first six voyages were singularly prosperous; the seventh, however, was the longest recorded in the annals of the Society. On her return journey the weather was remarkably boisterous, and the ship was on several occasions in great danger; but was preserved throughout the severe storms without harm to either ship or company.

One of the most remarkable deliverances of the missionary ships from hostile attacks occurred to the *Resolution* in 1803. She left London on the 7th of June, and, as was usual in times of war, proceeded with the Hudson's Bay convoy to the Orkneys, from whence she made the best of her way to Labrador; but was three weeks detained by the ice on the coast before she could reach Okak. After visiting the three settlements and transacting the usual business, Captain Fraser hastened back to the Orkneys, to meet the convoy taking home the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, which during the whole of the previous year he had not failed to effect. But this time the convoy sailed without him, and there was, in consequence, great fear among the Brethren for the safety of the ship, more especially as a succession of violent storms in the northern seas had proved the destruction of many vessels. In course of time, however, the fears of the Brethren were turned into praise by the receipt of a letter from Captain Fraser, the commander of the missing vessel, in which he told them as strange a story of peril and deliverance as had ever been heard. Briefly, it was as follows:—

On the 10th of October he left Hopedale, and in sixteen days was within about three days' sail of the Orkneys, when strong easterly gales drove him back, and kept him three weeks. But those storms proved the means of his deliverance from the enemy. He was chased by a French frigate, brought-to, and forced to keep her company. Then a storm arose, and the sea ran so high that it was impossible for the frigate to get out a boat to board the *Resolution*. This continued, and the second night being extremely dark and boisterous, Captain Fraser clapped on all sail and escaped. Next morning the frigate was not to be seen, and the peril seemed over-past; but two days later, Captain Fraser had the mortification to meet her again, and to be chased and brought-to a second time. Singularly enough, the exact details of the previous capture were repeated, with the exception, that when the brave captain escaped the second time, he saw no more of the enemy.

As much interest centres in the *Jemima* as in any vessel of the Society, and the story of her escapes and deliverances is as thrilling as any ever told in maritime annals. On one occasion (1811), when sailing from Nain to Okak, the cold was so intense, although it was only September, that the running rigging could not work through the blocks, and the sails, once set, could not be furled—in fact, were so stiff from the frost as to be quite unmanageable. The wind, however, was so favourable, that nothing more was required than to steer the vessel.

In 1816, the vessel was for six days in hourly danger of being crushed to pieces by the ice-drift, and it was not until after a conflict with the frozen element lasting for forty-nine days, that she reached Okak in safety. On the return journey, being unable to see a ship's length ahead, and being within half a mile of a dangerous reef,

the captain was obliged to press on sail to clear it, which he did but just accomplish. Later on in the same voyage, she was struck by a sea "that twisted her in such a manner, that the very seams on her larboard side opened, and the water gushed into the cabin and the mate's berth, as from a pump."

In the following year the voyage was also memorable, and the graphic description of it given in the journal of Brother Knock, from which we make the following extracts, furnishes a lively and correct account of the dangers which are more or less attendant on arctic navigation:—

"Between the 4th and 5th of July (1817) we heard and saw many ice-birds. This bird is about the size of a starling, black, with white and yellow spots, and is met with about 200 English miles from the Labrador coast. When the sailors hear it, they know that they are not far from the ice. It flies about a ship chiefly in the night, and is known by its singular voice, which resembles a loud laugh.

"7th.—The morning was cold and rainy. In all directions, drift-ice was to be seen. In the afternoon it cleared up a little, and we entered an opening in the ice looking like a bay. The continual rustling and roaring of the ice reminded us of the noise made by the carriages in the streets of London when one is standing in the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. . . Having in vain exerted ourselves to penetrate through the ice, we returned at night into the open sea.

"14th.—Land was discovered ahead. It was the coast of Labrador, sixty or seventy miles south of Hopedale. We were close to the ice, and as a small opening presented itself, the captain ventured to push in, hoping, if he could penetrate, to find open water between the ice and the coast. For some time we got nearer to the land, but were obliged at night to fasten the ship with two grapnels to a large field. This was elevated between five and six feet above the water's edge, and between fifty and sixty feet in thickness below it. It might be 300 feet in diameter, flat at the top, and as smooth as a meadow covered with snow. . . We were all well pleased with our place of refuge, and lay here three whole days; but I cannot say that I felt easy, though I hid my anxiety from the party. I feared that a gale of wind might overtake us in this situation, and carry fields longer than that in which we lay, when the most dreadful consequences might ensue. And the sequel proved that I was not much mistaken.

"18th.—The weather was clear, and the wind in our favour; we therefore took up our grapnel, got clear of our floating haven, and again endeavoured to penetrate through some small openings. . . In the afternoon we had penetrated to the open water between the ice and the land, but we durst not venture nearer, as the sea is here full of sunken rocks, and the captain knew of no harbour on this part of the coast. Having found another large piece of ice convenient for the purpose, we fastened the ship to it.

"In the night between the 19th and 20th we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer the coast. On the 20th, towards evening, the sky lowered, and it grew very dark. The air also felt so oppressive that we all went to bed, and every one of us was troubled

with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving fast towards a huge ice-mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost, but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was exceedingly cold, with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro at the mercy of the ice till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the



OKAK.

prelude to greater terrors. . . . The wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually till it turned into a furious storm. Top-masts were lowered, and everything was done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving without the power of turning aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we were fast, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain; nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for if we had but touched the mountain we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel; the ship also sustained some damage. But

we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark, the heavens covered with the blackest clouds driven by a furious wind; the ice roared and howled as it moved along, and the fields driving and dashing against each other were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship fast to some large field, and the second mate, a clever young man full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off, and upon such fields as approached us, endeavouring to fix a grapnel to them, but in vain, and we even lost another grapnel on this occasion. The storm, indeed, dispersed the ice, and made openings in several places, but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for when the ship got into open water her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and, consequently, the blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every four or five minutes, and sometimes oftener, and the longer she remained exposed to the wind the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every shock, we tried the pumps to find whether we had sprung a leak, but the Lord kept His hand on us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation we offered up fervent prayers to Him who alone is able to save, and besought Him that, if it were His divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, He would soon take us home to Himself, not let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

“It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice; all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pumps agoing, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down he immediately fell asleep. . . .

“Next day the wind turned in our favour, and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopedale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But, alas! arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way anew blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma. If we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them and being instantly

lost; again, if we ventured into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship would bear any more such shocks as she had received. . . .”

The former course was adopted, as, in the event of shipwreck, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore. But it did not bring them to their desired haven; for *three weeks* longer they were driven about, encountering almost every day perils, surprises, and disappointments, which we have not space to describe, until at last, on the 9th of August, the ship was brought in safety into the Hopedale harbour.

Time would fail to tell of the peculiar hazards to which the vessels of the Society were, on innumerable occasions, exposed. Perils from fog, from sunken reefs, from violent tempests, from hostile cruisers, and from intense cold, were common; sometimes snow lay on the decks to a depth of 18 inches, sometimes they would be entrenched in the ice for weeks at a time, not a drop of water being visible on any side as far as the eye could reach; sometimes they would strike upon ice of great thickness concealed beneath a covering of water too shallow to allow a vessel to pass over—almost every form of peril was encountered; but ship after ship met with the same immunity from loss, and this has continued to the present day.

At this date the *Harmony*, the fourth vessel bearing that name, is a fine ship specially constructed to bear the shock of the waves and the crash of the ice. Still, as she goes forth, her figure-head representing an angel with a trumpet, and the words inscribed in a scroll—“Glory to God, peace on earth,” she carries on board men just as brave as those of whose labours we have written—men who care no more for perils in waters than they care for perils among the heathen; and still the prayers of the Brethren accompany the *Harmony* as she goes forth on her perilous voyages, and they sing, perchance, the sacred song of Brother James Montgomery:—

“To-day one world-neglected race
 We fervently commend
 To Thee, and to Thy word of grace;
 Lord, visit and befriend
 A people scattered, peeled, and rude,
 By land and ocean-solitude,
 Cut off from every kinder shore,
 In dreary Labrador.

“Thither, while to and fro she steers,
 Still guide our annual bark,
 By night and day, through hopes and fears,
 While, lonely as the Ark,
 Along her single track, she braves
 Gulfs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds, and waves,
 To waft glad tidings to the shore
 Of longing Labrador.”

XII.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

Chinese Gratitude—Dr. Hobson and his Works—Chinese Ideas of Anatomy—Dr. Peter Parker—Hospitals in China—Work in Amoy—Ningpo—Surgical Operations—Self-mutilation—Leprosy—Mesmerism—Faith-healing—Opium and Tobacco—The Opium Trade.

FROM far-back times the Chinese have greatly honoured the office and person of the physician. Nothing wins its way so readily to the human heart that beats warmly beneath "John's" Oriental garb, as medical services rendered successfully in time of need.

We have already told how that great and many-sided pioneer of Christian work in China, Robert Morrison, in the true spirit of his Divine Master, made kindly, unpretentious efforts to help the sick and suffering as soon as he arrived in China. With the co-operation of Dr. Livingstone, surgeon to the East India Company, he had, in 1820, dispensed medicine to sick Chinamen at Macao. Seven years later, Dr. Colledge, who succeeded Dr. Livingstone, opened and sustained a dispensary there at his own charges. Patients were at first timid, and even superstitiously afraid of sorcery being practised upon them; but soon they so thronged his little consulting-room that he had to hire two houses of moderate size to accommodate the work. In spite of all prejudices and opposition, four thousand patients came to him for advice in the first four years. "It is difficult at this date," says Dr. Wells Williams, "to fully appreciate the extraordinary ignorance and prejudice respecting foreigners which the Chinese then entertained, and which could be best removed by some such form of benevolence."

Gratitude was often expressed in the national form of flattering literary effusions. One man wrote to him in Chinese: "You gave me medicine, you applied the knife; and as when the clouds are swept away, now again I behold the azure heavens," and so on. Another writes a long and florid epistle thus, but we must curtail it as far as possible: "To knock head" (*i.e.*, on the ground) "and thank the great English doctor. Venerable gentleman:—May your groves of almond trees be abundant, and the orange trees make the water of your well fragrant. As heretofore, may you be made known to the world as illustrious and brilliant, being a most profound and skilful doctor. I last year arrived in Macao blind in both eyes: I have to thank you, venerable sir, for having by your excellent methods cured me perfectly. Your goodness is as lofty as a hill, your virtue deep as the sea; therefore all my family will express their gratitude for your new-creating goodness. Now I am desirous of returning home. Your profound kindness it is impossible for me to requite: I feel extremely ashamed of myself for it. I am grateful for your favours, and shall think of them without ceasing. . . . I go back to my mean province. Your illustrious name, venerable sir, will extend to all time; during a thousand ages it will not decay. I return thanks for your great

kindness. Impotent are my words to sound your fame and to express my thanks. I wish you everlasting tranquillity.

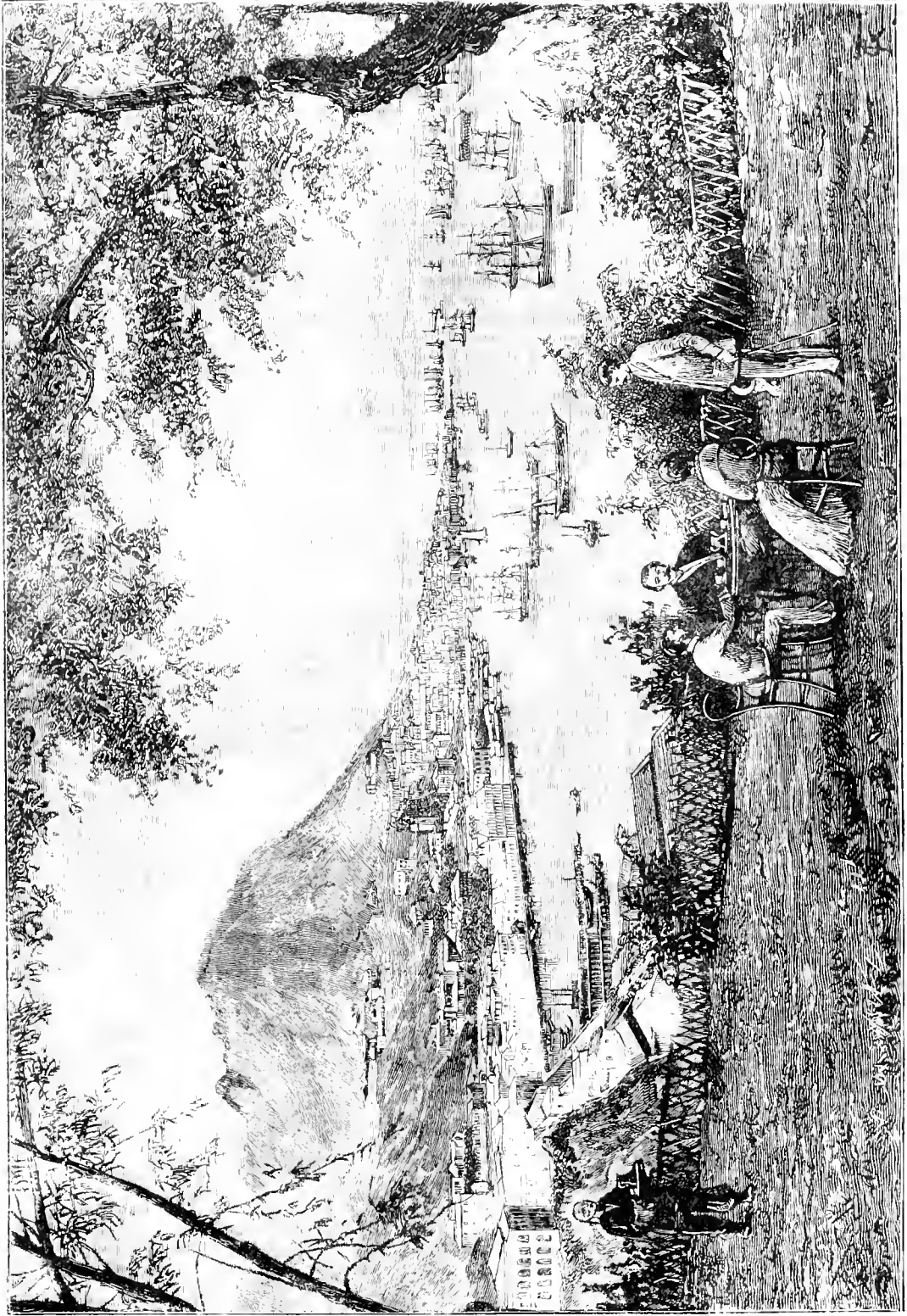
“Presented to the great English doctor and noble gentleman, in the 11th of Taukwang, by Ho Shuh, of the district of Chan-ngan, in the department of Chang-chau, in Fukkien, who knocks head and presents thanks.”

Chinese medical science is greatly indebted to the services of Dr. Hobson, who conducted, in Hongkong chiefly, a large hospital practice, where Chinese students were trained to examine, prescribe for, and, when necessary, to operate upon patients, the instructions being afterwards published in an attractive form. Before Dr. Hobson's efforts to make the results of anatomical and physiological discoveries known to the Chinese, medical attainments had not reached a high level amongst them. Indeed, the Romans and the Greeks possessed much more knowledge as to the inner structure of the human frame than was current in China at the time when Western civilisation began to clamour so loudly for entrance. Hobson's writings became exceedingly popular, and gradually led to a better knowledge of natural law and order, while their influence was also extended to Japan by means of a pirated edition in Chinese, a language read by the learned classes in that country. Some few liberties were taken with the original text by the Japanese editors in order to adapt the works for their own countrymen, and they obtained in this way a wide circulation. Those writings had a profound influence on Japanese science, the Dutch having partly paved the way for the reception of fresh facts about the human body, which it was, till recently, penal to dissect.

Long before Dr. Hobson published his books, the Jesuits had issued in China a short sketch of human anatomy (accompanied by a few not very exact plates), which was almost devoid of real information—a production, indeed, quite weak and ineffective. The coherent and stable truths of modern anatomy and physiology are at once felt and appreciated by those who are brought into sharp daily contact with the phenomena of sickness and suffering, more especially when wounds or “surgical diseases” have to be dealt with on principles involving knowledge of local anatomy. While Hobson's works excited the wonder and admiration of the learned amongst the laity, and were even popularly attractive, they were at once found to be of the utmost practical value to the native doctors and students, who began to study them with eagerness and enthusiasm, and to feel that new worlds were dawning upon their profession.

Dr. Hobson, in addition to his medical works, published elementary treatises on Natural Philosophy, Natural History, and other subjects of a similar kind, in a readable and semi-popular style, all being well and copiously illustrated. They are still in good demand throughout the Empire, though they are likely to be superseded by more modern hand-books, now being published in a superior style by several of the missionaries and other friends of educational progress in Eastern Asia.

Dr. Hobson, in his writings, was full of a reverent appreciation of the supreme goodness and wisdom displayed in the marvellous works of Nature, and his work on Anatomy closes, says Dr. Lockhart, “with the devout recognition of the Creator of this wondrous frame, which demonstrates in so clear a manner the being, the



VICTORIA, HONG KONG.

wisdom, and benevolence of its mighty Maker." The Japanese at first did not appreciate these points, however, and in their pirated edition, which we have already mentioned, such passages have usually been expunged. Many a Christian preacher in the far East still draws his illustrations of design in Creation from the copiously furnished armoury of Dr. Hobson.

It is difficult for Western people to estimate the changes correct notions of anatomy and physiology must necessarily effect in Chinese ways of looking at things. Miss Fielde, in "Pagoda Shadows," tells of an acquaintance of hers who caught a bad cold, followed by headaches. She went to a Chinese doctor of the old school, who said her ailment was due to a small kernel in her head, which could only be cured by making a hole either in her eye or ear. Of the two evils she thought the loss of half her hearing would be the least, and so she consented to have her ear-drum perforated. Miss Fielde tersely sums up the situation thus: "She has been deaf ever since, but the headaches were not cured." This is adduced as a fair specimen of Chinese medical diagnosis and practice. Much of the special knowledge in China, derived from large practice, is locked up in particular families, the precious secrets being heirlooms.

The beginning of distinctive Medical Missions in China was really when Dr. Peter Parker, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (usually, for shortness, called the A.B.C. Mission), opened a dispensary for the treatment of eye diseases at Canton, in the year 1835. Efforts, as we have seen, had been made prior to that date to render friendly medical aid to poor Chinamen, but they were more the expression of a mere general philanthropy than of the sustained and systematic religious activity, inspired by a direct purpose to evangelise, which marked the new departure.

Medically, Dr. Parker's work was in part a direct continuation of the enterprise carried on by the philanthropic Dr. Colledge, of the East India Company, and for a considerable period it seems to have been the only direct mission agency of any kind at work for the spread of the Gospel throughout the whole vast Empire of China. Very soon after Dr. Parker came, the institution acquired popularity, and his Society was induced to purchase a house at Macao, which was prepared to receive patients requiring to be treated indoors by operation or otherwise.

In one of his earlier reports the doctor writes:—"It was after long effort that a place was found for a hospital, and when at length a suitable building was rented, and previous notice had been given, on the first day no patients ventured to come; on the second day a solitary female afflicted with glaucoma came: the third day half a dozen, and soon they came in crowds. It is difficult to convey to a person who has not visited the scenes of the hospital, a just idea of them. He needs to be present on a day for receiving new patients, and behold respectable women and children assembling on the previous evening, and sitting all night in the street, that they might be in time to obtain an early ticket for admission. He need behold in the morning the long line of sedans, extending far in every direction; see the officers with their attendants; observe the dense mass in the room below: stand by during the examination and giving out tickets of admission to the hall above, where they are prescribed for, urgent cases being admitted at

once, while others are directed to come again at a specified time. . . . Great numbers of patients are thus relieved every day, exhibiting more and more the confidence placed in the physician. . . . There have been applicants from other parts of the country as well as from the vicinity. Numbers from other provinces, from Nankin and Peking, who were resident at Canton, have called; several tea-merchants from the north and their friends have been healed." The reports of this period contain many letters full of gratitude from all classes of Chinamen, and sometimes substantial aid was given to the institution by well-to-do native merchants. Strangers from Europe and America, passing through the city, used to visit Parker's crowded rooms, and often left tokens of their appreciation.

By-and-bye intelligent young men came to study medicine with the popular foreign doctor, who ultimately achieved some success in training Chinese pupils to be wise physicians and expert surgeons.

A visit which the doctor paid to Edinburgh in the year 1841 led to the establishment of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and his efforts on its behalf were greatly aided and encouraged by Dr. John Abercrombie, a noted physician of the Scottish Metropolis. Through the agency of that institution many medical men, after having received some practical training as evangelists, have gone to foreign mission fields in various parts of the globe. It is, however, still a debated question amongst the intelligent friends and supporters of missions, whether such an organisation serves any specially useful end. An earnest Christian man, say some, equipped as he ought to be, with a sound medical education, along with a modicum, at least, of practical experience, and entering upon his duties as a medical missionary with some sympathy for the people to whom he goes, ought quickly to learn on the spot far more than he could acquire under a home superintendent during years of directed labour. The marked success of Dr. Parker's work led various missionary societies to seek for labourers of the same stamp.

Dr. Lockhart, of the London Missionary Society, took charge of the hospital at Macao in 1839, by mutual arrangement with Parker; but official hostility soon arose, and he had to leave Macao for a while, the institution being reopened after a year or two. The doctor had sometimes almost to coax sick people on the streets to accept his aid, so great was the prejudice for a time; but soon, as his kindness and skill became known, the sufferers crowded to him even from remote parts and from the islands around Macao. He then superintended the building of a large and well-planned hospital at the rising port of Hong-Kong, of which Dr. Hobson, who came from the same Society, afterwards took charge.

Some foreign merchants at Hong-Kong liberally sent a promising young Chinese pupil of the mission schools, who had studied medicine, to complete his education at Edinburgh, and the results were not disappointing. He took his degree in due time, winning several good prizes, gaining the esteem of his fellow-students and warm commendations from his professors. Dr. Wang-fun afterwards became medical missionary of the London Missionary Society, in charge of a well-appointed hospital at Canton, which was opened after hostilities ceased. His services were

highly appreciated by all classes of his countrymen, and by many foreigners living in China.

Here is a description of a Sunday's doings at the Canton hospital, which was published in a London journal of 1854, in which our old friend Liang A-fah reappears:—

“At eight o'clock A.M. we joined a company assembled in an upper room.



STREET SCENE IN CANTON.

Three native members of the Christian church were there, and seated round were upwards of a score of Chinese, most of whom were patients, or their attendants from the wards. A copy of the Testament was handed to each man, and for many of them the place was found, for some of them had not seen the Book of Life before. A young Christian Chinese gave a simple, clear, and earnest exposition of the appointed verses, which was followed by a further statement, or more fervent application, from Dr. Hobson. Then came a final prayer, and this morning service terminated.

“The patients were mustering early in the chapel seats, which, by the hour of eleven, were well-nigh filled, and the places appropriated to those connected with the hospital were occupied. At that hour the aged evangelist, Liang A-fah, walked to the

preacher's seat. . . . He follows the custom of his country's sages, and sits to teach."

The writer then entered the consulting-room, and now and again peeped at the crowd waiting their turn to see the doctor. "Like a market was the place outside, for the patients were numerous. . . . Seated at a table was Liang A-fah, explaining, to a goodly circle of those waiting to be healed, the Book of God, or answering their objections to his preaching. Surely it was a goodly sight!"

In 1855, less than a year afterwards, this venerable disciple, full of years and faith, and loyal to the Christian cause to the end, died suddenly. He was ordained by Dr. Morrison in 1823, and had no other result been attained than his conversion, Morrison's life would have been well spent.



HOSPITAL AT TIEN-TSIN ERECTED BY DR. MACKENZIE.

The American Baptist Missionary Union established a dispensary in Hong-Kong in 1844, but Dr. Devan, who was sent out for this work, had to return in bad health some three years afterwards, so that little was accomplished.

In 1843 the Presbyterian Church of America sent a young medical missionary to Amoy. He was Dr. Hepburn, who is now in Japan—a silvery-haired, gentle, scholarly man—where he has rendered services to literature and Christianity that are not likely soon to be forgotten. He is the author of *the* dictionary of the Japanese language, and has been the chief translator of the Scriptures into Japanese. In co-operation with a medical gentleman, Dr. Cumming, who, unconnected with any missionary society, freely rendered his services, Dr. Hepburn carried on very successfully a hospital in the large town of Amoy.

Dr. James Young, of the English Presbyterian Mission, began work in Amoy in 1850, and in the year 1859 he was followed by Dr. Carnegie, of the same Society.

Amoy has ever since been one of the strongholds of Presbyterian Christianity in China, but the Chinese Christians are joined in a common Church organisation with Americans and Englishmen, the missionaries also retaining their relation to their own mission societies. Of Formosa and other fields we shall have something to say in another chapter.

It would be quite impossible for us to tell how much was done by the noble army of medical men who have carried kind words and healing to the homes of the poorer Chinese in the Treaty Ports. The names of Drs. Kerr, of Canton; MacKenzie, of Tien-Tsin; Henderson, of Shanghai; Hunter, of Newchang; and many others, as eminent in science as they were enthusiastic in the propagation of the truths of Christianity, are familiar to every visitor to China, and student of the literature of the far East. Their services are spoken of with the deepest gratitude by the poor in the lanes of every great Chinese city, and with profound respect by the scholarly and powerful officials of the Empire.

In 1845 a hospital was opened by Dr. MacGowan in the little maritime province of Chekiang. Its capital is the refined and luxurious city of Hang-chow, which is placed just where the Grand Canal opens out into the sea. It was not in this fine old city, but at one of the new "open ports," lying to the south of Shanghai, that the hospital was erected. This was the fortified town of Ningpo, which lies near the middle of a broad plain, where two rivers blend their waters. It was the only port in the province open to foreign trade, and Mr. Thom, the British consul there, proved a warm friend of medical missions. Ningpo rests on the bank of one branch of the River Yung. Opposite to it there were built some neat bungalows and *hongs*, or warehouses, and these form the foreign settlement, which was expected to be very suitable for purposes of trade.

The province itself is populous and, on the whole, healthy; and it is nearly one great plain, enclosed by a grand picturesque background of mountains. The land, sloping gently to the sea-board, is intersected with many canals, and is very fertile—the green and leafy mulberry bush, the hoary-headed cotton plant of fairish quality, rice and every other grain, growing in rich profusion.

The year after Dr. MacGowan began work there, a revolt took place in a neighbouring town in connection with the land-tax. The Imperialists were defeated, losing 18 killed and 150 wounded—chiefly by spears, arrows, and clubs. A brave magistrate of the town, who was in the thick of the fight, got six wounds, while his secretary fell fighting by his side. Dr. MacGowan successfully treated the injuries which this stout-hearted mandarin received, and he was pleased to get many warm thanks, and much commendation for the result.

In aiding those who need surgical help, the medical missionary is often brought into close relations with the criminal class. The prisons of China thus came sometimes to be visited, and were found to be even worse than those of Europe about half a century ago, before reformers let the light in upon them. Dr. Lockhart, who took much genuine interest in the sufferings of the poor prisoners, has recorded some facts from his own experience that leave a sad impression of the effects

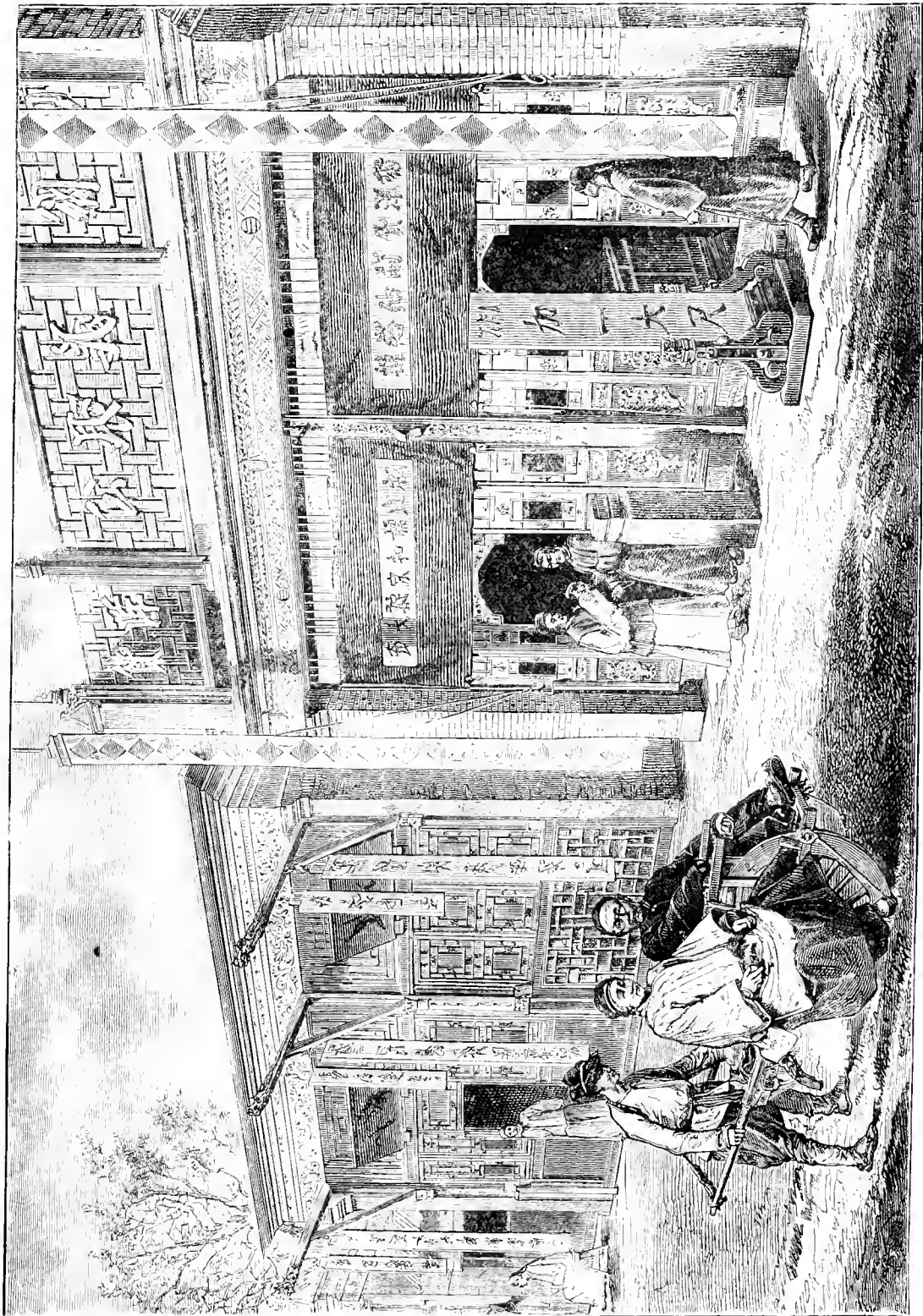
produced on a great community by mere education and refinement, untempered by moral enthusiasm—for it must be remembered that government in China is theoretically always, even in details, the reflex of the most highly educated minds of the day.

On one occasion, in 1853, some fifty pirates or so from Canton had been captured at their work, and were thrust into the inner yard of the magistrate's jail in Shanghai. The lot of an ordinary Chinese prisoner is not, at the best, a very pleasant or enviable one; but pirates are at a discount with the mandarins, and the officers had threatened greater severity upon them than usual, and even to put each of them into solitary confinement. This led the unhappy wretches to make a violent attempt to break out of prison. The military were called upon, and they indiscriminately poured as many rounds as they had to use into the courtyard and cells, disabling many of the disorderly convicts, and killing four of them. The soldiers then rushed upon their victims and heartily belaboured them with heavy poles, although before this they had become perfectly subdued. They were then loaded with additional chains, those who were fortunate enough to escape gun-shot wounds having the bastinado so severely administered to them that they could hardly limp back to their foul dens. Dr. Lockhart was allowed to attend them, cut out bullets, dress wounds, and set broken limbs; for all which help, lovingly and tenderly rendered without fee or reward, those abandoned men, in their sad plight, were reverently grateful.

Here is the good doctor's account of what he found on his arrival at the jail, after the outbreak had been so promptly but savagely quelled:—

“Four men had been killed, and lay at the door in a heap, just as they had been thrown down. . . . The remainder had the skin beaten off their backs, thighs, and legs, by the bastinado, and the moans from all parts of the yard were heart-rending. The men with the compound fractures had chains on their hands, and bars of wood chained to their feet. . . . One man, whose leg had been fractured, had a pair of manacles that were too small for him placed on his wrists. Great swelling of the hands and fore-arm followed, till at last the handcuffs were buried in the flesh, and the bones exposed. The handcuffs were then filed through and removed, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the jail-keeper,” who probably knew what Chinese pirates were, and how difficult it has always been to keep such convicts in order.

Much reluctance was shown by Chinese patients to be operated upon, and especially so as to have any portion of their bodies, even should it be a tumour, removed. Dr. Hobson explains that this may be the true reason why tumours arrest more attention in the East than with us: they are allowed to keep on, growing larger, while in Europe they would be removed early. Commenting on a blunder by which a man who was to have been strangled, was really beheaded, a recent number of the *North China Herald* quotes an Imperial rescript severely condemning the officials concerned. It goes on to explain that the Emperor spoke the genuine sentiment of his people, who attach much importance to the distinction. They object to having their bodies mutilated, not on account of the pain or fear of death, but because of the sentiment that it is a man's duty to keep intact, as far as he can, the body which his parents have bequeathed to



A CHINESE HAND-CARRIAGE.

him. It forms part of that system of filial piety which is so large an element in their religion. If they yield consent to amputation, they always ask for the severed limb, and this they either keep in a coffin to be buried with them at death, or—they eat it. The latter custom is in harmony with the traditions of the past; what is severed from the body, by accident or necessity, is returned to it. The *North China Herald* goes on to relate that a work which has been called the Chinese prose "Iliad" records that a certain hero, when pulling out a stray arrow, which entered his eye in battle, drew the eye away with the weapon; whereupon he coolly swallowed the eye, saying that



CHINESE CRIMINALS.

father's flesh and mother's blood should not be thrown away. Teeth are treated in much the same way.

Another phase of this subject is the practice, so frequently commended by the Emperor, of making broth for a sick parent *out of flesh cut from the body of his child*. The efficacy of the practice is supposed to be, that it restores to the parent a portion of his own essence. Viceroy's are constantly being petitioned that special rewards may be bestowed on children who have mutilated themselves for this purpose. Not long ago the mother of a late Governor in China was thus commended:—"She obtained a reputation for the filial piety she displayed towards her husband's parents, mutilating herself to mix her flesh with his medicine when her father-in-law was ill." A year

or two ago a case was reported in which a dutiful son, in order to meet a sudden craving on the part of his sick mother for meat, and being too poor to supply it otherwise, cut a piece of flesh from his arm, which he made into soup for her. The report adds that this truly filial son felt no pain from the cutting away of his flesh, and the wound healed at once. Such was the favour of Heaven.

Dr. Parker mentions the case of a man who had hurt his iris by a fall. His Chinese doctor ordered him to cut a chicken in two. He was then to eat the one half for its internal effects, and to lay the other portion on the injured eye as a poultice.

The Chinese doctors were, however, before ours in discovering that it is not well to let blood in fevers. "A fever," say they, "is like a pot boiling; if you wish to cure the patient, you must reduce the heat of the fire, rather than lessen the liquid in the pot."

Cases of leprosy are very common in the experience of medical missions, especially in the southern parts of China. Dr. Hobson furnished to the *Medical Times and Gazette* for June 2nd, 1860, some useful observations on this terrible malady, which is still spreading in many parts of the world. He got some chaulmoogra seeds from Calcutta, and thought his patients derived much benefit from them. The seeds of this plant (*Gynocardia odorata*) were given by him to the leper in the form of pills, and the oil expressed from them was also applied to the sores. This treatment seems to have been also known to some of the Chinese doctors, who probably got the drug by way of the Straits Settlements; but, of course, those who knew its value kept it pretty much as a family secret in the good old way. The active principle of the oil—a remedy pleasanter, more active, and less bulky to administer than the oil itself—is Gynocardic acid.

The lepers in China have never had better or more serviceable friends than the medical missionaries, whose labours, however, have not been of the romantic kind. They have at least shown their desire to render help by carefully studying the details of this awful malady, by intelligent sympathy with its victims, and by constant vigilance in seeking out and trying such means of cure as the rapid progress of Western science seemed to indicate as hopeful. But, after all, lepers remain lepers, and their condition in China is sad in the extreme—outcast, hated, and miserable, as they were in our own lands not many centuries ago. The wretched sufferers from this still mysterious disease (said now to be due to the spread and propagation of a special *bacillus*) have a few privileges, of which they claim the full advantage. For example, they are allowed to make pretty heavy extortions at funerals, and so they lurk about the cemeteries, as they used to do in Scotland in the Middle Ages. The sorrowing relatives, fearing lest the departed spirit of the one who is dear to them may be haunted in the shadowy realms with leprous ghosts, are then disposed to be liberal. Miss Gordon Cumming gives a shocking impression of the conduct of the lepers on such occasions:—

"These luckless Ishmaelites, knowing that every man's hand is against them, combine against the rest of the world. . . . So they calculate from the general pomp of a

funeral how large a sum they may venture to demand. Should their claim be deemed over-much, they sometimes leap into the grave, and refuse to allow the coffin to be lowered till at least a promise of payment has been made. . . . Should any hitch occur, the lepers unscrupulously dig up the coffin and hold it as a hostage till payment is received. . . . In the allowance for funeral expenses here, a certain sum is always included as the lepers' fee; but occasionally, in order to avoid unseemly disputes at the grave, the funeral party agree to denude their procession of all its magnificence as they leave the city, so that the lepers may be deceived into supposing that the deceased was a poor man."

There are said to be many entire village communities of lepers in China. Cut off from all intercourse with their fellow-men, their lot is a hard one. Surely for such victims of the blind work of natural law, religion, with its revelation of a new life of hope and joy, in which spirit rises above and conquers the grossness of matter, is a sweet boon.

We hear a great deal in our day about faith-healing. The Chinese, too, have ideas on this subject. Mesmerism is used, as Mr. Giles relates:—"A Taoist priest, known for his skill in the art, is requested to attend at the house of a sick person for the purpose of administering *kang-fu*; and accordingly, after arranging what is to be paid for his services, and securing part of the sum in advance, he proceeds to fit up within the patient's room an altar for burning incense and joss-paper, and for worship generally. Muted incantations follow, as the priest walks slowly and with prescribed steps round and round the room. By-and-bye he approaches the sick man and partly raises him, or turns him on his back or side, or lifts up a leg or an arm, or gently shampoos him, the object being all the time to bring the sick man's mind into *rapport* with his own. When the priest thinks he has accomplished this, he commands the patient to perspire or to become cool, or gives instructions for the regulation of pulse and heart, in each case according to what he conceives to be the exigencies of the disease. The whole scene is rendered as impressive as possible by silence, and by darkening the room, with the exception of one oil-lamp, by the light of which is dimly visible the silhouette of the robed priest waving his large sleeves in the air. The imaginative faculty of the sick man is thus excited; and hence, perhaps, the reason why, even in these days of prohibition, Chinamen may still be found ready to declare that they "have derived benefit from *kang-fu*."

The Chinese mind is full of superstitious notions, which have an important bearing on medical treatment. The people constantly have in their mental vision certain disturbing wind and weather influences, the result simply of profound ignorance. Thus they speak of "the coming dragon," "the departing pulse," "the breath of the earth," and so on. There is an expression of constant occurrence, whenever change of any kind has to be made, a railway to be laid, or a house to be altered: it is *feng-shui*. What, then, is *feng-shui*? A great deal has been written on the subject, but it is not difficult to see that the term is one of those, not quite unknown in more advanced countries, which help to veil much ignorance. It belongs to a gigantic system of geomancy, but behind it there has sometimes been shrewd observation of

Nature's laws. For example, a few years ago cuttings were about to be made in Hong Kong, so there was an outcry raised about the danger of *feng-shui* being outraged. The objection was disregarded, and the results were serious. It is now known that soil of a malarious kind, when freshly upturned, may infect a community with the germs of disease; but this fact was new to scientific students of medicine, although in a sense quite familiar and intelligible to the believers in *feng-shui*.

In building a house, regard is paid to points determined by the geomancers. It is perhaps a little uncharitable to suppose that these worthy people have not always a single eye to the good of their clients, but whispers do get abroad about the curious way in which *feng-shui* serves sordid ends. Its laws determine the position of graves, and these again, as is well known, have till now been a great obstacle to the development of telegraphs, railways, and other improvements. It also fixes the architectural details of one's house in a wonderful way. The main building must be lofty, the others low; the chief house faces southward, the others, forming two sides of a square, face east and west; there must be no temple in front, or at either side, and the order of doorways is fixed, so that they follow one another out of line, and so as to form a zig-zag path. Thus the evil influences of spirits is checked somewhat as rays of light would be. If a foreigner erects a new chimney, he may at once upset his Chinese neighbour's fine geomantic calculations, and then—where is he?

An old villager, native of a little place famed for its graduates, once said to an itinerant missionary: "What you say about God is very true, but you must not say that *feng-shui* is false. How could our village produce so many literary men, if our ancestral temple were not in a lucky situation?"

The path of the Great Dragon is straight, and when he rushes to bestow his blessing, woe betide you if your neighbour's house is higher than yours, for it is clear that then he will be reflected away from you, leaving you in spiritual gloom. It is from this curious superstition that so much active hostility has often sprung up against some quiet and inoffensive foreigner, and it is of service to know how the strange fancy may work in native minds.

Tobacco is greatly smoked by people of both sexes. It is said that the Japanese used it first, the Chinese having acquired its use from the Manchus in Northern China, while *they* in turn got it through Corea—coming to that country, it is supposed, ultimately from Japan.

The use of tobacco, however, is not the darling vice of China, and this leads us here to mention the Opium Question. Here is a native picture of the victims to this vice, and it is not too highly coloured:—"Smokers when asleep are like corpses, lean and haggard as demons. Opium-smoking throws whole families into ruin, dissipates every kind of property, and ruins man himself. The youth who smoke shorten their days; those in middle life hasten the termination of their years. It wastes the flesh and blood until the skin hangs down in bags, and their bones are as naked as billets of wood. When the smoker has pawned everything in his possession, he will pawn his wife and sell his daughters."

Whatever may have been the case a few years ago, there is now very little secrecy

about the practice. You may see an opium den at work any day in such slums as the "Chinese town" in Shanghai, and, alas! in many of our Western cities. Passing through a noisome alley, you plunge into a dark little dimly lit room. In it there are wooden benches covered with matting, on which half-naked Chinamen may be seen lying in various attitudes; but out of half a dozen faces there, probably not more than one would arrest attention by its colour or expression. That one is notable from its pallor, and "the glazed eye, with its cold stony expression."



OPIUM SMOKERS.

That the habit in excess is most deleterious cannot be doubted, but exaggerated views have been allowed to prevail as to its visible effects. It is perhaps a little like overshooting the mark simply to argue, as many good Christians do, that it is immoral to derive revenue from a drug that is ruinous to many Chinamen; and that the latter is a fact must be admitted. It may be even admitted that, as in the case of alcoholic stimulants, the craving grows upon its victims, and may be partly transmitted to another generation. The *Chinese Times* narrates a case in illustration of this awful law, which is probably not uncommon in its action. A man and his wife had taken

opium for years. One day the woman gave birth to a boy, a feeble infant, but the doctors who saw it did not seem to know why it was so. It grew weaker and weaker, until one day it chanced to inhale a few whiffs from its father's opium pipe. After that time the child was quite well, so long as it inhaled the smoke regularly once or twice a day. At last, for some reason, the parents grew inattentive, and before they perceived that it was suffering from its old complaint, the poor little thing died.

All this is deplorable, and it is impossible to brush away the responsibility we and our fathers incurred in thrusting opium, however indirectly it was done, upon the Chinese. Yet it is notorious that vast areas are yearly being put under opium cultivation by Chinamen in their own country, with the knowledge and approval of their officials. It may be true, as that accomplished writer, William Fleming Stevenson, in recounting his observations in China, says:—"We have not only wrung the consent of the country to admit what they believe destructive to their people and their interest—we have provided that stimulus to the consumption which is threatening to cover some of the fairest provinces of China with the red stain of the poppy."

It is clear, however, that opium is needed in China, and it is needed in larger quantities for *legitimate* purposes than is supposed. Even in Japan, where the opium habit does not exist, and opium smoking is effectually prohibited under the severest penalties, opium has now not only to be imported, but to be cultivated for medical purposes. In all Eastern countries, where malaria, diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera prevail, much opium is required for purely medical uses, and must somehow be obtained. It is probable enough that this was how the national habit of indulgence arose, as it was in Coleridge's and other individual cases in Europe. Herein lies a real difficulty, and medical missionaries have themselves to import opium into China or purchase it there. Hence it is not easy so to legislate as to exclude opium for one purpose, and to admit it for another. The immoral element does not, therefore, seem to lie so much in our obtaining a revenue from its sale, as in our originally having used the bayonet to open a market for it, when honest resistance was offered to us by the Government of China, in however unjustifiable a manner, on patriotic and philanthropic grounds. If opium is too easily obtained for an immoral use, the heavier it is taxed the better it must be for the Chinese grower. Indeed, *there*—in the imposition of heavy duty—would be the true stimulus to its growth in China itself, where it is even now displacing wheat and other food-plants. It is difficult to see how fresh laws can much assist in undoing or arresting an evil for which a moral crusade would be more effective. Raise the moral and spiritual tone of the Chinese, and the horrible vice, fatal alike to body and soul, will be conquered and disappear.

It was the "Opium War" that, under God's Providence, determined Livingstone's career in Africa. He tells how, in the glow of love which Christianity inspired, after his "soul's colour-blindness" had been cured, he resolved to give himself up to the alleviation of human suffering, and so set himself to obtain a medical education, that he might become a pioneer of Christ's cause in China, which was then exciting much interest in the religious world. He goes on to tell how, after having obtained his

medical degree, "the Opium War was raging, and it was deemed inexpedient for me to proceed to China. I had hoped to gain access to that then closed Empire by means of the healing art; but there being no prospect of an early peace, I was induced to turn my thoughts to Africa." This was in the year 1840.

In our next chapter we shall see how that bloody struggle led to a great change in China, fraught with profound consequences to the work of the teachers of Christianity, and leading to the opening up of many fresh fields of missionary labour amongst the Chinese.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OPENING OF THE COUNTRY.

Adventures in China—Charles Gutzlaff—Travels in the Interior—Description of China—The Yellow River—Dr. Medhurst—Origin of the Opium War—Incidents in the Opium War—Present Position of Opium Question—The Treaty Ports—Manchuria—Formosa.

TO many readers, the most fascinating aspect of the pioneer missionary's career will probably be the free roving commission he is supposed to possess, which sends him to wander through far-off lands, full of mystery and romance, running into danger from wild beasts or savage men, and living amongst people whose ways are, in all things, quaint, and different from those he has been used to all his lifetime.

As we are now to learn, there was one period in the history of missions to China full of stir, and containing elements of danger enough to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon appetite for adventure; for this great Empire was not to open its long-closed gates without a struggle to repel "the barbarians."

It would, no doubt, add very greatly to the interest of this necessary chapter about the "black-haired" race and the wonderful land they live in, were we able to carry our readers with us, under the genial guidance of some of the great travellers who have, in order to carry the Word of Life, wandered over its great green plains, or crossed its grim rocky ridges, or dashed down foaming rapids, through narrow, unsummed gorges, on the creamy waters of some great river linking province to province, whose fretted banks are strewn with the wrecks of frail junks, and crowded with distressed sailors trying to construct temporary rafts out of the fragments.

How charming it is, in imagination, to transform our easy-chair into one of those primitive carts, described as the missionary's carriage by the lamented William Fleming Stevenson:—"Old travellers prefer to sit on the shaft. It is not the place of honour, but it has its advantages. A bag of provender, filled with beans, lies across the shafts, and experience proves that this is almost a cushion compared with the hard wood; that as the beans sink down at successive inns, so does the heart of the traveller as he approaches the timber of the shaft." How delicious it is, with all the jolting and other tortures that add zest to the narrative, to creak along the narrow footpath that divides the sodden rice-fields in the famous wheelbarrow, set like an Irish jaunting-car! How interesting to

plod along on foot by towering pagoda or shadowy temple, through crowds of staring and jeering villagers, say with the enthusiastic and ever-ready Burns, dressed in Chinese



IN A FORMOSAN FOREST.

garb, and with even a Chinese *look* in his face, to point out to us, with his long, claw-like finger-nails, the objects worthy of note by the way; or with the learned and observant Archdeacon Grey, who can discourse minutely on every theme that can interest

us about the Flowery Land and its inhabitants; or with the far-seeing Dr. Williamson, peering into the intellectual and commercial and political future of China as keenly as others do into its past, and with the one great thought of its *religious* future supreme in all; or, with Thomas Barclay, to tear through the tangled mazes of a Formosan forest, from amid whose leafy exotics gleam and flash many a snowy waterfall. But brevity imposes stern restrictions, and we must be content with a mere bird's-eye view in this place.

The Western world was astonished, and rather sceptical, when Charles Gutzlaff, a German missionary who had been sent out to China by the Netherlands Missionary



GUTZLAFF'S HOUSE AT BANGKOK.

Society, published an account of "Three Voyages" made along the coast: in which he described visits made to many Chinese towns, where the people received him pleasantly, and a final bold series of trips into the interior, where he lived for a month or so among the natives, eating Chinese food, clad in Chinese garments, and being made welcome by almost everybody he encountered.

This was news indeed, and although the story was at first received with ridicule by many, it was perfectly truthful and genuine. Dr. Wells Williams says:—"The interest aroused in England and America among political, commercial, and religious people, fifty years ago" (1831-33), "by the reports of these three voyages, can now hardly be appreciated. They opened the prospect of new relations with one half of mankind; and the other half, who had long felt debarred from entering upon their rightful fields in all these diversified interests, prepared for great efforts."

The Chinese villagers seem to have been flattered by the conception that this

barbarian, born "a son of the Western Ocean," had become in some slight degree civilised by free contact with their superior race; and many of them supposed that, in a spirit of religious gratitude, Gutzlaff had resolved on devoting himself to render medical benefits to a nation that had done so much for himself. So for a little time the path of the missionary seemed to be all strewn with roses.

Mr. Gutzlaff lived and laboured for two years in Siam before beginning his China experiences, and in that country he doubtless met many varieties of the Chinese race. He probably also acquired in this way some of that knowledge and fine tact required for dealing successfully with "natives," but which are not popularly attributed to his countrymen. He also knew the various dialects of the coast amazingly well, and was a man of extensive general acquirements.

Gutzlaff's first venture was made in a trading junk which, in 1831, sailed from Bangkok to Tien-Tsin, a place well remembered for the massacre of Roman Catholics thirty-nine years afterwards. He took with him a liberal supply of Chinese Bibles and tracts, many useful scientific works of a popular character, medicines, and surgical appliances. One of his books gave a brief account of England and its strange barbarous people, who had been making such trouble in the seaboard towns. It was most eagerly sought for, and must have circulated much information over a large and populous area. Our German Chinaman was soon cleaving his way through the yellow waters that characterise the northern reaches of the China Sea. By-and-bye he safely reached Tien-Tsin, which is near the great city of Peking, then in proud and peaceful isolation, not very long to be continued. He spent about a month thereabouts, dealing out his books and boluses, and hearing and seeing much that foreigners had not been privileged to hear or see before.

After a short stay in that neighbourhood, he pushed boldly on into Chinese Tartary, clad, of course, in Chinese garb, putting up at humble village hostels, with many strange and evil-smelling bedfellows; worrying, and being worried by small mandarins, and producing a general feeling of amazement everywhere, not without considerable risk to a sound skin, and even to life itself.

In 1835, while he was travelling with the Rev. Edwin Stevens, a missionary of the American Board, they thought they would attempt to reach the Bohea hills (famous for the tea to which they give a name) by sailing up the Min river—the great artery of the Fukien province, at the mouth of which is the important city of Foochow. Dr. Wells Williams compares this fine river (now well known to travellers) in sublimity and beauty to the Hudson, the hills around it being higher, however, and the country less fruitful. It is fully three hundred miles long, and, being of almost regular depth, is always busy with vessels carrying tea and other commodities to and from the coast. The heights on both sides rise to fifteen hundred or two thousand feet in some places, and there are twenty-seven fortified towns on its banks. A French traveller, Borget, thus relates the impressions subsequently made on his own mind by this stately river:—"The view embraces a beautiful scene: nothing can be more picturesque than the little plats of wheat and barley intermixing their yellow crops on the acclivities, with bristling pines and arid rocks, and crowned with garden spots, or surrounded with rice

fields and orchards of oranges. The valley of the Min, viewed from the summit of the fortress, is truly a beautiful sight."

But our travellers were not, on this occasion, afforded a very favourable opportunity for meditating on the picturesque elements in this sweet valley. After a smooth and pleasant journey of about seventy miles up the stream, our explorers were startled by the sharp clatter of primitive musketry, and by the apparition of crowds of armed men lining both sides of the river. This unexpected reception brought the exploration to a sudden and ignominious termination, for, as prosaic history records, "In the circumstances it was judged wiser not to prosecute the journey farther inland, and they accordingly returned," not to venture on any similar experiment for a time. Clearly China was not yet opened.

Before this time the missionaries had been officially reminded that "the ground on which they trod was the Celestial Empire, and that the Emperor, who commanded all under heaven, had given strict orders that no foreigners should be allowed to go a single step into the interior." Edicts of a severer tone followed these gentle hints, but somehow nobody seemed to heed them very much, and after a short pause Gutzlaff was almost as busy as before, popping in here and there, and leaving many indelible traces of his beneficent presence amongst the inland villagers.

And here, as a necessary help to our main purpose, let us break off our narrative of events, to take a glance at the leading physical features of the land. We may thus be enabled better to understand how Nature herself helped the Chinese to secure, as they had done for so long, the isolation and independence which they wished still to retain, though their dreams of this kind were now to be dispelled by a rude shock.

China is enclosed by vast chains of rugged mountains. On the west, one great mass—of which the Himalayas are the chief component—lifts a barrier which, as of old, is very effective against Western influence; while on the north and north-west, again, lofty ranges, often towering above the snow-line, stretch along its borders, with many ramifying spurs, through Manchuria and the rocky wilds of Mangolia. In that direction, too, its comparative isolation is completed by the intervening, vast, wind-swept desert of Gobi or Shamo.

China, unlike India, Africa, and the United States, has but one great seaboard, of which advantage its industrious inhabitants have, however, learned to make ample use—its tawny seas swarming with excellent fish.

Piracy is a terror never quite unknown where numerous islets and creeks fret the southern coast. The largest and most populous portion of the country may be pictured, in a general way, as one vast alluvial plain sloping very gently seawards; indeed, it is not only, by geological formation, one of the very youngest countries in the world, but it is also growing out into the sea, inch by inch, at the present time. From these few points it may be understood why fishing and farming have always been so honoured in China.

It is often said, that what canals are to Holland, its many and great rivers are to China. In such a country, where roads are so very inferior—being mere footpaths in

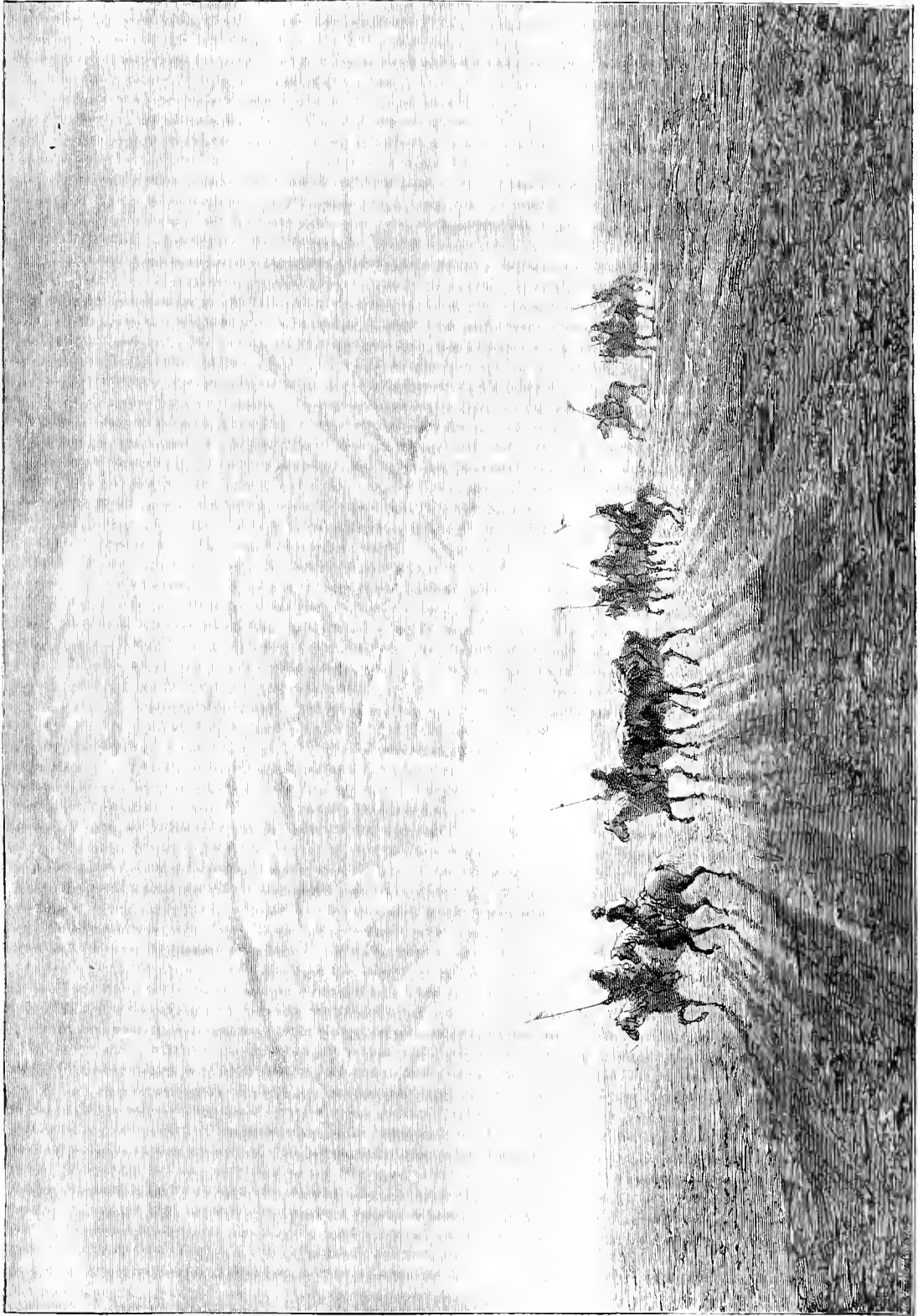
many places—and where railways practically do not exist, the river and inter-connecting lake and canal systems of China have been always of the utmost importance for transport. The three largest rivers in China are the Hoang-ho or Yellow River in the north, the Yang-tsze in the middle (*kiang*, which is often added, simply means “river”), and the Pearl River in the south. The Yellow River still continues to justify the evil reputation it had two thousand years before Christ. Sometimes this useful, but often rather lively stream—like the Mississippi, as described by “Mark Twain”—makes, without much warning, a sudden *détour*, and at once the whole country is thrown into geographical confusion. In 1851 and 1853 it so changed its course, pouring its treasures where they were not wanted, and leaving a once prosperous district to wither into a barren and unwatered waste. While we write, disastrous floods, rivalling those of antiquity, have brought desolation to thousands of Chinese homes.

When the Yellow River was the living centre of Chinese life, the banks of the Yang-tsze were the abode of almost nameless tribes in a rude state of civilisation. It, too, like the Yellow River, rises in Tibet, and is truly one of the great rivers of the world, running through wild gorges of immense height, and carrying on its bosom the commerce of a busy people.

The most striking physical features of China are its great, fertile, well-watered plains (often too well watered, alas!), and its vast, rolling rivers, ever yellow with fertilising mud, better for the land than gold. In the centre of the great continent there rises a wide and lofty table-land, which stretches its arid wastes from the Himalayas to the Nanling mountains in China. Herein is the dreary desert of Gobi or Shamo. Chill “Siberian” winds sweep ruthlessly over the great plateau, and beyond calculation is the amount of fine dust which is thus transported, and allowed to settle at last in undisturbed repose over the parched ground. Age after age it has been whirled thither in torrents, and deposited softly, as snow falls, till now great unstratified formations, fully 1,500 feet deep, most effectively conceal all structures that may have been beneath. This strange deposit is called by Richthofen, the Loess—or, more specifically, the Land Loess—to distinguish it from a similar formation laid down under water and called the Lake Loess. It is described as a yellow calcareous clay, which splits across so as to form vertical clefts, and it is from this character that there result, in some regions, great precipitous cliffs, some of which are even five hundred feet in height. Its firm consistency allows it to be neatly hollowed into chambered eaverns, tier above tier, which have served for human habitations.

Gutzlaff was most cordially supported by grants from good liberal-minded Christians in both America and England. He went on printing and distributing tracts and Bibles, although many were disposed to question the advantage of so indiscriminate a circulation as his methods seemed to promote.

In 1835, when the opium question was coming to the front as one of imperial magnitude, he felt that his business relations implicated him in that trade, and so he resigned, receiving immediately afterwards an important and lucrative appointment from the English authorities in China as their interpreter, his salary being eight hundred



THE DESERT OF GOBI.

pounds yearly. He retained the post during the remainder of his brief lifetime, dying in 1851, after having published eighty-five works in various languages.

Dr. Medhurst made similar voyages in 1835 and afterwards, supporting most of Gutzlaff's much controverted conclusions as to the possibility of doing mission-work in the interior. We are told that he and his companions "went through various parts of four provinces and many villages, giving away about eighteen thousand volumes, of which six thousand were portions of the Scriptures, among a cheerful and willing people, without meeting with the least aggression or injury: having been always received by the people with a cheerful smile," and generally by the Mandarins with a certain degree of politeness and respect. Many felt, however, that this kind of propaganda was not only illegal, but "persistent violation of the Emperor's laws."

Great events were now about to take place, and the long lane of Chinese isolation and exclusiveness was at last to have a turning.

To go back a little. An American ship lying at anchor off Macao in 1816 was suddenly boarded by a gang of Chinese desperadoes, who, pretending to offer their aid as pilots, slew some of the crew, threw others overboard, and confining the remainder in one part of the ship, carried off all the opium they could lay hands on. The authorities lost little time in hunting up the offenders, and their grinning heads were at once exposed in cages on the rocks around the mouth of the harbour. Soon after this, many stirring events occurred in connection with the trade, but we must pass on to tell the story of the "Opium War," and of how British Christians indirectly added to their gift of the Bible that of the drug that is working so much evil in China.

The importation of opium into China had always been more or less opposed by the official Chinese, there being an increasing popular demand for it; vessels were even built for the purpose of smuggling it in, a traffic which the character of the coast near Macao favoured very greatly. These smuggling ships were supplied with arms and ammunition, and they became so numerous and formidable that it is correct to say they "threatened to convert the whole coast into one ruthless piracy." Then, as there was so much money to be gained by the traffic, the very officers appointed by the Chinese Government to inspect incoming vessels were easily bribed, and they often brought the opium up in their own boats secretly for sale in Canton. Everything, however, seems to have been done by the *central* Government to avert the growing evil, which they foresaw would become a very serious matter for the country; proclamations were issued; foreigners were warned; and the police were instructed to be vigilant. Captain Elliott, then Superintendent for the East Indian Company, co-operated frankly with the Imperial and provincial authorities in trying to keep the trade within legitimate bounds, and his conduct was bitterly criticised by his own countrymen interested in opium. Americans, Parsees, and British were equally engaged in the traffic.

Commissioner Lin, who had great powers given him by the Emperor, ordered all opium to be given up, and threatened serious proceedings against the lives and property of the foreign merchants who were supposed to be importing such a poison

into the country. Captain Elliott compelled all British subjects to yield their stock of opium to the Chinese Government for destruction, and thus about a million pounds' worth was actually destroyed, one Chinaman, who tried to save a little, being promptly executed on the spot where he was captured. There can be no doubt whatever of the serious desire of the Emperor and his advisers, at that time, to prevent the importation and vicious use of the drug. High Mandarins found guilty of using it were degraded, and it was rumoured that not a few people of some rank had their upper lips taken away for indulging in so dangerous a vice.

The great question, however, finally came to be, not opium at all, by itself, but the most improper and violent restriction of British commerce. It was for this that the sword was appealed to—it is to be feared, far too hastily and harshly, but not altogether in vain. There was, of course, and as usual in such cases, no formal declaration of war; but the British, nevertheless, defeated the Chinese admiral, and with a good deal of bloodshed; battle after battle was fought, with little loss on our side, but with great slaughter of the "heathen Chinee," who often showed the greatest personal bravery, but were utterly lacking in organisation and generalship. It was clear to the British authorities that the proper course now, if striking was to be done at all, was to strike hard and swiftly, and at the very centre. This was done, the common people generally feeling that they had little to do with the affair, and even, to some extent, sympathising with the foreign soldiers, who paid liberally for the food or fuel they levied. Before this war began, the Chinese had known what it was to be beaten by the outer barbarians at sea, but it was a new experience for them to be thoroughly defeated on their own soil. It is an undoubted fact that this experience at once wrought a change in the people, which was in many respects for their good. During much of the hard fighting in village streets, many of the peasants would, good-humouredly, stand at their doors looking at the combatants, while calmly drinking tea, or eating porridge of coarse millet.

It was not always thus with the people of the towns, however, and the accomplished Captain Loch, in his vivid "Narrative of Events in China," gives a pitiful and heartrending account of a great panic which seized the Tartar inhabitants of the town of Chinkiang, on the approach of the terrible red-coated barbarians from across the seas. About 800 or 1,000 of the Tartars bravely withstood our troops in an open space, firing with precision; but the British charge, which closely followed a death-dealing volley, sent them scattering, firing as they fled. Meanwhile, the wealthy people, having little idea of receiving mercy where they would have given none, were engaged in throwing their children into wells, or cutting the throats of those they loved, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. In one house the children had all been thrown into a well, and, when our troops entered, the head of the house was holding his wife over it while he sawed at her throat. The door was burst open by an officer; a surgeon being near, her wound was sewed up and she was saved, while not a moment was lost in snatching the children from a watery grave. One appalling scene is thus described by Captain Loch:—

"After we had forced our way over piles of furniture placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewed with rich stuffs, and covered with clotted blood; and

upon the steps leading to the hall of ancestors there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, who seemed to be brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen from loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met face to face three women seated, a mother and two daughters, and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats



THE OPIUM POPPY.

cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over and endeavouring to conceal a living soldier. . . . I stopped, horror-stricken at what I saw. The cold, unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face, changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears. . . . She came close to me and seized me by the arm, and, with clenched teeth and deadly frown, pointed to the bodies, to her daughters, to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly closed hands, and in a husky voice, I could see by her gestures, spoke of her misery, her hate, and, I doubt not, her revenge. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be, in her unprotected state, a hundredfold increased; that, if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country; but the poor woman would not listen to me, and the whole family was by this time in loud lamentation. All that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man, who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape."

Out of a population of four thousand Tartars, some five hundred only were left alive, but the deaths were chiefly suicidal, or had been received at the hands of loyal friends and kindred.

The famous Opium Treaty, as it has been called, was negotiated by Sir Henry Pottinger and Mr. Morrison, a son of the Dr. Morrison whose career we have followed. Sir J. F. Davis, however, makes the important statement that "So small a share had opium, except as the spark which exploded the mine, in what some have been

pleased to call the 'Opium War,' that opium was never once mentioned in the treaty which concluded it, save as claiming a fraction of the indemnity." On the other hand,



NATIVES OF FORMOSA.

the trade in opium was then virtually legalised. But this was only the treaty's incidental effect, for *all* commerce was made free by its influence, and foreigners were henceforth to be frankly recognised as on an equality with the Celestials, in place of being treated as outer barbarians. It was a great turning-point in Chinese history, and

time only shows more and more the greatness of the crisis, and the germinal value of this notable treaty. It was framed at Nankin in the year 1842, and led to five ports being immediately thrown open for mission-work and commercial intercourse. These five "treaty ports," as they were called, were Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, while Great Britain obtained the bare treeless island of Hong-Kong—to-day, richly wooded, adorned with beautiful and stately buildings, and having a grandly picturesque harbour crowded with the ships of every flag.

The result of this great war upon China has been immense, and it cannot yet be accurately gauged. The moral and religious problems involved have been keenly discussed, and every intelligent Chinaman will be found to have read and thought on them. Bishop Butler, in his sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (A.D. 1738-39), says very thoughtfully:—

"All our affairs should be carried on in the fear of God, in subserviency to His honour, and the good of mankind. And thus navigation and commerce should be consecrated to the service of religion, by being made the means of propagating it in every country with which we have any intercourse." This may have an old-world sound to some, but a little of the spirit it inculcates might perhaps have saved Britain from her "Opium War."

What is to be done now is not so clear. There never was a man with a kinder heart or less sympathy for the opium trade than Dr. Carstairs Douglas, but here is what he writes to a friend in a letter, dated from Amoy, 29th June, 1870:—" . . . I am glad to see that the Opium Question has been again ventilated in Parliament; in due time good men will see their duty, and be enabled to do it. It is a pity that some *too extreme* men hurt the cause, just as in the temperance cause. It is hard to say what is best to be done, but it seems clear that the Government should have no official connection with the trade, except perhaps by levying a very heavy duty, which would tend to *limit* the amount produced." But it has already been found that heavy duties chiefly promote smuggling, for which the Chinese coast is most favourable, and such imposts cannot affect the growth of opium in the interior of China, except, indeed, so as to foster it very greatly. The Chinese will only be too glad to impose fresh duties on all kinds of imports. Altogether, the question is at present encompassed by many difficulties, which are little considered by some of those who talk most positively about it.

In 1858 another treaty was obtained at Tien-Tsin from the Chinese, by which some few additional ports were opened to Western nations; and in 1860 the rights of residence and of travelling in the interior were expanded and confirmed, to be followed by liberty to evangelise there. Those treaties had the immediate effect of breaking up the old mission establishments at Malacca and the Straits, for it was hoped that now immediate and direct access to the interior would be obtained. This did not come all at once, however; for while the authorities, perhaps loyally enough, carried out the spirit of their contracts, the people were not always in a mood to tolerate the widespread propagation of the faith held by the "foreign devils."

A memorial, which received the approval of the Emperor, expresses the opinion

that the missionaries "must not presume to enter into the inner land to disseminate their religion. Should they act in opposition to, or turn their backs upon, the treaties, overstep the boundaries, and act irregularly, the local officers will, as soon as they seize them, forthwith send them to the consuls of the several nations to restrain and punish them; but death must not be inflicted upon the spot, *in order to evince a cherishing and kind disposition.*" Undoubtedly the Opium War, as it was called, had its moral aspects, and was not an unmingled disaster.

Formosa and Manchuria come within the purview of this section. Let us take a bird's-eye peep at them.

Manchuria, the home of the Manchus, which gave the present dynasty to the throne of China, is the Canada of the great continent. It has a fertile soil and a rigorous but bracing climate, under which hardy men have been reared to fill the fighting ranks of one of the largest armies in the world. This great region, holding a sparse population, stretches beyond the Great Wall to the Amoor on the one hand, and to Corea on the other. In many parts it is very mountainous, with ranges which rise to a height of 1,000 to 12,000 feet, and with a varied vegetation resembling pretty closely that of our own land. The Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, who visited Manchuria just before his death, writes in glowing terms of "the fields of cowslip and buttercups, primroses and violets, that nestle by the roots of oaks and elms and hazel, wild roses and hawthorn that fling their perfume across the path, bluebells and fox-glove and the fern and the daisy, hips and haws and hazel-nuts, and even the thistle, the dandelion, and the dockweed, while the meadows are sometimes ablaze with the wild tulip, the lily, and the blue and yellow iris. The Cuckoo ushers in the spring; the thrush and the bullfinch contend in song; there is the flight of the swallow and the caw of the rook; and the plover and the curlew cry on lonely moors."

Formosa is a large island lying between 21° and 25° N., about one hundred miles from the mainland, opposite Amoy. The ports and western coast, which is fairly fertile, are occupied chiefly by recent Chinese settlers, while the rugged heights of the interior, which are frequently of volcanic origin, though now thickly wooded, are inhabited by dark-skinned savages, speaking various dialects, some of the tribes being partly civilised. The scenery of this important island is of almost unparalleled beauty, and very appropriately was it named by the early Spanish navigators, *Formosa*, "the beautiful." Of other parts of China, and of the peoples who dwell there, we shall have to write more fully when our narrative draws us more closely to them.

XIII.—THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.

Then and Now—The Hawaiian Gods—Volcanoes and Earthquakes—The Goddess Pele—"House of the Everlasting Burnings"—A High-priest of Pele—System of *Tabu*—Sorcerers—Cities of Refuge—Captain Cook—United Hawaii—Kamehameha I. and his Son—Destruction of the Idols—Advent of American Missionaries—A New Order of Things—British Consuls—Early Converts—A Heroic Deed—The Day-dawn.

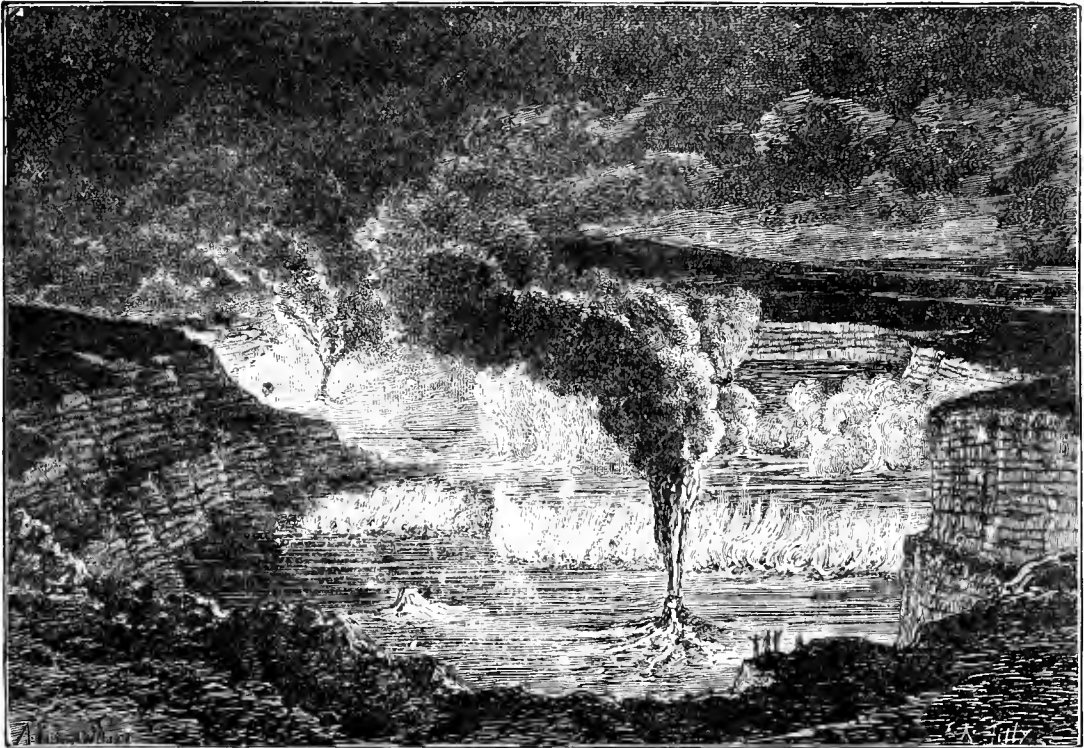
AMONGST the many noble monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral which have been reared to commemorate the brilliant deeds of those who have passed away, a somewhat plain and unimposing slab is to be seen in the crypt, bearing upon it the name of Sir Christopher Wren, and the following inscription:—"SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

Do we seek from our missionaries a proof of the benefits which Christianity has brought to the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands? Their reply is, "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" If you seek that which shall bear witness to the mighty deeds done in the name of the Gospel, look around you. Go to the Hawaiian Islands; take with you a free, unbiassed mind; learn of the condition of the native people, even so recently as three-quarters of a century ago; learn of the polluted depths of foul barbarism into which they had sunk; learn how La Pérouse was compelled to abandon his opinions as to the "innocence of savage life," one of the teachings of the Rousseau school, before the fact of the shameless degradation into which the natives had fallen; consider the frightful waste of human blood poured upon the altars in the *heians* or temples built to the thousand and one gods worshipped by the islanders; learn of the degrading fear prevailing amongst a people whose very lives and means of sustenance were in the hands of a tyrannical band of chiefs and priests; and then contemplate the civilisation of the islands of to-day; see in the people a nation of great promise, who, under the watchful care of some of the most zealous of missionaries, have been enabled, by secular and religious teaching, to establish a permanent Government and Executive, with a native king, elected by the common consent of the people from among the descendants of the savage chiefs of but a century ago.

Remembering the fate which has overtaken the native Governments of the Society Islands, Fiji, New Zealand, and others, we cannot but be struck by the unique position which that of the Hawaiians holds, and are led to ask why it exists in these islands, contrary to the law of absorption into larger empires, which has so often held good in cases where white and coloured men have come into contact? By even asking the question we do honour to the wisdom and farsightedness, as well as to the unselfishness, of the early missionaries who Christianised the group. They were sturdy men of the Puritan type, sent from New England by the American Board for Foreign

Missions. Republican by birth and education, patriotic when the honour and well-being of their native land was brought into question, we find them becoming willing subjects of an elected monarch, living amongst an ancient aristocracy, and casting aside all ideas of democratic propagandism and of annexationist tendencies, in their steady and determined march towards the bringing of the Hawaiian multitudes to Him who is "the Creator of all the nations of the earth, the King of kings and the Lord of lords."

What, then, do we find in Hawaii-*nei* to-day? We see an orderly community, with



THE CRATER OF KILAUEA DURING AN ERUPTION.

a liberal Constitution; a just code of laws, founded mainly on the teachings of the Decalogue; a ruler elected by the people, and assisted by a House of Nobles of twenty members, and a House of Representatives of from twenty-four to forty members, a Cabinet of three Ministers of State and an Attorney-General; and law administered by judges in whose impartiality as much confidence is placed as we are accustomed to repose in those at home.

"It is no small thing," says Mr. R. H. Dana,* "to say of the missionaries of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature, and

* Quoted in Miss Bird's "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands."

translated into it the Bible, and works of devotion, science, and entertainment, &c. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England. And whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannised over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognising the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship more regularly than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies."

In the following pages we shall seek to trace the events which have brought about this state of affairs in the Hawaiian Archipelago, which have modernised her relations with foreign Powers, and have led her from the degradation of idolatry into the pure light of the Gospel, until she has become a nation acknowledged by the Powers of the earth, a nation where, in the words of King Kamehameha IV., "The life of the land is established in righteousness."

The gods of the Hawaiians were innumerable. Anything animate or inanimate which inspired them with fear they deified. The great volcano of Kilauea, the sharks abounding on the sea-coast, the gods of the winds and waves, as well as the gods of the harvest and seasons, and the divinities belonging to each particular island, were amongst the many objects of worship. There were gods who presided over deep precipices, and of other places where danger awaited the traveller, and these were all in turn capable of the worst and most barbarous vices known to humanity. They were only to be propitiated by the offering of sacrifices of dogs, hogs, and fowls, and even of human beings, who were left to rot and putrefy on the rude altars.

The islands are noteworthy from the fact that they possess the largest extinct crater, and the largest active volcano in the world.

The extinct volcano of Haleakala, on the island of Maui, is no less than nineteen miles in circumference, the crater being situated at a height of 10,000 feet, whilst the last great volcanic explosion would appear to have disembowelled the summit to a depth of 2,000 feet. From it can clearly be traced the lava-streams of successive eruptions. The legend runs that one of the gods of Maui laid his snares and captured the sun, and refused to set him free until he promised to shine for ever on the islands. Hence the name Haleakala—the House of the Sun.

The principal island of the group, Hawaii, possesses the largest active volcano in the world, called by the natives Kilauea—the Strong Shaking Fire. It is situated on the flank of the mountain Mauna Loa, at a height of 4,000 feet. Part of the crater is occupied by a lake or sea of fire, called by the natives Halemauana, or the House of Everlasting Burnings. This lake of molten fire is constantly changing its level, and is apt to overflow the precipitous walls which surround the pit. Sometimes the fiery

flow would take a subterranean course, and spouting out, perhaps in the midst of a village, carry death and destruction with it on its fatal course.

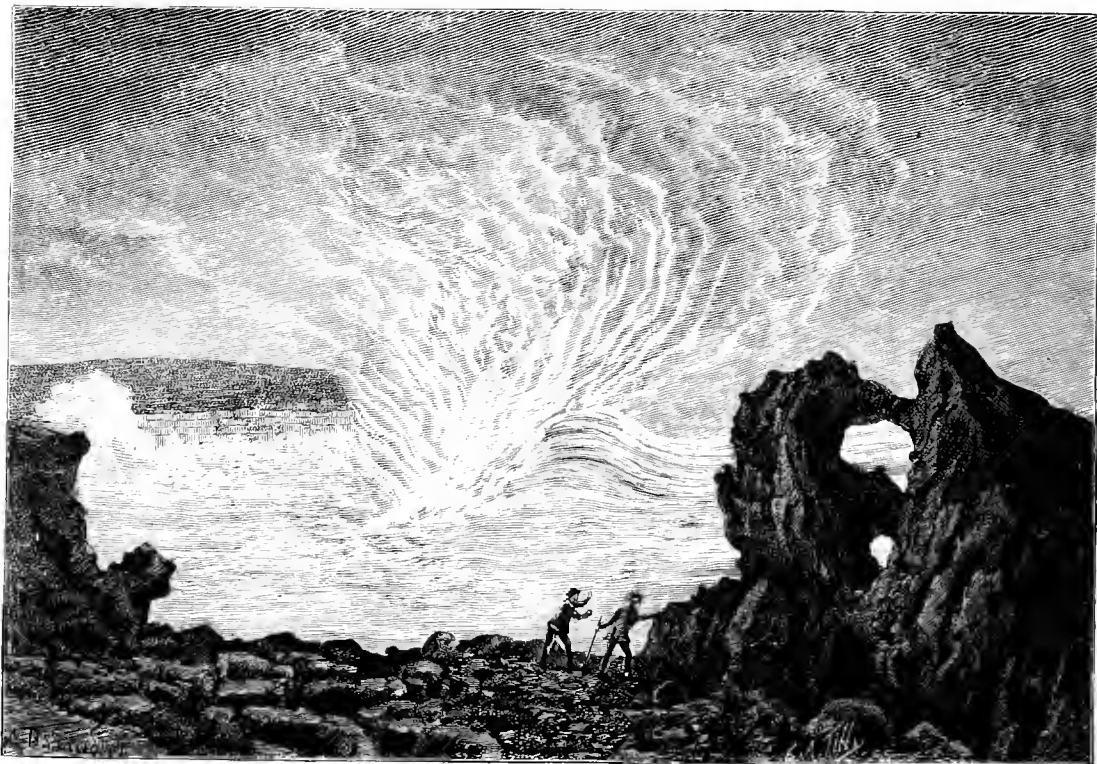
The whole archipelago is of volcanic origin. Besides the active volcano of Kilauea, three others of great importance are to be found on the island. Of these, Hualalai gave her last evidence of activity in the year 1800. Of the other two, Manna Loa, which was in eruption in 1873, is near the centre of the island; whilst the craggy peaks of Manna Kea form the northern end of this important volcanic range.

The natives, not understanding the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, came to worship that of which they could offer no explanation, and which was a cause of fear. They had seen their fair lands laid waste and buried beneath the lava-streams of ages, long before the white man had set foot in the islands. Each succeeding generation had been the witness of many an eruption from some one or more of the volcanoes; there was not a soul on the islands who had not at one time or another experienced the shock of the earthquake, scattering destruction far and wide; and the terror of the natives was only increased by their ignorance as to its cause. What wonder, then, that the savages saw in the volcano something capable of working the utmost mischief to themselves and their belongings, or that they should come to look upon the great volcano of Kilauea, enclosing in its crater the fiery lake of Halemaunau, as the abode of an avenging goddess, whose power lay in dealing out earthquakes and lava-flows whenever her anger was raised? And when the eruption of an adjacent volcano broke out after a period of repose, it was no far stretch of imagination to regard it as the sign of a journey undertaken by the deity to avenge herself.

In this way we may imagine how the worship of the fiery goddess Pele originated. Wherever the power of the mighty volcano was known, there Pele was, above all the principal deities, worshipped. Although lesser gods might more immediately influence the every-day life of the natives, and receive sacrifice when their assistance was to be invoked, or their wrath appeased, yet pervading the whole religion of the islands was the all-absorbing dread of the fearful goddess Pele, in whose power it was to gratify her vicious and vindictive temper by destruction of the homes, lands, and lives of all under her sway. Her priests and priestesses were as rapacious as their mistress was vicious, and had little difficulty in working upon the ignorance of the natives. It was no shadowy or unseen power for whom they ministered. There, on the flank of their highest mountain, was the visible and fiery home of the one who terrorised over them; there was the seething cauldron of red-hot lava, ready to open its mouth and pour destruction on fields and villages, at the caprice of a whimsical and uncontrolled temper. In her fiery home, Pele was surrounded by attendant divinities, male and female, and of all shapes, wallowing in the flames, and dancing to the detonations and explosions in the crater. It was to keep her appeased that nothing which the priests demanded was refused, and they, as capricious as Pele herself, wielded practically the power theoretically possessed by the goddess.

The sole object for which Pele ever left her home was destruction. On one occasion, the legend runs, it was in order to punish a wealthy native for inhospitality

to an old crone who sought food and shelter. This man was noted for his churlishness. One day the goddess came to him in the disguise of a poor old woman seeking rest and shelter. On his refusing to entertain her, she said, "I will return to-morrow." On the next day she appeared in all her might and grandeur, and towering above the mountain in a pillar of flame, sent forth her lightnings and rivers of lava, and rent the land by her earthquakes, blotting out the man and his prosperous dwelling in a flood of fiery lava. A naked promontory on the coast of the



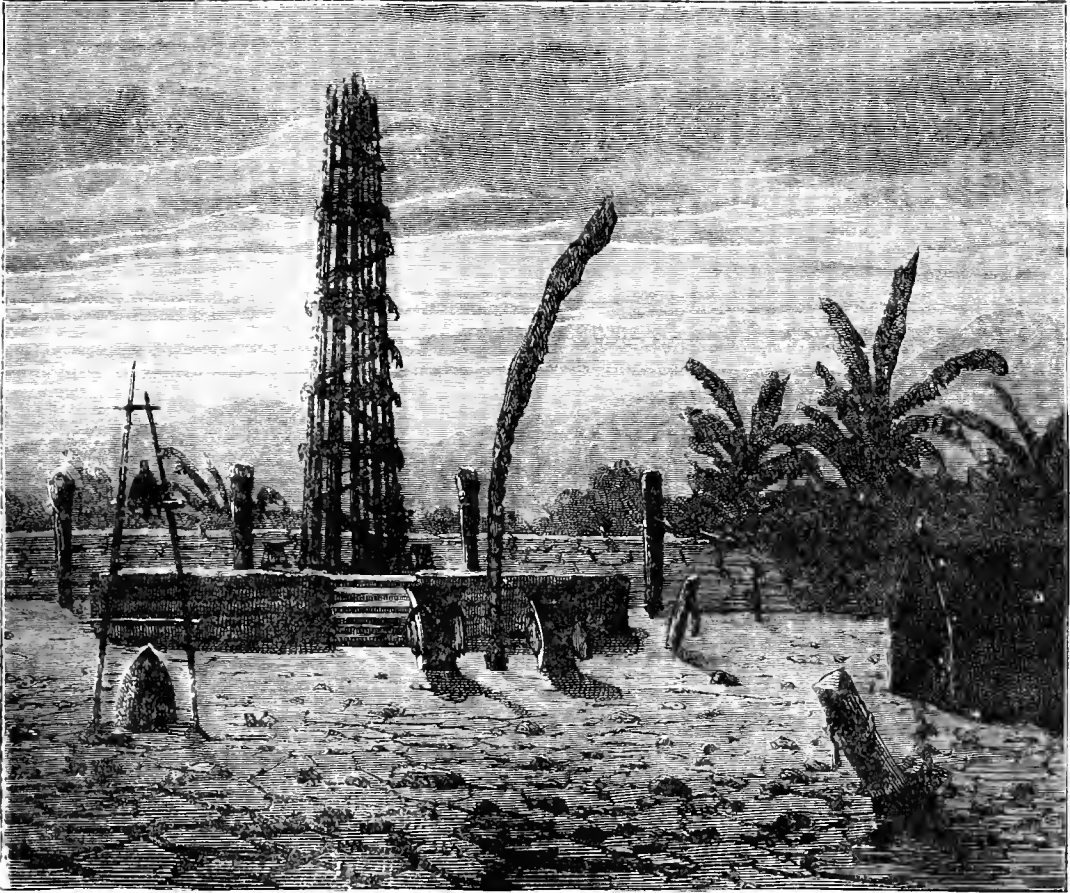
THE "HOUSE OF THE EVERLASTING BURNINGS."

island of Maui, formed of black lava, now marks the site of the dwelling of that wealthy but inhospitable native.

This legend is interesting, as showing the opinion of the natives on the subject of inhospitality. Had it not been held in such general detestation, there is little probability that any record or tradition would have remained of this particular earthquake and lava-flow.

The temples erected to the fire-goddess were supported by a tribute levied on all natives. This was exacted by the priests, in the dread of whose temper the people dragged their weary lives along. Mr. Coan, one of the early missionaries, has described one of Pele's high-priests. He was six feet five inches in height, and his sister, a priestess, was scarcely inferior in stature. The high-priest lived on the shore,

where he obtained the victims to be offered as sacrifices to Pele. His sole business was to see that Pele was kept appeased. When he wanted a victim, the native selected was immediately strangled and dragged to the altar, there to be left to putrefy. The man's temper was said to be terrible. So monstrous were his claims, that if a native even trod upon his shadow, the offender was condemned to die. His piety for Pele was on an equality with the impunity of his crime. With enormous powers, in his hands



RUINS OF A TEMPLE FORMERLY DEVOTED TO HUMAN SACRIFICES.

lay the execution of any private schemes of vengeance which he may have harboured; and it is related that he once killed a man simply for the value, small as it was, of his food and clothing.

To this priest, however, when about seventy years old, the light of true religion came. Curiosity had caused him to enter where converts to the new religion were assembled at Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, in the year 1837. There the tyrannical giant-priest of Pele fell under the influence of the Gospel, and the whole current of his life was changed.

In the last eruption of the now extinct volcano of Hualalai, the lava-flows, travelling

seaward, filled a bay twenty miles in extent, forming an entirely new coast-line of hard black lava. Several villages and plantations were destroyed by the eruption. Pele, though her chief abode was the crater of Kilauea, yet had control over the various volcanoes scattered throughout the group, and in this way owned the allegiance of the whole of the islands. When the enormous amount of damage wrought by the eruption of Hualalai was seen, and the incantations of the priests and costly offerings had not proved sufficient to appease the anger of Pele, resort was made to the last and most sacred expedient. Kamehameha the Great, the conqueror who had welded the petty kinglets of the islands into one compact kingdom united in his own imperious person, visited the sacred river of lava running in a tumultuous torrent towards the sea, and there, amidst his retinue of priests and chiefs, cut off a portion of his own hair, considered sacred by his people, and cast it into the lava stream. In two days the fire ceased to flow, and considerable influence accrued to the king who had offered so unprecedented a sacrifice to the goddess.

Among the institutions on the Hawaiian Islands was that semi-religious system prevalent in nearly all the Polynesian and Melanesian Islands, known as the "*tabu*." The modern use of the word dwindles into the utmost insignificance when we consider of what terrible importance it was to the poor heathen. When a certain thing, place, or person was tabooed, it was understood as having been set aside for the exclusive use of some particular personage, real or imaginary, and the slightest breach of any such *tabu* was punished by the extreme penalty of death. These oppressive restrictions came to be almost intolerable. When a strict *tabu* had been proclaimed, the whole busy life of the island was suspended. No one might be seen out of doors, silence was imperative, hogs and dogs were muzzled to prevent any noise being made, lights and fires were forbidden, and heralds passed round each district in order to see that the prohibitions enjoined were carried out. All those who failed to do so were put to death, some by strangling, some by burning, while others were allowed to linger on through day after day of torture, their limbs being broken, or their eyes scooped out.

Next to Pele, who was said to have migrated to Hawaii from Tahiti "soon after the Deluge," the war-gods were of greatest importance. These were hideously carved wooden images, which were carried into battle in the place of standards.

Among the many superstitions in heathen Hawaii was the belief in sorcerers, whose principal god was called Uri, the different tribes having their own inferior deities. The sorcerer-priests were supposed to possess the power of afflicting any person they chose with disease, or even death. They derived large fortunes from those who could afford to hire them, and thus enormous power accrued to the higher and wealthier classes over their poorer brethren. So strong a hold had this belief taken upon the people, that even at the present day there are men known as *kahunas*, who are thought to be familiar with the art of "praying people to death." They are bribed to exercise it over any one to whom the hirer owes a grudge, and cases are related where death has resulted from the terror caused by the knowledge that this method was being adopted.

One institution stands out prominently from among the many superstitions which

go to make up the dark page of Hawaiian heathenism ; it is the existence of the "Cities of Refuge." On the island of Hawaii two such cities were to be found—one near Waipio, on the north side of the island, and the other at Honaunau, on the opposite side. Their gates were perpetually open, and the priests of Keawe were always ready to welcome the fugitive, no matter of what crime he may have been guilty. Here even the *tabu*-breaker found a haven ; and his pursuers, though chasing him to the very gates, had absolutely no power over him when once he had passed the portals. The cities of refuge were absolutely inviolable, even though the fugitive had been a rebel in arms.

As in the cases of the Red Indians, the Maoris, and other native races, there were many striking points of resemblance between Jewish traditions and institutions and those of the Hawaiians. The most important of these were: the creation of man from the dust of the earth ; the feasts of the new moon, and other feasts ; the dark, chaotic state before the creation ; a great deluge ; washing of hands before and after meals ; pollution by touching a corpse.

The Hawaiians had little hope of a future state, and to most of them death was regarded as final extinction. Questioned as to a life hereafter, they said that no one had ever returned to tell them about it, and that their dreams and visions were all they had to guide them. Any hope in the future which they might at one time have possessed, had become obscured in the indulgence of their passions, which had sunk them lower and lower in the sloughs of sensuality and vice. Murder, infanticide, drunkenness, cruelty, and nameless vices, have permanently left their stamp on the nation.* The bloody and meaningless ceremonies which took place on the death of a high-priest, and on other occasions, gave the people an unenviable position in the catalogue of heathen nations with whom civilisation had come into contact. It has been said that no savage nation has ever revelled in scenes so hellish as were witnessed on the recurrence of the public ceremonies of the Hawaiians.

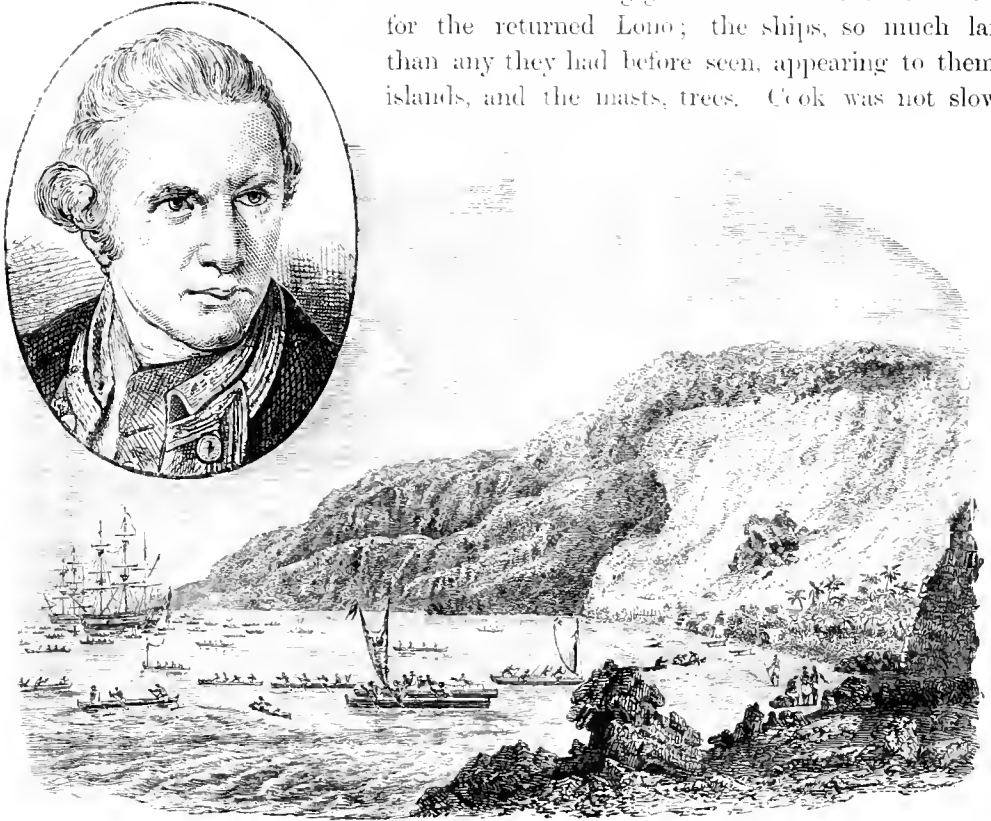
The Hawaiian kingdom consists of a group of islands situate in the North Pacific Ocean, about midway between Mexico and California, and China and Japan, and extends from 18° to 22° north latitude. They are twelve in number, eight of which are inhabited. The largest is Hawaii, whose area covers 4,000 square miles. The whole of the islands comprise about 6,100 square miles.

It was on the island of Hawaii, in the Bay of Kealalakua, that our great explorer Captain Cook met his death in 1779. In the previous year his discovery of the islands had been announced, but it was not until his death in the following year that the islands at all came into prominence. The account of the causes which led to that event is very striking. One of the native gods, Lono, a deified king of the Hawaiians, had in a fit of jealousy killed his much-loved wife, so the legend runs.

* It has often been stated that their foul depravity and unnatural crimes were introduced among the natives by British and American sailors. There is ample evidence that this was not the case, but the reverse. These crimes still exist even in Christianised Hawaii, as the captains of our British and American merchant fleets can testify ; but they were indigenous to the soil.

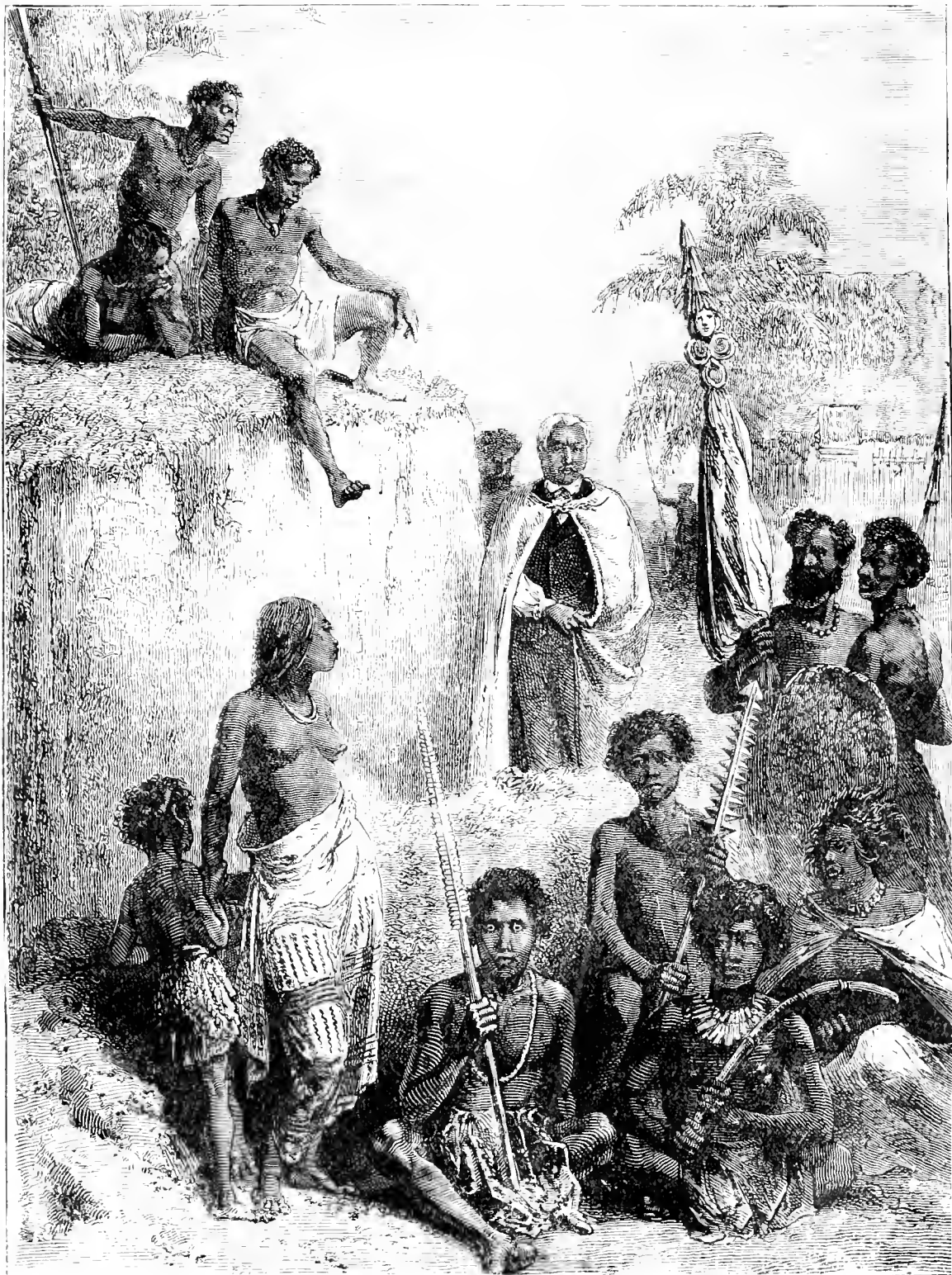
Stricken with remorse for the dreadful deed, he wandered from island to island, wrestling with everybody he met, and to all he gave the same mysterious reply, "I am frantic with my great love." He then sailed for a foreign land, but uttered before starting the prophecy: "I will return in after-times on an island bearing cocoa-nut trees, swine and dogs."

When Captain Cook appeared, the people were anxiously awaiting the return of their self-exiled king-god. He was at once mistaken for the returned Lono; the ships, so much larger than any they had before seen, appearing to them as islands, and the masts, trees. Cook was not slow to



CAPTAIN COOK.—THE *DISCOVERY* AND *RESOLUTE* IN KEALAHAKUA BAY.

take advantage of the adoration rendered him. Wherever he went, a large crowd of natives followed, drawn from every part of the island, bowing themselves to the ground before him in the greatest humility. Offerings of small pigs were brought, and officials went before him, heralding the approach of Lono. The great discoverer was led to the sacred *heiau*, and the remains of a putrid hog deposited on the altar were offered to him for food. The faith of many of the savages, however, received a rude shock on hearing of the death of one of the sailors who was carried ashore for burial. For more than a fortnight the natives supported the crews of Cook's two large vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Resolute*, and were greatly impoverished by this drain on their resources. They were not sorry, therefore, when the vessels at last weighed anchor. When shortly afterwards they returned, the *Resolute* having sprung her mast, troubles



KAMEHAMEHA I AND HIS WARRIORS.

arose between the sailors and the people, who showed considerable unwillingness to further support the crews. One of the ship's boats having been stolen, Cook waited on the king to induce him to come on board and grant satisfaction, intending to retain him as a hostage.

The attempt cost the great navigator his life. The groan which escaped him when stabbed in the back, convinced the natives of his earthly origin, and he was then despatched outright. Great respect was paid to his remains, and, barbarous as it may appear to us, the bones were separated from the flesh, and distributed among the temples of Lono. Many still believed that he would reappear alive amongst them, and the treatment to which his remains were exposed was only in accordance with the customary honours done to the bodies of those of high rank. The greater part of the remains were afterwards restored to Captain King, Cook's fellow-traveller.

After Cook's death little was heard of the islands for many years. Kamehameha the Great, the Napoleon of Hawaii, a man of energy and enterprise, united, as we have said, the whole of the islands under his sway, carrying relentless war and its accompanying miseries into the heart of those islands whose kings refused to acknowledge his power. Each island had for centuries previously its own king, chiefs, and priests. The common people were kept in a state of serfdom under a rigorous feudal system, and the oppressive *tabu*. Kamehameha's overmastering ambition, and the undoubted talent he possessed for governing a savage people, made him successful in his attempts to unite the islanders, a disorganised crowd of savages, into one compact nationality. Many were the songs or *mélés* which were sung in honour of the conqueror's victories, and he is remembered as the founder of the dynasty which owned five successive Kamehamehas, the death of the last occurring in 1873.

Having made stable the foundations of his empire—Hawaii-*nei*, or United Hawaii, as the natives call it—he set about consolidating his kingdom, by placing rulers on each island, with other officials necessary for its government. He appointed a council of chiefs, and also a council of *wise men*, who were to confer with him on the making of laws and other matters. The statutes enacted by him, and the comparative ease which the people enjoyed under his sway, together with the swiftness characterising the redress of grievances, gave to the people a golden age as compared with the age of oppression to which they had been accustomed in times past.

The king had long been impatient of the power exercised by the priests, and their application of the *tabu* system, and in 1793, assisted by some of the chiefs, he made some effort towards casting it off. In that year the king had learnt from Vancouver of the great power which Christian nations wielded, and, anxious to place Hawaii-*nei* on the roll of enlightened nations, and to add somewhat to his own greatness, he asked that Christian teachers might be sent from England. This request was conveyed by Vancouver to Mr. Pitt, although it appears to have been disregarded. A further application made by Captain Turnbull in 1803, with the same object in view, met with no better success, and the great Polynesian king, Kamehameha I., died the very year before the Light of the Gospel, which was even then on its way, commenced to shine on Hawaiian shores. It is said that efforts

were made to convert him, but by whom is not known.* The reply which he gave to his would-be converters was a very practical one. "By faith in your God," he said, "you say anything can be accomplished, and the Christian will be preserved from all harm: if so, cast yourself down from yonder precipice, and, if you are preserved, I will believe." Here was a test by which they might earn his adherence, and doubtless dismay filled their hearts at having their words turned against them thus. One cannot, however, but be struck with the similarity of substance in the language above quoted, and in the language used by the devil in our Saviour's temptation in the wilderness.

Many temples were built by Kamehameha to Hawaiian gods, notably one at Kawaihae, at the dedication of which to his favourite war-god, eleven human beings were offered in sacrifice. Until the time of his death he upheld rigorously the *tabu* system, one of the last acts of his reign being the putting to death of three men for violations of it—one for putting on a chief's girdle, another for eating a prohibited dish, and a third for leaving a house under *tabu*, and entering another which was not so.

His death was, however, the signal for great changes. By his will he had declared that "the kingdom is Liholiho's, and Kaahumann is his Minister." It is to be feared that scanty respect was paid to his dying words, "Move on in my good way." No sooner was he dead than the feeling against the worship of the old heathen gods, under whose oppressive yoke the people groaned, came to a head, and found a leader in her whom the late king had appointed to be Minister. Many causes, too, had contributed to lessen the dread with which the breaking of *tabu* was regarded. The visits of foreigners, whom the natives regarded as a superior people, and their influence, thrown into the scale against the superstition, had damaged greatly the power of those who had been benefited by it. The introduction of spirituous liquors into the islands had likewise effected considerable scepticism in the ability of the gods to punish for breaches of their *tabus*. A man under the influence of drink would oftentimes break through the restrictions and prohibitions unconsciously, and yet it was seen that no vengeance would overtake him, nor was he killed by the gods. In this way the dread of disobeying the behests of the priests was materially lessened. The state of mind which had begun to prevail was shown in the fact that a suggestion was made at the king's death to dispense with the ceremonies customary on such occasions. On the very day of his death, men and women began to sit down to meals together, others ate cocoa-nuts and bananas—things hitherto tabooed to them.

The young king Liholiho did not appear to be anxious to take the lead in these doings. Although he did not possess the strong leaning towards the old religion which animated his father, on the other hand he had not that strength of character and firmness of purpose which were necessary in one of his position who wished to see the *tabu* abolished. The Dowager Queen Kaahumanu had, however, firmly decided on its overthrow, and the king, only too glad of an opportunity to indulge himself whilst under the responsibility of another, engaged in a two days' drunken revel during which he smoked and drank with some of the female chiefs.

* Cleveland's Voyages.

A feast was then prepared, with two separate tables for the division of the sexes. When all were seated, to the horror of the more superstitious, he deliberately left his place, went and sat down amongst the women, and partook of the food prepared for them. Doubtless he was all the more prepared to do this, owing to the exemption from punishment which he had experienced after previously breaking *tabu*. The example was sufficient for thousands to follow. Had not the highest in the land sanctioned the act of sacrilege? The cry, "The *tabu* is broken," flew from island to island. Orders were issued for the destruction of the temples and idols. Hewahewa, the high-priest, was amongst the first to sanction the general destruction, and as many as 40,000 idols met a fitting fate. In a very short space of time the superstition of ages was broken through, and the islands were devoid of any form of religion whatsoever.

It was not, however, to be expected that a change of such magnitude could take place without exciting opposition on the part of the priests, who had so much to lose by the sweeping away of the old superstitions. One of their number, named Kekuo-kalani, second only in rank to Hewahewa, the leader of the iconoclasts, was selected as the head of those who still clung to the old faith. The priests' party assured him that in the event of success the sovereignty of the island should devolve upon him. Civil war at once broke out, and the rebels in the first engagement achieved a slight success over the king's party. Marching immediately to encounter the main army of the enemy, they came up with it on the sea-shore. Liholiho on his part ordered an attack, and the army of the religionists was driven backward. Their chief made ineffectual attempts to rally his men, and fighting courageously at their head he at last fell, killed by a ball which struck him in the breast. His wife, who had fought by his side with courage only second to his, fell almost immediately afterwards, as she was calling for quarter. The battle ended in the total discomfiture of the priests' party, and the release of the people from the thralldom of idolatry. Those who had supported the rebel army proceeded to join those whom they previously opposed. "Our gods," they said, "are unable to prevent our defeat when we uphold their religion against the image-breakers, therefore our worship of them is vain." The idols which had previously escaped destruction were therefore burned or thrown into the sea, their hideous faces still grinning with the same insane grin as when they previously received such fulsome homage.

God had indeed shown the Hawaiians how little was to be expected from these inanimate idols, and was even then moving the hearts of men to send those who should instruct this nation without a shepherd in the paths of light and righteousness. The change from being a nation of idolaters, to the state of a nation almost devoid of any religion whatever, was very extraordinary, and, taking into consideration the opportune time at which it happened, we have no hesitation in describing it as Providential. For some few months no ray of religious light shone upon Hawaiian shores. The old religion thrown down, the new one not yet having taken its place, no hope of a future to lighten the last days of many a dying soul, nothing to cause any restriction to be placed upon licentiousness and sensuality, the nation presented the spectacle of a people without a religion, hurrying down the path of extinction, physical and moral.

There is, so far as we are aware, no other instance of a similar state of affairs. The action of the Hawaiians was in no way a consequence of the introduction of Christianity, but simply and solely owing to the intolerable burden with which the old religion weighed upon their shoulders.

The destruction of the idols took place in the year 1819. In 1820 the first Christian missionaries to the Hawaiians landed in the islands. The party consisted of the Revs. H. Bingham and A. Thurston, Dr. Thomas Holman, physician, Messrs. D. Chamberlain, agriculturist, S. Whitney, mechanic, catechist, and schoolmaster, S. Ruggles, catechist and schoolmaster, E. Loomis, printer, and three educated natives of the Sandwich Islands. They were considerably astonished on reaching Owhyhee, or Hawaii,



NATIVES OF HAWAII.

to find that since the death of King Kamehameha the Great, the idols had been overthrown, the *tabu* system broken down, and the priesthood abolished. Their surprise must have expressed itself in gratitude at what appeared to be the preparation of the country for receiving the seeds of the religion they were bringing.

These early missionaries were Congregationalists, sent from Boston by the American Board for Foreign Missions, and their hearts beat with exultation at the prospect of labouring in those fields which the hand of God had so manifestly prepared for them.

The missionaries did not receive a very promising welcome. The king, Liholilo, regarded them with a good deal of jealousy. He seems to have been influenced by a number of whites who had already settled on the island, and who had no desire for the conversion of the Hawaiian savages, but rather saw that it would be to their own advantage to keep them in their then existing state of ignorance and fear. It was rumoured that the missionaries in Tahiti had usurped the government of the Society

Islands, and fears were expressed that the Americans would follow and take possession of the Sandwich Islands. After a good deal of perseverance, however, permission was granted to some of them to settle at Honolulu in Oahu, whilst others passed on to the islands of Hawaii and Kauai, and founded mission stations there.

The Hawaiian language had not, up to that time, appeared in written form, and it was therefore necessary to reduce it to writing. In the intervals between the times when the missionaries were engaged in preaching in the places of worship which were erected at the different stations, their efforts were directed towards the formation of schools. Instruction was given in the English language, but as this was necessarily of less importance to the Hawaiians than their own, the missionaries proceeded, after acquiring some knowledge of it themselves, to teach it from a small spelling-book which, after great labour, had been printed at their mission press.

Considerable success attended the labours of the Christian teachers during the first few years after their landing. The first pupils collected in the schools included the king, and many of the chiefs and their relations. The king appears to have been naturally of an indolent and intemperate disposition, but he soon learned to read intelligibly from the New Testament, and also to write fairly well. Side by side with the work of education carried on in the schools, religious instruction and the conversion of the people to the Christian religion met with a success, which the tardiness of the king to allow the missionaries to settle in the island scarcely warranted them to expect. The king and queen when at Honolulu, the seat of government, generally attended Christian worship, and their example was followed by many others in high position.

There seemed to be a hard-and-fast line of distinction between the chiefs and the people, and apparently, contrary to expectation, this line was seldom crossed; no transfer taking place from the one class to the other. The former were an hereditary race, and were of a higher order than the common people, both in physical structure and in the character of their minds, and their wives were often distinguished by great energy of character. It is to be regretted that, even as the race of the Hawaiians appears to be dying out, so that of the chiefs is rapidly declining in numbers. They are nearly an extinct order; and, with a few exceptions, those who remain are childless. "In riding through Hawaii," says Miss Bird, "I came everywhere upon traces of a once numerous population, where the hill-slopes are now only a wilderness of guava scrub, and upon churches and school-houses all too large, while in some hamlets the voices of young children were altogether wanting. This nation, with its elaborate governmental machinery, its churches and institutions, has to me the mournful aspect of a shrivelled and wizened old man dressed in clothing much too big—the garments of his once athletic and vigorous youth."

On the adoption of Christianity by the king and chiefs, orders were issued for the strict observance of the Sabbath. Every Saturday evening a crier was sent round Honolulu to remind the people that the morrow was the Sabbath Day, and to enjoin them not to do any kind of work, or to follow any of their games and amusements, but to go to the places of worship and hear the Word of God. Criticism

has not been wanting to the effect that such a strict religious system as that of these early missionaries, New England Congregationalists as they were, was not suited to the native character of the Hawaiians. It is said that the natives were treated too much as children, and that the rules laid down for the guidance of their daily lives savoured too much of the old severity of Puritanism, and "must have been repugnant to all the natural dispositions of this remarkable race."

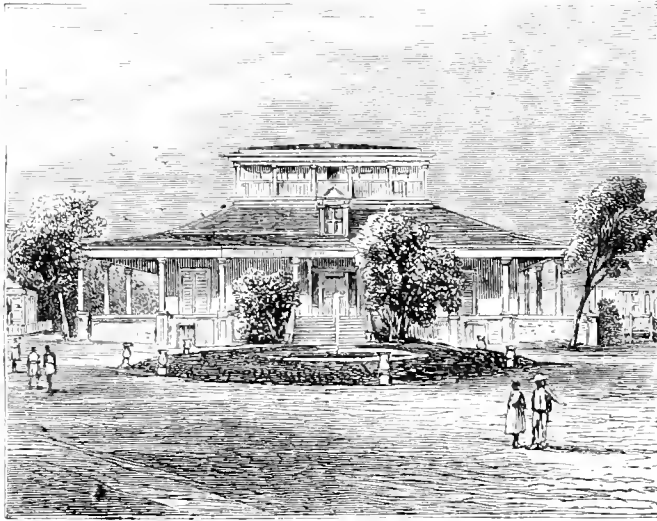
In November, 1823, King Liholiho, or Kamehameha II., sailed for London on board an English whaler, accompanied by his favourite queen and two or three chiefs. The commerce of the Hawaiian Islands was increasing considerably, and he wished to see and hear more of the manner in which civilised nations carried on commercial intercourse, and to learn something of foreign modes of government. They were well received in this country, and were introduced to many of the nobility and other persons of distinction. Three weeks after their arrival, however, the king was taken ill with the measles, and after a few days the whole of his suite caught the disease. Medical advice was obtained, and all recovered with the exception of the king and queen, who died within six days of each other. By the order of the Government their bodies were conveyed to the Sandwich Islands in the frigate *Blonde*, under the command of Lord Byron. Here they were interred in an orderly Christian manner, the old heathen rites being dispensed with; this taking place only four years after the introduction of Christianity. A brother of the late king was unanimously acknowledged as his successor, but, as he was only a child nine years of age, a regency was appointed during his minority.

At the council of chiefs held to consider the succession to the throne, those who after Liholiho's death had had the honour of an interview with King George IV. reported the counsel which His Majesty had given them with reference to the American missionaries. Being asked whether it was wise to encourage teachers of religion, he had replied, "Yes, they are a people to make others good. I always have some of them by me." He also showed them what Christianity had done for Britain, in bringing the people from barbarism to civilisation. The chiefs having already recognised the sacredness of the Sabbath, and having adopted the Ten Commandments as the basis of their laws, proceeded to enact others, endeavouring to suppress such vices as murder, theft, and immorality. Consanguinous marriages were forbidden, and infanticide declared to be murder. They received help and advice from Lord Byron while his vessel remained, but it was only to be expected that after his departure the "mean whites" should strain every nerve to counteract all measures taken by the chiefs and the missionaries to bring about an orderly state of affairs. The Ten Commandments were then about to be issued in print, but so threatening did the foreigners become, that the king was compelled to abandon the intention.

With some few exceptions the whites, in their opposition to the new civilisation of the missionaries, received great assistance from foreign vessels which touched at the islands. The mission houses at Lahaina and Honolulu were constantly in danger through the violence of these temporary visitors. At Lahaina Mr. Richards, the missionary, and his family, were the avowed objects of murder on the part of the crew of the British

whale-ship *Daniel*. A party of forty men armed with knives and pistols were only forced to retire, when a large body of natives had assembled to protect the missionary and his family from danger. Some months later another attempt was made by the crews of several vessels then lying off the town. They repaired to the house of Mr. Richards, but, finding him absent, took vengeance by attempting to wreck his house and pillage the town.

A similar scene was enacted in October, 1827, at Lahaina. The *John Palmer*, another English whaler, had received on board some women who had secretly gone off for immoral purposes. On the arrival of Captain Clark on shore, he was requested by Hoapiri, the governor of the island, to send the women back. This he refused to



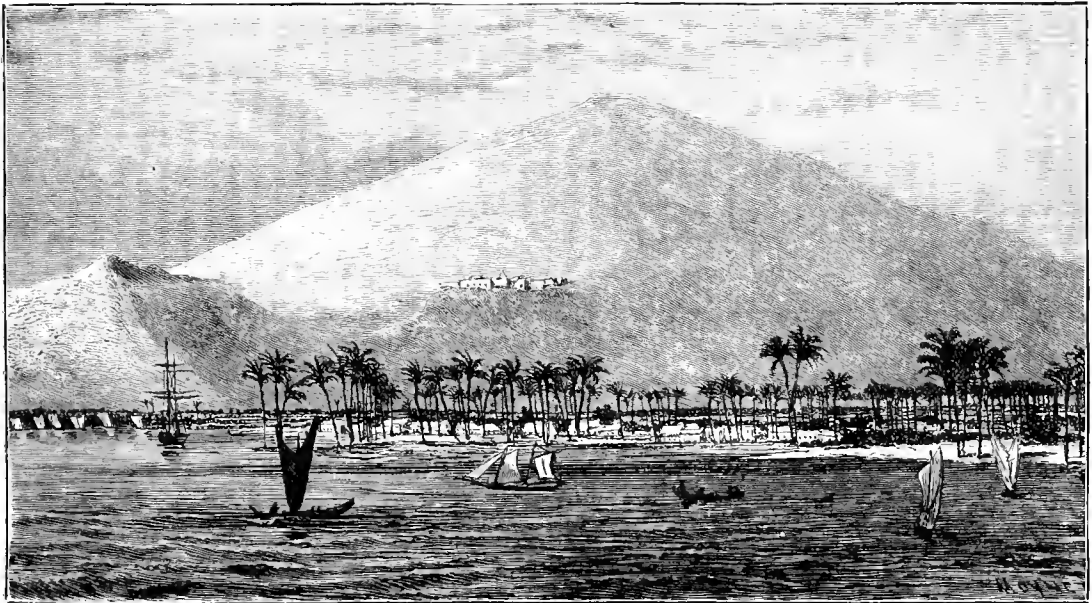
ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU.

comply with, and was consequently detained until he would give a guarantee to do so. On the suggestion, however, of Mr. Richards, it was decided as more in accordance with the principles of religion to allow the captain to depart, having promised to settle the matter in the morning. Before the captain could arrive on board, the vessel commenced to fire on the mission house, Mr. Richards and his family taking refuge in the cellar. The ship sailed the same day, the captain having wholly disregarded his engagement.

During this time the British consul, Mr. Charlton, did not hesitate to side with the crews of the vessels who attempted to overthrow the influence of the missionaries and chiefs. He affirmed that the Government had no right to make laws without the consent of Great Britain, and threatened vengeance for any attempt to enforce them. He wholly ignored Lord Byron's words, to the effect that England recognised the people as a free and independent nation, and stated that he himself was exempted from the operation of the laws of the country.* Fervently may we hope that our Queen is represented by few such consuls at the present time.

* Brown's "History of Foreign Missions."

One of the cruellest outrages on the missionaries occurred in 1826. Lieutenant Percival, of the United States schooner *Dolphin*, which was present at Honolulu for about four months, to the great injury of good morals among the natives, demanded a repeal of the obnoxious law which prohibited females from visiting his ship, openly threatening to shoot Mr. Bingham should he interfere as interpreter to the chiefs. One Sunday afternoon Mr. Bingham was engaged in conducting a service in the house of the Regent Karaimoku, who was seriously ill, when a party of sailors from the *Dolphin* appeared, and with violence demanded the repeal of the law. After doing a good deal of damage they were finally ejected, when they started off for the house of Mr. Bingham,



LAHAINA.

who, on his way home, was seized and roughly handled by the sailors. The natives had, however, time to collect; and, releasing Mr. Bingham, contrived to secure the rioters. Lieutenant Percival, in the evening, waited on the chiefs, and informed them that he was determined not to quit the island until the law was repealed, and that he would not return home until he had accomplished his purpose.

Next day a rumour went round that the law had been relaxed, and that disgrace alone, with no accompanying punishment, would await those who went to the ship. A large number accordingly repaired to the *Dolphin*. Some of the chiefs, terrified by the threats of their visitors, and tiring of the harassed life they had led, had given a half consent, and had practically yielded what had been demanded of them so persistently. Victory was claimed by the party of misrule, and the example set by Lieutenant Percival was not lost on the two thousand seamen who visited Honolulu during the next few months.

These instances will be sufficient to show the treatment which the Christian

missionaries received, at the hands of those from whom they might at least have expected a passive support. The influence of *white* sailors on the naturally immoral natives was bad enough, but when commanded by a resolute captain who was thoroughly at one with them in their opposition to all restrictions placed upon immorality, the position of the missionaries became somewhat desperate. There were, of course, honourable exceptions both amongst residents and amongst visitors, who gave assistance to the missionaries, and did what was in their power to second their efforts.

Eight months after the visit of the *Dolphin*, another American ship, the *Peacock*, visited the island. The commander, Captain Jones, found the most scandalous accusations circulated against the missionaries, and saw the systematic opposition which resident foreigners, headed by the British consul, carried on towards the native Christian Government. The missionaries therefore demanded an impartial investigation before Captain Jones and his officers. The result was the most triumphant victory that could have been asked by the most devoted friends of the mission. In 1830 Captain Finch arrived in the war-sloop *Vincennes*, having been sent out on a special mission from the President to the King of Hawaii, to counteract the mischief done by the *Dolphin*. An inquiry had been made into the charges brought by the American Board against Lieutenant Percival. The President's letter stated "that any American citizen violating Hawaiian law, or interfering with Hawaiian regulations, was offending against his own Government, and worthy of censure and punishment." In this way it was made known that the high-handed actions of Lieutenant Percival and his crew had been disowned by the Government of the United States.

In 1840 Lieutenant Wilkes touched at the islands, and reported strongly against the baneful influence of the "designing individuals who hold the situation of consuls" of England and France. In the report to the American Board for Foreign Missions in 1828, the English consul, Mr. Charlton, is mentioned as throwing "all his influence into the scale of vice and disorder, and against efforts of every kind for the benefit of the natives."

Meantime success was attending the efforts of the missionaries. Great caution was exhibited on their part, lest any should be baptised who were not in a fit state to receive the holy rite. The Board, by whom they had been sent, had insisted that converts should be on probation for a certain period, in order that there should be as few cases of backsliding as possible. The extreme caution of the missionaries caused them in some instances to insist on as much as from four to five years' probation. In others, six months to a year was deemed sufficient.

During the first two years of the mission, the king was considerably influenced by the fear, carefully fostered by the whites, that the English would take offence at the reception which had been given to the American missionaries. All doubt on this head was happily set at rest in 1822, when Mr. Ellis, who had been working in Tahiti, arrived at Oahu with two missionaries deputed by the London Missionary Society to visit all stations in the Pacific. The cordial greeting between the two bodies of fellow-workers showed to the natives how false were the representations of the inimical whites; and, in proof that no kind of ill-feeling existed between them, Mr. Ellis agreed to stay with his family on the island of Hawaii for a year. A second party of three ministers arrived

from Boston in 1823, and the king welcomed them by remitting the exorbitant harbour dues which would otherwise have been levied.

Mr. Ellis has placed on record the joy with which many received the Gospel. He says that "the new revelations were received with much attention, with wonder, and often with delight. The greater part of the people seemed to regard the tidings of 'endless life by Jesus' as the most joyful news they had ever heard." Some said, "Our forefathers from time immemorial, and we, ever since we can remember anything, have been seeking enduring life, or a state in which we should not die, but we have never found it yet; perhaps this is it of which you are telling us."

Amongst the earliest converts were some of the highest in the land. In 1825 ten natives were received into the Church, of whom no less than seven were chiefs, and among them were the Queen Regent Kaahumanu, a woman of great energy, who (as we have seen) had been foremost in the overthrow of idolatry, and Karaimoku, her Prime Minister, who had stood by her throughout. Kaahumanu seemed to have imbibed a good deal of the talent and energy of her late husband, Kamehameha the Great. Strong-handed as she was in carrying out the laws, she showed herself equally determined when she set out on her tour for the purpose of destroying such idols as had escaped previous destruction. When Christianity had laid its softening hand upon her, her character was marked by much tenderness, and she was so enthusiastic in exhorting the people to mend their evil ways, that she became known as "the new Kaahumanu."

As the people were to a very large extent influenced by the example set them by the chiefs, the missionaries exercised additional caution in receiving members into the Church, so that the actual number of baptised natives was, in 1828, only fifty, whereas they counted 12,000 attendants at the Sunday services, and 26,000 pupils in their schools. At the same time it was well known that family prayer was a settled institution in a large number of households; some fifty homes in Lahaina, where Mr. Richards resided, engaging in it morning and evening, whilst in Kailua, Mr. Thurston said "there is scarcely a family where morning and evening prayers are not regularly offered up." Notwithstanding this, Mr. Thurston goes on to say, "yet we have no hope that the majority of families live under any fear of God, or have any regard for their souls." Mr. Tinker, another missionary, observes, "The rites of heathenism are severe, and require a rigid observance, the form being the only thing of importance. This trait may readily transfer itself to the ceremonies of the Christian religion, without implying a due consideration of its spirituality. Family and secret prayer may be the general practice of a recently idolatrous nation, while as yet there is little progress in the devotement of the heart to the true God."

But the missionaries saw in this practice the symptoms of what they thought might be the opening up of a new national life. One of the great evils which they had to contend against was the lack of family government, resulting in vagrant habits in the children and total disregard of the authority and wishes of their parents. Their efforts were, therefore, turned towards the setting up of a higher standard of living in the home, hoping thereby in a future generation to raise up desirable examples of Christian character.

In 1827 Karaimoku, "the Iron Cable of Hawaii," died, and in 1832 the Queen Regent Kaahumanu, whom he had served so faithfully, followed him to the grave. Her last words were, "I will go to Him and be comforted," a truly eloquent phrase from the lips of a dying Polynesian chieftess.

The anxiety which the people exhibited to learn to read, showed itself in the fact that, in 1828, no less than from fifteen to twenty thousand copies of the four Gospels were in circulation. In many places visited by the missionaries they found schools already established, where one who had already learned the elements of education was attempting to impart his information to others. Within ten years from their first landing, there were no less than nine hundred schools in existence in the group. The necessity of providing teachers to replace those who had imparted all the information they possessed to their pupils, showed itself more plainly as education progressed. This resulted, in 1830, in the opening of a training school at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, for schoolmasters and native preachers, when twenty-five young men were enrolled as students, their numbers increasing rapidly as time went on.

Among the many notable converts to Christianity was a Princess Kapiolani, who on being thoroughly convinced of the truth of the new religion, strove hard to awaken in the people an interest in the faith she professed. Having given up somewhat intemperate habits, and chosen one from among her husbands to be her lawful consort, she announced her determination to pay a visit to the volcano of Kilauea, and defy the goddess Pele in her own domain. The district in which she lived in southern Hawaii was one seldom visited by foreigners, and the people still retained a strong liking for the religion of their fathers, and here the priests and priestesses of Pele still wielded great power. The brave Kapiolani, therefore, determined to show them how powerless the supposed goddess was, and once and for all to uproot their belief in Pele.

Finding that all attempts to dissuade her from the undertaking were in vain, eighty persons determined to bear her company. As she approached the crater, a priestess of the insulted goddess met her, and threatened the most awful vengeance of the goddess if she persisted in her intention. Full of courage, however, the chieftess went on, until, reaching the edge of the crater, she led the way down the path leading to the boiling cauldron. She then plucked some *ohelo* berries, sacred to Pele from time immemorial, and ate them without previously offering some to the goddess, as worshippers of Pele were in duty bound to do. After having thus defied the goddess, she walked calmly across the bed of cooled lava, until she arrived at "the House of Everlasting Burnings," the fiery lake of Halemau mau. Here she tossed blocks of lava in the molten waves, and defiantly desecrated the very home of the goddess. All this time the party who had accompanied her were gazing in speechless wonder, expecting every minute to be overtaken by the vengeance of the goddess, to be swallowed up quickly by an earthquake, or to be suffocated by the fiery vapours.

Here, turning on her companions, she said in calm clear tones, "My God is Jehovah. He it was who kindled these fires. I do not fear Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power. But if Jehovah save me while breaking her *tabas*, then you must fear and love Him. The gods of Hawaii are vain." Then

after singing a hymn in this very home of the gods, she returned with her followers in safety to the edge of the crater.

Of all the many heroic deeds which have been done in the name of Christ, there are few which approach this act of confidence in Jehovah, for its simplicity and its far-reaching results. It can fitly be compared with that great gathering on Mount Carmel, when Elijah gathered the prophets of Baal together, and demonstrated to them his



NATIVES OF HONOLULU.

faith in the Omnipotent God. Under the old dispensation, Elijah put to death the prophets of Baal who opposed him. Under the new and more merciful dispensation of our blessed Saviour, the priests and priestesses of Pele were dismissed with solemn warning to abandon their worship of the goddess, and to "go and sin no more."

In spite of this brave deed and the good fruit it bore, it was many years before Pele entirely lost her power over the minds of the natives, and even now traces of her worship occasionally show themselves.

Among the many habits of the natives which assisted in depopulating the islands, one great evil was intemperance. The ease with which ardent spirits were distilled from the various saccharine vegetables growing on the islands, particularly the beverage

known as *awa*, manufactured by a process of chewing from the *ti*-root, lent itself to the production of frightfully intemperate habits among the people. Although the chiefs who had emerged from heathenism attempted to grapple with the evil to the best of their ability, certain representatives of France, Great Britain, and America, distinguished themselves by their strong and unceasing opposition to all measures used by the chiefs to restrain the sale and use of spirituous liquors. In 1831 a temperance society was started at Honolulu, when a thousand persons bound themselves neither to prepare spirits themselves, to sell them, to drink them, nor to give them to the natives. Nor was it any too soon. The young king had at last given way to the subtle influences with which the foreigners plied him, and finally issued a decree centring all authority in himself, and taking away practically all punishments inflicted on the indulgence in those vices which the missionaries were doing their best to reduce to a minimum. The result was soon seen in the thinning of the schools and congregations, and in the burning of churches: and although in 1834 he re-sanctioned the laws, it was some time before the former state of affairs could be re-established.

In 1837 reinforcements sent out from Boston had brought up the total of Christians teachers to twenty-seven ordained missionaries, and upwards of thirty assistants, and these were established at seventeen mission stations. Schools were in the meantime making great progress. A boarding-school had been opened by Mr. Lyman at Hilo, preparatory to the theological training college at Lahaina. The Rev. Titus Coan had arrived in the islands with his wife in 1835. Mrs. Coan opened a boarding-school for native girls at Hilo, in order to give such as were admitted a good education, and at the same time to keep them away, by personal supervision, from contamination by the low standard of morality which seemed to be rooted in the nature of the people. The school was opened with twenty girls. The story of how the native converts worked right gallantly in helping to place the institution on a thoroughly satisfactory basis, is touching when we consider the poverty of most of those who gave of their little. Some cut down timber, and others collected the grass to build the house, some collected food, one bringing a *yam*, another a fish, and others various kinds of provisions, until sufficient food was collected to satisfy the simple wants of the girls.

Another school was opened at Wailuku, on the island of Maui, where fifty girls and women received instruction from the hands of American ladies in the various domestic arts; such as knitting, weaving, and sewing. A manual labour school was also opened, where natives could qualify themselves as carpenters or blacksmiths; also a school for the children of the missionaries, and one for the children of the chiefs. This last was entirely supported by the Government, and the Royal School, as it is called, now admits children of foreign residents, as well as of the chiefs.

In 1832, the year when the energetic Queen Kaahumanu died, there issued from the mission press the New Testament printed in Hawaiian. Mr. Armstrong, one of the missionaries on the island of Maui, said in 1836, "When the late edition of the New Testament came out, the people about us crowded our houses all day long, and even in the night, trying to obtain a copy." The Rev. Mr. Andrews, however, writing

in 1834, from the Lahainalula seminary, said, "A great circulation of books here does not prove that they are much understood. It is fully believed that were the mission to print off an edition of logarithmic tables, there would be just as great a call for it as for any book that has been printed. It is all new to them. They have been told that the perusal of these and similar books constitutes the difference between them and ourselves: that they make the people wise."

But a day was coming, and was not far distant, when the people who so long had sat in darkness were to see the great light, and when all these auxiliaries to new life were to be quickened by a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Of that Pentecostal time—one of the most striking instances of the power of the Gospel in heathen lands—we must write in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT.

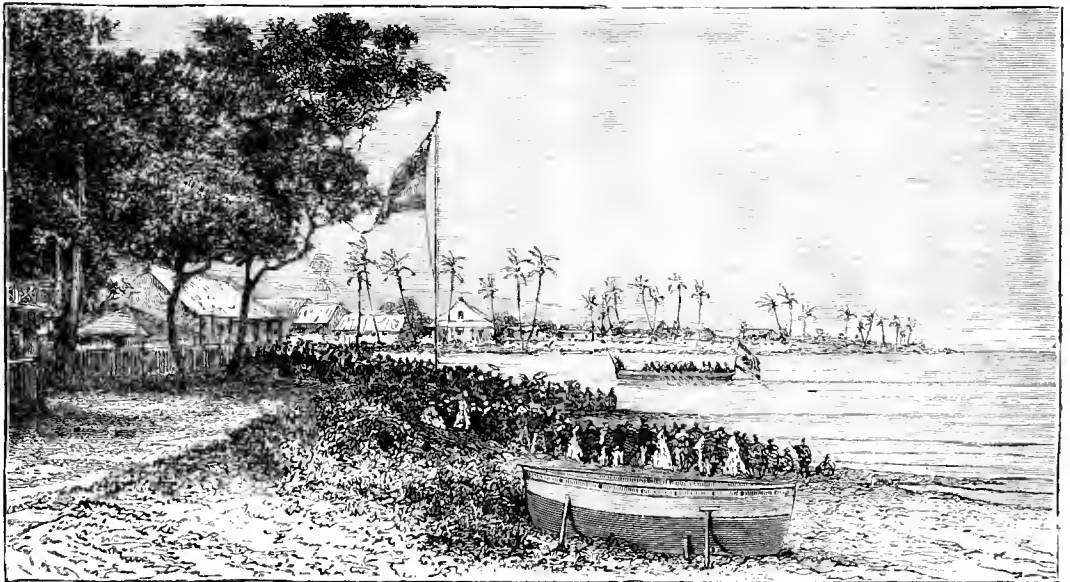
A Great Religious Revival—The Rev. Titus Coan—Impressive Scenes—French and British Interference—Prevalence of Drunkenness—Mr. Laplace—Temporary Cession of Islands to Great Britain—Independence of Islands Proclaimed—Decrease of Population—Bishopric of Honolulu—Schools and Education—Leprosy—Father Damien—Bishop Willis—Hawaii of To-day—Doomed to Decay.

IN 1837, what is known as "the great religious awakening" commenced, and lasted for about four years. On the island of Hawaii, as the missionaries returned from a visit to a distant school, they were met by messengers from their quarters at Kaawaloa, stating that a change seemed to have come over the natives, and that they were coming in large companies for religious instruction. For months following the missionaries scarcely had time to seek bodily rest for themselves, so greatly were they thronged night and day by crowds eager to learn the way of salvation. Soon it was ascertained that similar things were happening on the other islands; that men on whom the missionaries had failed to make any impression were seeking light on their darkened paths; that self-examination and self-denial were being exercised by those whose only bent until now had been the pursuit of the lowest and vilest pleasures, and that a Pentecostal blessing was crowning the work of the missionaries with unexpected success.

After long periods of probation, about 27,000 persons were admitted to baptism during the six years ending 1843, and were constantly under the supervision of the pastors. A few, of course, wandered back to their old ways, and called down the reproof of their teachers; but, considering the strict principles which were taught them, it is somewhat astonishing that so large a number should have stood firm.

The centre of the awakening was at Hilo, where the Rev. Titus Coan and Mrs. Coan, together with Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, had settled. Mr. Coan arrived in the

islands in 1835, and immediately took upon himself a considerable amount of the work which had previously fallen to Mr. Lyman's lot. Being of a hardy and robust constitution, and also an eloquent speaker, he undertook much of the preaching in the district around. The coast of Hawaii at many places is indented by arms of the sea, fed by torrents from the higher lands. In the course of ages they have carved their way through the hard lavas, and formed valleys of considerable dimensions. Many of these, left dry by the partial closing up of the streams which fed them, had become the sites of busy villages, which, enclosed between high *pulis* or precipices on each side, were only open to the ocean. Here many passed their days, scarcely ever communicating with the outside world. It was at such places



VISIT OF THE KING TO HILO.

as these that Mr. Coan met with tasks which only his powers of endurance could overcome. Down the sides of the gulches he had to climb, or was often let down by ropes from crag to crag, in order to reach the people below, and preach the message he had brought to them. Sometimes he swam across the rivers, or was carried on the shoulders of a native, while men locked their hands together across the torrent to prevent him being carried away, should the current prove too strong for his bearers. Before the end of the year in which he landed, Mr. Coan had made a circuit of Hawaii, on foot and canoe.

The following is a description of one great baptism in which he took part, and which the writer heard from his own lips. The greatest care was previously taken in selecting, teaching, watching, and examining the candidates. Those from the distant villages came and spent several months here for preliminary instruction. Many of these were converts of two years' standing, a larger class had been on the list for more than a year, and a smaller one for a lesser period. The accepted candidates were announced

by name several weeks previously, and friends and enemies everywhere were called upon to testify all that they knew about them. On the first Sunday in July, 1838, 1,705 persons, formerly heathens, were baptised. They were seated close together on the earth-floor in rows, with just space between for one to walk, and Mr. Lyman and Mr. Coan, passing through them, sprinkled every bowed head, after which Mr. Coan admitted the weeping hundreds into the fellowship of the Universal Church by pronouncing the words—‘I baptise you all in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.’ After this, 2,400 converts received the Holy Communion. We give Mr. Coan’s words concerning those who partook of it, ‘who truly and earnestly repented of their sins, and steadfastly purposed to lead new lives.’ The old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed; with features distorted, and figures depraved and loathsome: these came hobbling upon their staves, or were led and borne by others to the table of the Lord. Among the throng you would have seen the hoary priest of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims, together with thieves, adulterers, highway robbers, murderers, and mothers whose hands reeked with the blood of their own children. It seemed like one of the crowds the Saviour gathered, and over which He pronounced the words of healing.”* Mr. Ellis, another missionary pioneer, who arrived at Hawaii in 1822, says that it was joyful news indeed to the people to hear of *ora loa ia Jesu*, or endless life by Jesus, “breaking upon them like light in the morning.” The delighted surprise of one old chieftess gave vent to itself in exclaiming, “Will my spirit never die, and can this poor weak body live again?” People crowded into the towns to hear the good news, whilst poor invalids, and old men tottering through age, were either brought, or dragged their weary bodies to where the missionary might pass, in order to hear but a few words of blessing.

Mr. Coan and Mr. Lyman had to provide all the preaching for 15,000 people scattered over a district 100 miles long. “If we die,” said the people, “let us die in the light.” They therefore swarmed to where the missionaries were, and the little town of Hilo soon increased its population from one thousand to ten thousand. Mrs. Coan and Mrs. Lyman nobly supplemented the preaching of their husbands, by instructing assemblies of women and children in the habits of civilisation, such as the making and wearing of clothes. They were taught to make themselves neat little hats, and loose flowing robes, the general costume among the native women of the present day.

Those who realised the numbers of converts to Christianity during these exciting years, and heard how the awakening was often accompanied by a great deal of outward expression, such as crying, swooning, and groaning, were not backward in attributing it to an unhealthy excitement, which it was not well to encourage, and insisted that Mr. Coan was wrong in admitting large numbers into the Church with so little preparation. Be this as it may, seven local independent churches were the result of the awakening in the Hilo district, possessing fifteen places of worship scattered throughout the villages.

* Miss Bird’s “Six Months in the Hawaiian Islands”

In 1839 the whole of the Bible, translated into the Hawaiian language, was circulated. The first edition of 10,000 copies was followed by a second edition of the same number in the following year. Various other publications issued from the press, such as an almanack, a newspaper, and two or three periodicals, and these, with some few exceptions, were paid for by the natives, either in produce, work, or money.

The laws which had been passed against murder, theft, and drunkenness, were but a crude though creditable attempt, in the infancy of Hawaiian society, to lessen the continuance of those habits which had been practised under the old heathen *régime*, but which were incompatible with the Christian religion. The chiefs now saw the necessity of extending and acknowledging the rights of the commonalty, and also of obtaining external assistance in the art of government from those who could advise them in their intercourse with foreigners. Accordingly, in 1836 they invited Mr. Richards, one of the pastors, to become their teacher, chaplain, and interpreter. Mr. Richards complied with this request, having obtained consent from the Board he represented. It was, however, thought necessary that he should sever his connection with the Board, in order that he should have a perfectly free hand, and that the Board should give no cause of offence to those who desired occasion for it. Mr. Richards afterwards became Minister of Public Instruction, and upon his death, Mr. Armstrong, another missionary, succeeded him.

From this time until 1850 the nation was sorely troubled by the interference of England and France in her affairs. In 1827, two Roman Catholic priests, one an Irishman, had landed at Honolulu, without permission of the Government. A high chief named Boki, who had travelled with Liholiho to England, surmising that considerable trouble would be caused by having preachers of two different sects on the islands, prevailed on Kaahumanu to give them orders to quit. Finding that her orders were set at nought, the chiefs equipped a brig and landed the priests in California at considerable expense to the nation. The priests returned in 1837, and were, after much trouble, once more provided with their passage away from the islands. The king then published "An Ordinance rejecting the Catholic Religion," forbidding its propagation, or even the landing of its teachers, unless they came only for a "season on shore."

This was the beginning of a series of troubles with France. In July, 1839, the French frigate *L'Artémise*, commanded by M. La Place, arrived off Honolulu, bent on bringing to a termination the treatment which the French, specially their Catholic priests, were alleged to have received in their attempts to settle on the islands. M. La Place demanded that free Catholic worship should be allowed, that a site should be given for a Catholic church in Honolulu, and that 20,000 dollars should be deposited in his hands as a guarantee for future good conduct towards France. Hostilities were threatened immediately if these conditions were not at once complied with. In the absence of the king, the governor of the island signed the conditions, and on the king's return, a new treaty was presented to him for signature. This he was compelled to sign, occupation of the island being threatened in case of refusal.

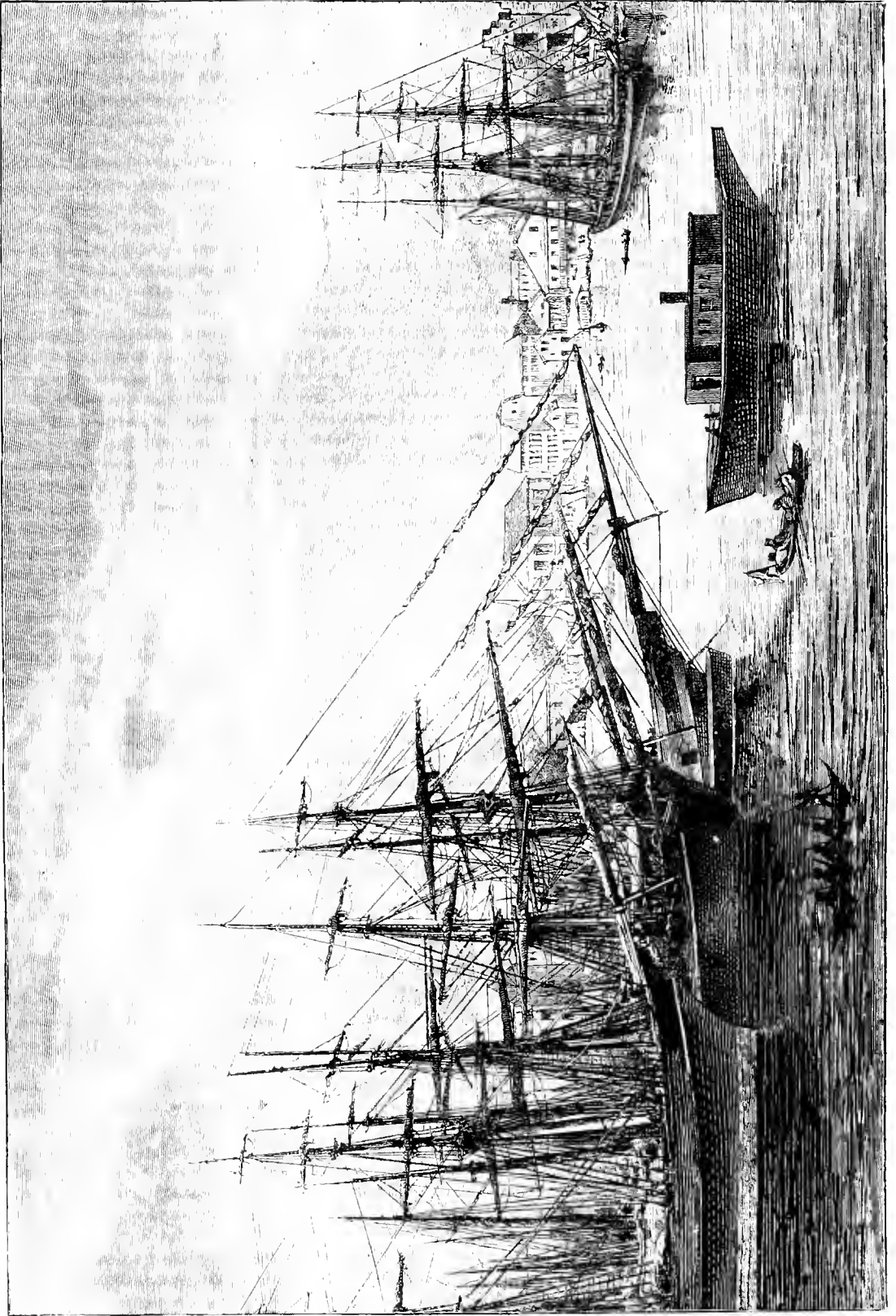
The principal Article of the treaty was as follows :—“ French merchandises, or those known to be French produce, and particularly wines and brandies, cannot be prohibited, and shall not pay an import duty higher than five per cent. *ad valorem*.”

The imposition upon the Hawaiians of a treaty containing such a provision as this was a cruel blow to the nation. The king and those who sympathised with him had been already actively engaged in preventing the excessive consumption of alcoholic liquors by the natives, and with this end in view a temperance society had been formed, and heavy custom duties had been imposed. Overcome by the threats of the French admiral, the king was compelled to content himself by making a dignified protest against the wrong done to his country. The result was seen in a large importation of wines and brandies by the French consul and others. The quiet town of Honolulu, the seat of the Government, became the resort of the lawless of every nation, and the revelry at night was such as had never been before surpassed. The example was contagious. The trampling under foot of the authority of those who were responsible for law and order, served to bring the rulers into ridicule, and the paralysis of the Government was the opportunity of the vicious. The result was seen, too, in the dwindled congregations in the churches, and many chiefs of the highest rank were, for days together, utterly unfit for business.

In the next year, 1840, the king determined to make an effort to lessen the pernicious influences of the drink traffic. In October of that year he published a law prohibiting his subjects from making and using intoxicating drinks. In this he had the support of Commodore Wilkes and the American consul. The king himself took the temperance pledge, together with many of the chiefs, and with the example thus set, public opinion veered round, and a limit was set to the importation of French wines. Great good was also done to the temperance cause by the imposition of a system of licences to restrain the internal traffic. We can well understand that its adoption was resented by the French consul, and that he construed the king's action as a violation of the “La Place Treaty.”

When, in 1842, a French sloop of war, the *Embuscade*, arrived at Honolulu, Captain Mallet, her commander, instigated by the French consul, lodged complaints with the king as to the alleged infringements of the treaties made with M. La Place, stating that Roman Catholics had been insulted, their churches had been thrown down, and their priests threatened. He then made a variety of demands, which the king on his part refused to grant. Although the missionaries had consistently advised the king to grant full toleration to Roman Catholics, the priests seem to have acted throughout in a hostile manner to all. Natives who were disaffected with the Government always met with a welcome from them, and their party thus became a constant cause of embarrassment to those who had control over the various Government departments.

The king in the meantime had despatched Ministers to France in order to negotiate a new treaty with Louis Philippe himself. Commissioners were also sent to England, in order to obtain from the British Government a distinct acknowledgment of the independence of the islands. It appears that when Vancouver was in the isles



HONOLULU.

in 1791, he so gained the confidence of the people in his attempts to promote peace and comfort, that it was determined by a council of the chiefs to place themselves under the protection of Great Britain. This was interpreted by Vancouver as an act of cession to His Britannic Majesty, although the chiefs had distinctly reserved to themselves the right of sovereignty and the entire regulation of their own domestic concerns. This misrepresentation was, however, the cause of the belief to which Mr. Charlton adhered, that the islands were still held by the native rulers only in subjection to Great Britain; and in order to support his view of the matter, he embarked for London soon after the commissioners, but before starting wrote a most insulting letter to the king. This was duly brought to the notice of the Home Government, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about his dismissal from office.

Whilst negotiations were going on, Her Majesty's ship *Corysfort* arrived at Honolulu, in February, 1843, commanded by Lord George Paulet. He at once complained of the treatment which British subjects had received, and made various demands on the king with reference to their future treatment. He threatened bombardment of the town of Honolulu, unless his demands were complied with, forced the king to agree under protest, but stated his intention to represent the whole case to the British Government. A further meeting took place between the king and Lord George Paulet, with the result that the king and chiefs, being unable to comply with further demands made upon them, issued a declaration announcing their intention to cede the Hawaiian Islands to Great Britain.

The impressive ceremony at which the cession took place, is described as almost heart-rending. The king, the descendant of a proud and aristocratic house, compelled to abandon his rights and the rights of his people, overcome only by the might which his opponent possessed in the British man-of-war, his patriotic soul humbled to the dust by an unscrupulous though powerful enemy, approached to sign the document so fatal to the hopes and aspirations of the people to whom he himself belonged. The chiefs sat silent, endeavouring to suppress the emotions which filled their hearts. Prayer was proposed. They knelt down and prayed, after which Kamehameha III. and his Premier stepped forward and signed the declaration. Paulet then took over the government, retaining, however, the officers who had been employed previously under the king and chiefs, whilst awaiting communications from the British Government.

For five months affairs were in a deplorable state. Drunkenness and immorality again showed themselves in the light of day, the laws were not enforced, and the disaffected and vicious had only to say—"We are Lord George's men" to ensure protection. Taxes were unpaid, and strenuous efforts were made to revive the idolatrous worship of olden times. While all government had thus become paralysed by Paulet's action, the king had retired to Maui. Here he remained until July, when the United States frigate *Constellation*, Commodore Kearney, arrived at Honolulu. Communications were made by him to the king, and a protest was issued by the Commodore against the whole proceedings. Trouble appeared imminent between the English and Americans, when, on July 26th, Rear-Admiral Thomas arrived unexpectedly from Valparaiso, where he had received Lord George Paulet's despatches.

Admiral Thomas immediately resolved to atone for the indignity which had been done to the king and people. He gave orders for the British Protectorate to cease; the English flag was taken down, the laws and institutions of the country were re-established, a thanksgiving of ten days was ordered to be celebrated throughout the islands, and the king was reinstated in the most honourable and dignified manner. Admiral Thomas deserves the thanks of every right-minded countryman of his for the prompt manner in which he restored to the Hawaiians the independence of their country, and his name is to the present day held in grateful veneration throughout the isles.

On the return of the commissioners, it was found that they had obtained an acknowledgment of the independence of the Hawaiian Islands from the United States, England, France, and Belgium. By an engagement made and ratified in November, 1843, with England and France, the two nations agreed to recognise the islands as an independent State, and never to take possession of the territory, either as a colony or under any form of a Protectorate. In 1846, France sent a special commissioner, the bearer of a treaty with the Hawaiians, and returned the 20,000 dollars which M. La Place had exacted from them in 1839.

With the cessation of the interference which had thus characterised the presence of French and British war-vessels, education in the country was rapidly pushed forward. Every encouragement was given to the teachers by the Government, and in 1849 the training-school at Lahainalua, with all the apparatus and other property pertaining to it, was taken over by the Hawaiian Government. The results brought about by this important seminary have justified the great hopes placed in it, more especially as a college for the preparation of native teachers. Of the three hundred natives who had then been educated in it, only forty or more turned out decidedly bad or worthless.

The report of the Minister of Public Instruction in 1851, stated that there existed 535 schools in the islands, containing 15,482 scholars, or more than one-sixth of the population. The number of members admitted into the Church up to this date was stated to be 39,201, and the number of children baptised, 14,173. The congregations of the different churches were now, however, much smaller than in the early days of the mission. This was not owing so much to apathy in religion, as to the fact that the diminution of the population which had been going on for many years, was beginning appreciably to show itself.

With the object of bringing to an end this continual decrease, a law had been passed freeing from all labour for the chiefs those who had four children living with them, whilst those who had five were exempted from taxation. Although the numbers were afterwards reduced, this provision was a well-meant effort towards bringing about an increase. Slowly but surely, however, foreigners and half-castes are stepping into the breach which is being opened by this dwindling process. The people have shown themselves singularly intelligent and receptive to Western civilisation and forms of government, and it would have been exceedingly interesting to have watched the development of a purely native Christian monarchy. But the aboriginal population seems doomed.

At the time of Captain Cook's visit the population was estimated at 400,000. In the forty years following, the missionaries who landed in 1820 were assured that three-fourths of the people had disappeared owing to the wars of the Great Kamehameha, the increase of infanticide, and the ravages of disease, and they then estimated the population at 140,000.

In 1832	the population was	130,313	(missionaries' estimate).
„ 1836	„	108,579	„ „
„ 1850	„	84,539	(official census). „
„ 1866	„	58,765	„ „
„ 1872	„	49,044	„ „
„ 1878	„	44,088	„ „

The excess of males over females in 1872 was 6,403, and in 1850 it was shown that there were 2,900 more deaths than births. The restrictions which were placed upon the frightfully intemperate habits of the natives by Kamehameha III., although since removed, were acknowledged by many thinking persons to be an important step towards arresting the decrease.

In contrast to this, however, was the increased energy which the Hawaiians were showing in their attempts to send the news of the Gospel to other islands scattered throughout the Pacific Ocean. In 1850 a Hawaiian Foreign Missionary Society was instituted, and considerable sums were raised for various Christian and benevolent objects. The Society soon gave proof of its vitality by despatching, in 1852, two Hawaiian teachers, with three missionaries who had come from Boston, to Stroup Island, in the Caroline group, distant about 2,000 miles from Hawaii. This mission was supported in great part by the contributions of the Hawaiians, upwards of 24,000 dollars being contributed by them for foreign missions in this year alone. This aggressive work was followed in the next year by the despatch of a mission, consisting entirely of natives, to one of the Marquesas Islands. Its whole support was borne by the Hawaiians, and they are to be congratulated on their success, when the ill-success which greeted the endeavours of both the London Mission in 1797, and that of the Americans in 1833, is considered.

It is to be regretted that in recent years the supply of native missionaries has somewhat fallen off, and that the mission in the Marquesas has been the first to suffer. We trust, however, that amongst the Marquesan converts will be found many who will have taken the matter in hand, and proceeded to carry on the work so nobly begun by the Hawaiians.

In 1863 the American Board ruled that the legitimate object of their mission to the Hawaiians had been accomplished, and that consequently it would be necessary that the future conduct of Christianity in the islands should solely fall on the shoulders of a native pastorate. The Board had, till this year, sent to the Hawaiian Islands fifty-two ordained missionaries, twenty-one lay helpers, and eighty-three female missionaries married and single. Church business was to be carried on by a "Hawaiian Evangelical Association," a Hawaiian being elected some few years after as Moderator for the first time.

A further extension of democratic principles was carried out in 1852, of which

universal suffrage, vote by ballot, paid members, and the absence of property qualification were the leading items. In 1854, King Kamehameha III. died, and the crown passed to his nephew, who ascended the throne as Kamehameha IV. Soon after his accession he married Queen Emma, the grand-daughter of John Young, an American sailor who had been detained in Hawaii in 1789, and who had, by his intelligence, rapidly risen to the position of Governor of the island under Kamehameha the Great.

The king, when a youth, had been foremost in his endeavours to ameliorate the condition of poor Hawaiians who had been stricken down by disease; and when in 1853 small-pox raged on the island, he had himself ministered to the necessities of the sick. When he became king he directed his energies to the raising of a fund whereby a native hospital might be built. The result was soon seen in the rearing of "The Queen's Hospital" at Honolulu, a standing witness for all time to the feelings for his fellow-creatures which the Christian religion had begotten in the breast of a native Hawaiian king.

In 1860 an awakening, similar to that of 1837, took place, although on a much smaller scale, which resulted in the addition of upwards of 2,000 communicants to the Church of Christ.

During this time the Roman Catholic priests had not been idle. Well supplied with money from France, they had been enabled to build a cathedral at Honolulu, and stone churches at many other places throughout the islands. The battle of sectarianism waged strongly, as a matter of course, and much ill-feeling existed



QUEEN EMMA.

between the Congregationalists and the Roman Catholics.

A movement was promoted about this time by Mr. Wyllie, a Scotchman, who had held the office of Foreign Minister for a quarter of a century, having, as its object, the establishment of an Episcopal clergyman at Honolulu. The impressions which the young king received when in London in 1847, caused him to look with favour on the proposal, and accordingly he applied to England for a chaplain. It was then decided that a joint mission should be undertaken by the Church of England and the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and also that a bishop should accompany the mission. To support this, the king offered a site for a church and a parsonage, and guaranteed an income of £200 a year. With the object of raising further funds, a circular was issued in England, the condition of the mission-field being stated thus: "The French Roman Catholics possess a cathedral, with a bishop, clergy, &c. The American Congregationalists also have places of worship." In these few words were summed up the labours of the American missionaries during the previous forty years, resulting in such fruits as we have seen,

and in the building of no less than 120 churches. To say the least of it, the description given was somewhat ungenerous and misleading.

The new mission having been organised, the first Bishop of Honolulu was consecrated on December 15th, 1861. Honolulu was reached in October, and the mission was fairly started, its first result being the stirring up of most painful religious dissensions and party spirit.

A considerable amount of friction also took place between the Congregationalists and the Roman Catholic missionaries. Romanism had become the object of wide-spread hatred in the islands. Its missionaries had attempted, most dangerously, to transfer to its own worship of images and crucifixes that leaning towards the idols of old which the people had not quite forgotten. Their form of religion was associated in the native mind with French arms and French designs, and consequently it was viewed with considerable suspicion. The object in establishing a branch of the Church of England was confessedly to release the native Christians somewhat from the puritanical restraints under which the Congregationalists had placed them, whilst withdrawing all temptation from them to join the Roman Catholics. The king died in 1863, and his successor, King Kamehameha V., did all of which he was capable to prevail upon his people to join the Reformed Catholic Church. It does not appear, however, that the new body met with very great success at first. The natives were naturally very much attached to the old Church, from whose missionaries they had first received instruction; and even in Honolulu, where the king and queen gave the new Church the influence of their presence, but a small fraction of the community joined it.



KING KAMEHAMEHA V.

The Bishop was made a member of the Privy Council and of the Board of Education, and one of the principal changes brought about was that by which the State took into its own hands the management of all the schools throughout the islands, the Congregational ministers who had created the schools being quietly set aside. School attendance was now made compulsory. There were schools which were purely secular, Bible reading being allowed, but without comment or explanation, and the Government day schools, which were in close connection with the Episcopal Church, and where the children were encouraged to attend daily service.

Great good was, however, done by this mission, in the greater development of schools for the separate education of girls. "After about three years," said Miss Gordon-Cumming, "twenty-four schools had been established for girls only, and 256 girls were housed in family boarding-schools."

In 1865, two English ladies from Miss Sellon's sisterhood, the Sisters Mary Clara and Phoebe, settled at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, and for years taught and superintended the industrial, training, and boarding school for girls at that place. Their object was to remove the girls under their charge from the evil and impure surroundings of their Hawaiian homes, and to train them under happy and pure influences in the paths of chastity and goodness, to foster industrious habits in these offspring of a race unused to industry, and to raise the tone of their living above that of the morals which prevail still among Hawaiian women. It is indeed a noble work, and if the race succeeds in averting the threatened extermination which seems to await it, it will be in great measure owing to such institutions as these, where true womanly duty is taught, and where both recreation and labour work together to produce strong healthy girls, destined to become the mothers of future Hawaii.

The advent of these Sisters was naturally looked upon with a good deal of mistrust by those already settled there, and especially by the descendants and pupils of those New England fathers who were the early pioneers of Christianity in this district. We, the descendants of centuries of Christianity, can thoroughly appreciate the wide difference which exists between the tenets of the early Congregational missionaries sent to Hawaii by the American Board for Foreign Missions, and those of such a body as Miss Sellon's sisterhood. Teaching one and the same religion, yet to the native population it was not difficult to see that their advent was looked upon with considerable anxiety by those who formerly had the entire care over the religious welfare of the people, and who differed from the newcomers on many important points of Church ritual, and in other matters, such as dress and recreation.

The severe religion of the early Christian missionaries, perhaps, has had its effects in the hypocrisy which has had to be dealt with on the part of those who externally practised Christianity, but whose religion so often proved unstable when the hour of trial came. Too strict an interpretation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, which, for instance, complained of a mirthful face or a joyous laugh after having passed a morning in the worship of God, was indeed ill-suited for a light-hearted race like the Hawaiians.

The bishopric of Honolulu is at present (1889) held by the Rev. A. Willis, D.D., who was appointed in 1874. Under the fostering care of Bishop Willis, the Hawaiian branch of the Church of England has lived to outgrow the animosities which its advent aroused. This has been in great part owing to the zeal and earnestness of the Bishop himself. Time has mellowed the sectarian strife which existed twenty years ago, and the efforts of all are now unremittingly directed towards the reclaiming of the nation from the evil paths into which it had fallen. The native congregations are meanwhile prospering under good, native Congregational ministers, and the three bands of Christian missionaries who have so changed the face of the islands have been taught feelings of regard and esteem for one another, in seeing the benefits which have resulted from their teachings and example on the native race.

Of all the many heroic self-sacrificing deeds which have been done in the name of Jesus Christ, perhaps there is none so touching as that of Father Damien, the

Roman Catholic priest who, regardless of his worldly welfare, chose to settle down and reside amongst the lepers on the island of Molokai. The Hawaiian Legislature in 1865 determined to do something towards the eradication of leprosy from the islands. The gregarious habits of the natives had been a fruitful source of the spread of the disease, and an Act was passed in that year to prevent its spread. The Board of Health afterwards established a leper settlement on the island of Molokai. The lepers were weeded out with great care, and with a considerable amount of sympathy, and were banished to their living grave at the settlement. The apparently rapid spread of the disease in the reign of Lunalilo, who ascended the throne in 1873, and died the next year, brought home both to the foreigners and to the more intelligent of the natives, the necessity for a more vigorous onslaught in combating the disease. It was estimated that in 1873 there were nearly 400 lepers at large on the island, and steps were taken to collect these and remove them to their new home. Very little is known concerning the disease, nor is it known by what means it is communicated; and as a man could be suffering from it for some time without showing any symptoms of it, there was good reason for taking stringent measures.

Between 1866 and 1874, 1,145 lepers arrived at Molokai, of which, in the latter year, 703 were living. The principal settlement is on a plain of about 20,000 acres, hemmed in between the sea and a precipice 2,000 feet high, and very difficult of approach both by sea and land, the settlement depending for its supplies of fresh meat upon coasting vessels. Farther inland is the leper village of Kalawao, where exists a community of beings cut off from the outside world, "whose only business is to perish." Most of the offices and hospital buildings are in this village.

Father Damien, with youth and strength in his favour, and possessing every prospect for advancement in his Church, came to exile himself among the poor lepers, and to lighten the days of their affliction with the Light of Truth. The admiration which his act called forth was unbounded, and it was almost forgotten that he was a Romish priest, in the chorus of approbation which followed his noble deed. Father Damien commenced life on Molokai in 1873. In course of time he caught the disease, as it was fully expected he would. In a letter to a friend he said, "The disease is pretty well all over my body, but so far only exteriorly, and my interior pains are greatly relieved. I continue to be strong and robust, though somewhat disfigured." He died in May, 1889—one of the noblest of "the noble army of martyrs."

It is stated that steps will be taken to stimulate a congress of experts on the subject of leprosy, in compliance with an application made by the Hawaiian Government.

Great efforts are being made among the many Chinese and Japanese who have settled in Hawaii within recent years. In Bishop Willis' annual letter to the Church Missionary Society, dated January, 1888, we are told that the Japanese, who in 1884 numbered only about 100, now number over 4,000. Such a rapid increase in their number, and also in that of the Chinese, entails a heavy responsibility upon those engaged in mission-work in the islands. The Chinese and Japanese are spreading in every direction over the globe. Would that the cradle of the race from whence they swarm were the home of Christianity, then a powerful method for the propagation of the Gospel would

be established ready to hand; but to this end it is necessary that the vast field of China should be thoroughly honeycombed with the works of Christian men, so that every fresh emigrant may carry away with him the truths of Christianity.

A cathedral at Honolulu is being built. Its foundations were laid by King Kamehameha V., who, however, died in 1873. The choir has now been finished, and services are held in this part of the cathedral, it being a great improvement on the smaller grass-covered church which had previously existed. A Chinese congregation has been organised at Honolulu, whilst at Lahaina a small body of Japanese have been prepared for baptism; a service is held every Sunday morning and evening in Chinese, and the Rev. W. H. Barnes, who has charge of this congregation, records the arrival of a "good supply of Prayer Books, New Testaments, and Japanese tracts." In a letter from the Bishop he says, "Our little body of Chinese at Kohala continue very faithful. In their maintenance of discipline they certainly put us to shame."

As much has been said in disparagement of the efforts of Christian men in the islands, owing to the fact that great immorality still prevails, we cannot close the chapter without a few remarks on the subject.

The early Christian missionaries were sorely handicapped before their arrival, by the irruption into the Hawaiian Islands, already distinguished by the grossest sensuality and shameless vice above all other islands of the South Seas, of the very scum and dregs of the Pacific. Lawless characters of every nation, freed convicts, and, to our shame be it said, men of our own nation, had visited the islands and assisted to propagate the seeds of that extermination which is now being carried on with such relentless force. The missionaries had the task before them, not only of propagating the Gospel among the natives and of withdrawing them from the pernicious practices of heathenism, but of overcoming the obstacles placed in their way by those vile men who resorted to the islands on the understanding that they might exercise their lawless desires upon a helpless and ignorant native population. The crews of the various vessels which had touched at the islands previous to the arrival of Messrs. Bingham and Thurston in 1820, had, by their example as white men, taught the natives to disbelieve in any necessity for the moderation of their lustful desires; and the native population, themselves sunk in a sensual and degraded barbarism, and among whom infanticide was a recognised custom, were only too willing to fall into the manners of the degraded whites which the whaling vessels and others brought there.

The missionaries had thus not only a new religion to propagate, but a new standard of morality to inculcate; morality, indeed, as we know it, did not exist. Plentiful in every word which conveyed a vicious meaning, or gave an expression to an unhallowed thought, the language *did not even possess a word* to express chastity and the other virtues, and here the social outcasts of the whole world found a population suited to their vile tastes. Ever since the landing of the Christian pioneers, they have always had to contend with the fierce opposition of the "mean whites," as they have been called; and even now the moral atmosphere of some districts is by no means as it should be. Waimea and Hawaii had the misfortune to become the settling-place of



HAWAIIANS OF TO-DAY.

many of this class of men, and the infamous lives which they led tell still on the morality of the neighbourhood. Since the arrival of the missionaries, however, immorality has not been so openly countenanced, and at least an outward cloak of well-doing prevails in the district, more especially now that moral and orderly whites have settled there. But although we must be thankful that a public opinion has grown up averse to flagrant immorality, it is to be regretted that in some districts the standard of morality is not yet up to the mark, and that it is necessary to meet the outrageous licence of former years with legal penalties. The various schools for girls, established throughout the islands, are doing great good in the way of bettering this state of affairs.

Perhaps, however, there is many a dark spot on the chart of our own cities beside which the darkest spot of Hawaii would even shine, and we must be careful to measure the religion of the Hawaiians by a somewhat different standard from that applicable to us at home. These "children of the sun," we must be careful to remember, are but a single generation removed from the vices and outrageous immorality of a bloody and sensual heathenism. Not until 1820 did the light of Christianity begin to shine in the dark places of the islands, and yet, after the lapse of only seventy years, we find in them a recognised civilised native monarchy, with laws established in the righteousness of the Gospel. How do we indeed compare with them? We are the inheritors of centuries of Bible-teaching. Persecution for righteousness' sake is a thing unknown among us. To what measure of Christianity ought we to have attained after these many years of Christian civilisation, as compared with that measure to which the Hawaiians have attained after not so much as a single century of it? And we must bear in mind, too, that the conversion of a tropical savage, revelling in a volatile sensuality, would be a far greater revolution, a matter of far more self-denial to him, than to a man of our unimpulsive, cool, northern natures. Just as we can now point to many a dark place in our cities where great efforts of evangelisation are urgently needed, so it would seem that Christian efforts in the Hawaiian Islands should be directed now, not so much to the native element, as to the reclamation of those whites who, attracted by the climate or by industry to the islands, have fallen into apathy and neglect of religion altogether.

We may look on the condition of the Hawaiian Islands, from a religious point of view, as one of great similarity to that obtaining at home, perhaps no better and no worse. It may, indeed, seem sad to think that after the efforts of the missionaries to reclaim the people to Christ, no higher result has been achieved; but we must bear in mind that the great success which the missionaries met with during the first thirty years was phenomenal, and, as far as the natives themselves were concerned, they had as a people accepted the religion of Christ, and presented a most wonderful spectacle to the Christian world. As early as 1841 it was reported to the American Board of Foreign Missions that the Hawaiian group was Christianised, but the Board continued its grants of men and money until 1853, when, a native pastorate having been established, they discontinued those grants. The necessity which has since arisen for increased and unceasing energy in the islands is owing to causes which could scarcely then have been foreseen, viz., the great influx of

foreigners, prominent among whom are large numbers of Chinese and Japanese; and it is in consequence of these that the benefits previously bestowed upon the islands by the early Congregational missionaries threaten to be destroyed, or at least placed in the background, before the modern tide of missionaries which has again passed towards this little kingdom.

In forming a true estimate of the progress which the people has made, one may be guided by the following words of Dr. Gulick, in reply to comments as to the prevalence of immorality among them. He says: "The number of virtuous men and women has been steadily increasing from the beginning of the mission-work. The break-water against the terrible ocean of licence has been laid deep and permanent. It has, in many places, so nearly reached the surface that female virtue is now a known fact on these sunny isles, where, a few years ago, the name was unknown, and the fact unheard of. A public sentiment on this subject is gradually being created, in spite of terrible counter-influences. But for the preserving control of the Gospel during the last half-century, there would have been now scarcely a Hawaiian left to tell the story of the extinction of the race through foreign vices, grafted upon natural depravity. That the race still continues to decrease is no wonder. That there is still so much vice and immorality should astonish no one. But that the people still exists, and that there is any virtue, any piety, any civilisation, is a matter of the deepest thankfulness."

Although the native race is probably doomed to extinction, there is great reason to thank God that so many of those who have passed away have passed to a higher and happier state, that the last days of the people have been illumined in a way never before known, and that the light of the Gospel has burst through with its wonderful brilliancy to light up the path of this apparently decaying nation.

XIV.—WITH THE RED INDIANS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAVID ZEISBERGER.

Oglethorpe's American Colony—Wesley's Visit to it—Moravian Colonists—Their Objection to Warfare and Retirement from the Colony—David Zeisberger—First Indian Church at Shekomeko—Persecution from the White Settlers—Indians Expelled from Shekomeko, and Settle at Gnadenhütten, in Pennsylvania—Mission to the Iroquois—Increased Jealousy of the Whites—Aggravated by Rivalry between French and English—Gnadenhütten Destroyed by Heathen Indians—Subsequent Settlements of Christian Indians Destroyed by the Whites—Indians Protected by the Quakers—New Settlement at Friedenshütten, on the Susquehannah—Mission to the Ohio District—The Converts Migrate to Friedenstadt—A New Gnadenhütten near Lake Erie—Further Moravian Indian Settlements, and Success of the Brethren—Settlements Broken Up by the War of 1775, and Brutality of the Whites—Brutal Murder of the Christians at Sandusky by American Whites—Zeisberger's Last Years and Death.

ON the 13th of January, 1733, a little schooner, the *Annie*, arrived in the harbour of Charlestown, in Carolina. She was one of those pioneer vessels which followed in the wake of the famous *Mayflower*, having on board a body of British emigrants about to seek new homes in the far West. On this voyage she was engaged on a special mission to convey the founders of the State—to be known to future generations as Georgia—led in person by the humane and energetic James Oglethorpe.

The foundation of this important colony, and the tact and prudence which Oglethorpe displayed in his subsequent government of it, stand out prominently from among the many other distinguished services he rendered to his country. His previous history was one long preparation for the arduous task he had imposed upon himself. He was born at Westminster in 1689, and spent his early life in the quiet country town of Godalming, in Surrey. In due course he matriculated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, but soon relinquished his studies for the activity of military life. In 1710 he entered the army as ensign, and at the end of four years became Captain Lieutenant in the Queen's Life Guards.

He took a prominent part in active warfare, and served on the Continent under Prince Eugène in his campaign against the Turks. At the close of the war, after the siege and capitulation of Belgrade, at both of which Oglethorpe was present, he returned to England, and entered the House of Commons as member for Hazlemere. In Parliament he made a deep impression by the persistency with which he laboured to forward the moral and physical welfare of the people, espousing the cause of the down-trodden on all occasions, and showing no mercy to the official corruption of the age.

The bent of his mind was clearly shown in the energy with which he championed the Moravian Brethren in Parliament, laying great stress upon their missionary enterprise, and the value of their co-operation in the newly colonised territories, where, with society only half evolved, there lurked the danger of the colonists falling into a state of semi-barbarism.

Oglethorpe had long been stirred by the record of misery endured by those who had the misfortune to become acquainted with the debtor's prison in the Fleet. He was at length thoroughly aroused on hearing that a gentleman named Castell, to

whom he was known, had, after many severe strokes of ill-fortune, been cast into prison for debt.

He brought the subject before the House of Commons, supporting his cause by so terrible an array of facts, that a Prison Visiting Committee was appointed, with Oglethorpe for Chairman, to inquire into the matter. The miserable, half-starved, and filthy condition in which he found the prisoners, many of whom had previously been in good positions in life, moved him to espouse the cause of prison reform.



GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.

It was found that the Wardenship of the Fleet had been regularly put up for sale, having last realised £5,000, the amount being recouped by fees exacted from the prisoners. It was calculated that about 25,000 debtors were in prison at this time, the large majority of them in a hopeless plight, half-starved, penniless, and ill. What was to be done with them? Was the labour of their hands to be lost to the country, and were the prisons to remain as the hot-beds of fever and vice, a constant danger to the health and welfare of the population wherever they existed?

Oglethorpe had a solution for the problem. He had long looked to America as the probable destination of multitudes of Englishmen, and he saw amongst these thousands of prison debtors many who would eagerly seize an opportunity to start afresh in a new world, where they might turn their hands to profitable employment.

He therefore matured a scheme for forming a settlement in America, whither debtors, who were willing to work, should be conveyed, and also where Protestants, driven from their homes on the Continent, should find a refuge. At the same time Oglethorpe gave a prominent place in his scheme to the civilisation and Christianisation of the aboriginal Indians.

After many months of continual effort to arouse public interest, he succeeded in obtaining a charter, dated June 9, 1732, for "settling and establishing the Colony of Georgia in America," the colony being so named in honour of George II., by whom the charter was granted. The House of Commons voted £10,000, and £26,000 more in the course of the next two years, and a large sum of money to assist in the carrying out of the project was furnished by public companies and private benefactors. Suitable men were selected as emigrants, and a motley crowd of debtors, German Protestants, Jews, and others, set out in the good ship *Annie* for their future home.

Oglethorpe accompanied them as Colonial Governor, having resolved to cast in his lot with the settlers and give them the benefit of his experience, administrative and military, his only stipulation being that he was "to receive no salary or other recompense" for his services.

The emigrants, on their arrival, decided to build their new town on the Savannah, the principal river of the district, adopting its name as that of the settlement.

One of the first duties of Oglethorpe was to try to obtain the goodwill of the Creeks, the Red Indians who inhabited the district. He had determined to dispense with slave labour, and to discourage its employment, being anxious to deal with the Indians only in a friendly way. By his unremitting energy and the attention which he paid to the chiefs of the tribes, he at length succeeded in obtaining permission to settle in the neighbourhood with his bands of colonists.

Having entered into treaties with the various tribes of the Creek nation, and settled terms for a cession of territory, it being, as he said, his hope "that the settlement of Georgia may prove a blessing and not a curse to the native inhabitants," he sailed for England in 1734, taking with him some Indian chiefs, his purpose being to obtain additional emigrants of a better class, and to interest the home authorities in the welfare of the Indians. From the first he had been impressed with the solemn duty of providing for the moral and religious instruction of the Indians, and one of his first efforts on arriving in England was to urge the trustees of the colony to send out fit persons to undertake this important work.

One of those chosen was a young man who was then giving much promise as a preacher, and was destined to create the great awakening which should alter the whole current of religious life in England—John Wesley! He accepted the call, and, accompanied by his friend Benjamin Ingham, set sail with Oglethorpe in October, 1735.

There was also on board another party of high-souled men, who, fleeing from religious persecution on the Continent, had decided to make America their home. These were a pioneer band of Moravian Brethren, whose exemplary conduct and patient trust in God when the vessel was overtaken by a storm, deeply affected Wesley,

and opened his eyes to a more thorough appreciation of the vital force of Christianity. Among this band of pious folk were David Nitschmann, the Moravian Bishop, and David and Rosina Zeisberger. The latter had several young children with them, but one, their son David, was still in the land of his birth.

David had shown a taste for study, and had been left behind to complete his education. When fifteen years of age, a situation as errand-boy was procured for him at Herrndyk, a Moravian settlement in Holland; but he was very unhappy there, the rigid rules of the community pressed heavily upon him, and he often fell into trouble, sometimes being punished for offences of which he was innocent. On one occasion he was branded as a thief for having accepted a large reward from a gentleman to whom he had acted as guide to a neighbouring town. He had often accepted chastisement meekly, both deserved and undeserved, but his proud young spirit rebelled against such an unfounded accusation as this.

By-and-bye an opportunity of escape from his trying position presented itself. He heard that General Oglethorpe had again returned from Georgia, and contemplated leading a fresh body of colonists to America, whereupon the little errand-lad contrived to make his way to England, and appealed to Oglethorpe, who became interested in him and procured him a passage to Georgia.

Thus it was that David Zeisberger was at last able to follow in his parents' footsteps, and join them in the country of their adoption.

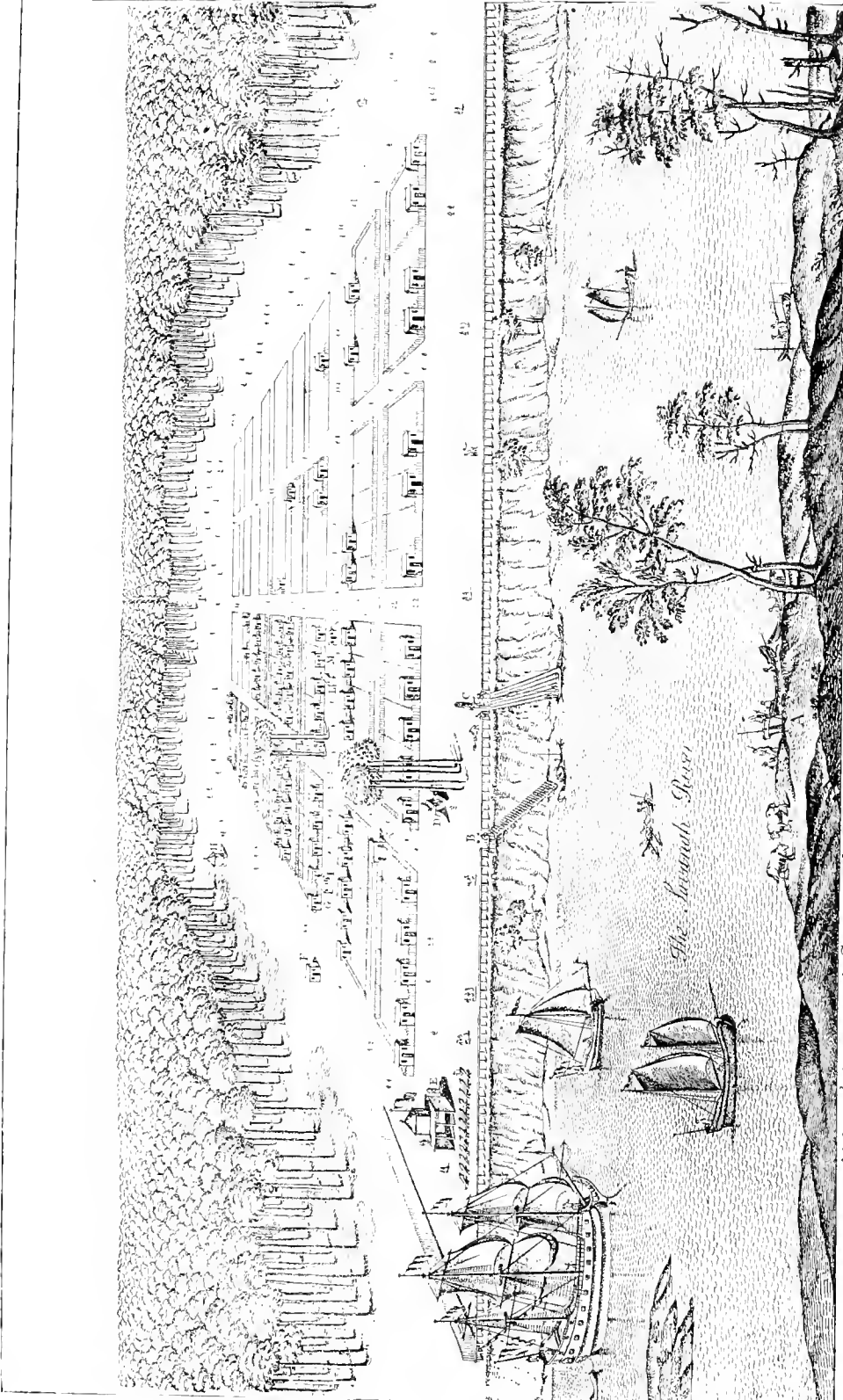
But the Zeisbergers were not able to remain for any great length of time in the Colony of Georgia. The Spaniards, who had possession of the neighbouring country of Florida, had viewed with considerable distrust and suspicion the success of Oglethorpe's followers. The discontent thus engendered smouldered on until 1739, when both parties prepared for the war which they saw must inevitably decide for ever between them. The Spaniards made a raid into Georgian territory, killing and wounding some Highlanders settled near the borders. The Georgians retaliated, and, after meeting with varying success and defeat, they at length compelled the Spaniards to withdraw from the borders of Georgia.

When the war commenced, the colony witnessed the defection of a considerable proportion of the Moravians who had settled there. They had been allowed exemption from military service as long as open war had not broken out, but considerable bitterness was felt against them when everybody was arming to repel the Spanish invasion, and they remained inactive. In 1738, therefore, they left their flourishing plantations, having repaid all the money which had been advanced towards their passage and settlement, and went to Pennsylvania.*

Amongst these was the family of Zeisberger. David Nitschmann obtained from the Brethren in Europe a commission to purchase land for a settlement in Pennsylvania; a new town was built and named Bethlehem, and here young David Zeisberger took up his abode, and declared his determination to become a missionary to the Indians.

Up to this time the only systematic attempt to improve the native Indians had been made by John Eliot, who, as we have seen, died in 1690. Brainerd was now engaged

* Cranz's "History of the United Brethren."



A View of the Town of Savannah, in the Colony of Georgia, in South-Carolina.

References } A Fort of an Island called Hutchinsons Island. B. The Storey & Spouting Place, from the River to the Town. C. A Cove. & Pill to draw up any Goods from Boats. & to load them D. A Tent pitched near the
 landing for Genl Oglethorpe. E. A Guard house with a Battery of Cannon lying before it. F. The Postoffice. G. A House of Ground to build a Church on. H. A Fort or Look out to the Threadbale. I. The Storehouse
 for all Stores. K. The Levee. L. The Mill house for the Publick. M. A House for all Strangers to reside in. N. The Common Bake-House. O. A Drains-Hill for Water. P. The Wood Covering the
 Bank & Side of the Town with several Towers cut into it.

Monthly Inhabited in his Excellency Genl Oglethorpe.

in his labours on the Forks of the Delaware in Pennsylvania, efforts which were, however, only too soon to be brought to an end. Count Zinzendorf himself had recently paid a visit to America, and had journeyed amongst the Indians, lodging in a rude hut at an Indian town called Shekomeko. Here the first native Moravian church was formed



A SWAMP IN GEORGIA.

around a nucleus of ten persons whom he baptised. His labours were continued by Christian Ranch, and considerable success was met with both there and in the surrounding country.

One of Zeisberger's first journeys as a missionary was to Shekomeko, when he was on his way to the country of the Mohicans, in order to learn the native language on the spot. He found the church increased sevenfold, and exhibiting many encouraging

signs. Opposition was threatened, but it was not from the Indians that it came. Some white people who looked with little favour upon the missionaries, had long attempted to poison the minds of the natives against them. On some occasions the remarks of the converts to their would-be seducers were remarkable, and well calculated to expose the selfish tricks of the whites. A trader once endeavoured to persuade a man named Shabash that the Brethren were not *privileged teachers*; he replied, "It may be so, but I know what they have told me, and what God has wrought within me. Look at my poor countrymen there, lying drunk before your door. Why do you not send *privileged teachers* to convert them? Four years ago I also lived like a beast, and not one of you troubled himself about me; but, when the Brethren came, they preached the cross of Christ, and I have experienced the power of His blood, so that sin has no longer dominion over me. Such are the teachers we want."*

The whites, having failed to turn the Indians against the Moravian missionaries, adopted another plan of action, by means of which they hoped to rouse the fears of their own countrymen. They carefully propagated the story that the Moravians were in league with the French in Canada, and that any influence which they possessed over the Indians would be used in antagonism to British interests. The tale was eagerly taken up, and people seized their arms; the Moravians were called upon to serve in the militia and prove in this way the falsity of the reports. Being ministers of religion, they again claimed exemption from military duty, the result being that the people became the more incensed against them.

After being dragged from court to court by their enemies, the call to arms was at length relinquished, but the disabilities under which they suffered in the State of New York soon compelled them to leave, and they returned to Bethlehem in Pennsylvania. They still paid periodical visits to the congregation at Shekomoko, often being subject to much inconvenience and persecution by so doing. On one occasion David Zeisberger and another missionary, when on a mission to the Iroquois Indians (part of the famous Six Nations), were seized under a warrant from the Mayor of Albany; they were brought before the magistrates in due course, and confined for seven weeks in prison.

The time was not wasted, for Zeisberger seized the opportunity thus afforded him to devote himself to the study of the Mohican language. "We count it," said he, "a great honour to suffer for our Saviour's sake, though to the world it is incomprehensible."

It was evident that the continual interruption of the regular services, brought about by the persecution of the Brethren, could not but prove injurious to the spiritual interests of the Christian Indians. Zeisberger therefore tried to induce them to remove from the province of New York to another part of the country, and went so far as to complete arrangements with the Iroquois at Onandago to receive them into their territory. The Christians, however, astonished the missionaries by refusing to remove. They said that they had received a promise of protection from the governor, and their removal would be a highly suspicious act; besides, they did not wish to leave their relations, who, though perhaps somewhat reformed, had not yet become Christians, and

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

might fall back into their sinful ways when left to themselves. This was sound argument on their part, but their action was, nevertheless, a check to the plans of the missionaries, although it proved only a temporary one.

The animosity and jealousy of the whites increased, and at last they decided to expel the inhabitants of Shekomeko from the town. A rumour was set afloat that the Indians would soon rise and join a body of Frenchmen who were advancing on the province, and would then ravage the country with fire and sword. The behaviour of the whites towards them became so tyrannical as to be quite intolerable; many families therefore left the place, doing singly what the missionaries had advised them to do before in a body. A stream of emigrants set in from Shekomeko to Bethlehem, where, although having to lodge in rude temporary huts, they had at least the protection, such as it was, which proximity to the missionaries afforded. A piece of land was bought some thirty miles distant on the river Mahony, where a new town was planned and marked out, and the Indians removed thither.

Thus arose the historical *Gnadenhütten*, the town of the "Tents of Grace."

The number of Christian Indians rapidly increased when the fame of their town was spread abroad. Many who had previously refused to leave Shekomeko now hastened to join their brethren, and the rising town rapidly grew under the busy hands of the Christians, and the energetic superintendence, as well as manual assistance, of Zeisberger and his friends.

The civilising effects of Christianity upon a savage race were never more visibly shown than in the case of the early inhabitants of this town. Unused to labour of any kind, and regarding it as degrading, they were brought by the influence of their religion to see nothing dishonourable in earning their daily bread by the works of their hands. A field was allotted to each family, and was cultivated diligently, not only to provide for their own support, but also that they might have something to give to the stranger who sojourned amongst them.

Parties of roaming Indians who visited the town were much impressed by the peace and harmony there, and by the patience and resignation of the people in the midst of troubles which sometimes threatened their very existence. To meet the wants of these visitors it was often necessary to obtain a supply of provisions from Bethlehem, and it was hoped that the treatment they received at the hands of the Christians was not lost on their untutored minds.

Zeisberger's mastery of the language of the Six Nations gave him a pre-eminent position among the Brethren. Consequently, when it was decided to start a mission at the Indian town of Shomokin, he was at once appointed to it. Accounts of drunken revels and of superstitious rites among the people had already reached him, and on his arrival he found that the descriptions given him were only too true. During the few months of his stay there, he strove with untiring energy to make an impression upon the people, but apparently with little success.

Zeisberger then persuaded the Brethren to make an effort to establish the Christian religion amongst the Iroquois, and a deputation waited on the Great Council at Onandago to obtain permission for missionaries to reside there. Zeisberger

was chosen as one of the deputies, and so great was his influence with this proud Indian nation, that he had little difficulty in obtaining their consent to receive two teachers.

The good results of the efforts then put forth were quite remarkable: a large log-house for purposes of religious worship soon rose under the diligent hands of the enthusiastic converts, while the Sachems showed the esteem in which they held Zeisberger by adopting him into their nation, and giving him an Indian name.

“Considering,” says his biographer, “the inordinate pride of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and the suspicion with which the aborigines regarded every attempt of the white men to gain a foothold in their country, the results of the Council’s deliberations were remarkable, and proved the high esteem in which the Church of the Brethren was held at Onandago, and the personal influence which Zeisberger had acquired among the same tribes, whose favour the Colonial Government purchased with much difficulty and by constant presents of great value.”

Zeisberger returned to his congregation at Gnadenhütten, and for some years following little happened to disturb the progress of the Indians towards Christian civilisation. In spite of the hard life to which both missionaries and converts were subjected, the town grew under their hands, and the numbers of their friends and adherents increased.

Early in 1753 suspicious movements on the part of the Indians in the neighbourhood roused the fears of the Brethren as to the safety of the town. A good deal of friction was being felt on the borderland, and the French, alarmed at the continual advance of the English outposts, were rapidly preparing for a decisive war. Many of the tribes had determined to take up arms on behalf of the French, and exhibited some little anxiety for their fellows who were resident in Gnadenhütten. They suggested that these should remove to an Indian settlement called Wajomick, and proceeded to menace those who refused to do so. Although the missionaries carefully abstained from persuading them to stay, most of them declined to remove at the bidding of their countrymen, and on this account they came to be regarded as the friends of the British Government, and as such were threatened with destruction by the hostile French Indians. The congregation was not only exposed to danger from this source, but had also to contend with the unceasing opposition of the English settlers, who were little inclined to show mercy to any of the Indians; thus they were looked upon with suspicion on both sides.

A letter was circulated purporting to have been written by a French officer at Quebec, in which he expressed his confidence in the final success of his countrymen, “as the Indians had not only taken their part, but the Moravians also were their good friends, and would render them every assistance in their power.” The result was that the people became more and more exasperated against the Brethren, until an event happened which, though mournful in itself, at least served to show how groundless were the fears expressed, and how shamefully the actions of the Moravians had been misrepresented.

One evening in November, 1755, when the missionaries were sitting at supper in

their house on the banks of the Mahoney, they were suddenly alarmed by an unusual barking of the dogs chained in the garden at the back of the house. As this continued for some minutes without cessation, Senseman, one of the missionaries, ran to the back door to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and found the place surrounded by a band of Indians, who fired at him. Fortunately, he was not hurt, but, guessing the fate that was likely to overtake those who remained in the house, he made good his escape, and took refuge in the wood. The others, on hearing the



ATTACK ON THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES BY THE INDIANS.

report of a gun, ran to the front door to escape the danger threatening them in the rear; but no sooner had they opened it than they were confronted by another band of Indians, who stood ready with their arms pointed at the house. The missionaries were instantly fired upon, and Martin Nitschmann fell dead on the spot. As no means of escape appeared open to them, the rest fled in haste to the garret, and piled up the furniture against the door as a defence. The savages entered the house, and, pursuing them, attacked the door behind which they had taken refuge. This resisted their efforts, and the Brethren were congratulating themselves on what appeared to be a most wonderful escape, when the Indians, never at a loss to devise

some cruel method of attaining their end, proceeded to set the building on fire. In a few minutes the dry wooden shanty was in a blaze, and the poor souls who fled to the garret were literally roasted to death. Senseman, who had escaped by the back door, had the inexpressible anguish of seeing his beloved wife perish in this awful manner. He had, however, the joy of hearing that with her last breath, when surrounded by the flames, she exclaimed—"Tis all well, dear Saviour."

Some of the inhabitants of the house, who had not taken refuge in the garret, narrowly escaped with their lives. One managed to lower himself from a back window. A boy, having got on to the roof, leaped down and finally escaped, although his cheek was grazed and his head burnt by a ball fired by an Indian. Another, the wife of one of the missionaries, also escaped by the roof and fled to the woods, hiding behind a tree until the danger was past. Christian Fabricius, one of the Brethren, who attempted to fly, was wounded and fell into the hands of the Indians alive. After being hacked by their hatchets, his scalp was taken, and he was left dead on the ground. Altogether, no less than eleven men, women, and children perished in this dreadful massacre, five only escaping. The whole of the personal property of the missionaries was destroyed, after which the Indians marched to the town, distant about half-a-mile.

The Christian Indians, on hearing of the attack on the house of the missionaries, offered to go and defend them and their belongings, but being advised by one of the Brethren not to resist, they retired to the woods, leaving their town to the mercy of the savages. The place was set on fire, houses and plantations were destroyed, and the native congregation was reduced to abject poverty.

This terrible disaster proved the means of turning the tide of opinion temporarily in favour of the missionaries. They had been unjustly accused of secretly assisting the French in their designs, and had been looked upon as enemies of the English, for not allowing the settlers to exterminate the Indians under their care. Now it was seen that the Moravian settlement was among the very first to suffer at the hands of the hostile Indians, and many of the whites, who had previously accused them, at once proceeded to make amends. The town of Bethlehem, and their other settlements, became cities of refuge for hundreds of men, women, and children who were threatened by the murderous ravages of the Indians.

At the same time the Moravians still continued to give great offence to the military party in consequence of their refusal to take up arms in defence of the colonists, who regarded the Indians as a race ordained to extermination, and prophesied that the vengeance of God would fall on themselves if they did not carry out His mandate, even as it fell on the Israelites of old who failed to destroy the dwellers in Canaan, whom they were sent to dispossess. All were glad, however, to avail themselves of the protection the Moravian towns afforded, and, in spite of the complaints of some, the greater part of the settlers in their respective neighbourhoods remained with or near them until the cessation of hostilities. The rapid increase of the population of Bethlehem, brought about by this inrush of refugees, caused the Brethren to look around for suitable sites in close proximity where the Indians might settle.

The war between the English and the French, of which the American struggle

was but a small part, had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Paris, and in America had developed into a mere guerilla warfare between the various Indian tribes fighting on behalf of each party. The great continent, from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, had fallen under the sway of our ancestors, and the French were soon to withdraw from the struggle for colonial empire. Hence an era of rest and prosperity was setting in for the settlements of the Christians, and at last warranted the departure of the refugee Indians from Bethlehem. A site was selected about a mile distant, on which a settlement called Nain was erected, but the remarkable growth of this place soon made it necessary to build another town, to which the name of Wechquetank was given.

It was too much to expect that the warlike passions of the Indians, roused by the late war, would subside because a treaty of peace had been signed. It was rumoured in Pennsylvania that the Indians around the great lakes of Canada were preparing to make incursions into the province, and had already massacred large numbers of whites. The terror of the colonists was so great that they determined to kill all the inhabitants of the new settlements, and destroy their dwellings. The Indians of Wechquetank fled to the Brethren's town of Nazareth, and thus escaped the fate awaiting them, for shortly afterwards the settlement was burned by the white people. Those at Nain received an order from the magistrates at Philadelphia to abandon their town at once, lay down their arms, and accept the protection which would be afforded them by the Government on their arrival in that city.

There was no alternative but to obey, and they started on a long wearisome journey, not knowing what their future fate was to be, but resigning themselves entirely to the will of God. The manner in which they humbly bore the mockings and sneers of the tribes through whose territory they travelled, and from the people of Philadelphia, was a sure proof of the change of heart and of character they had experienced, and many of their enemies were compelled to acknowledge the influence for good which the teaching of the Gospel had upon them. On arriving at Philadelphia they were ordered to take up their quarters in the barracks, but as the soldiers absolutely refused to admit them, they were led to Province Island, about six miles distant, in the River Delaware. Here they lived for some few months, but afterwards returned and occupied the quarters originally intended for them.

So great was the hatred which they inspired amongst the citizens, that it was found necessary to plant eight pieces of cannon in front of the buildings, and a body of young Quakers, led by the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, resolved to assist in the defence of the barracks. These vigorous efforts made to protect the Christian Indians, prevented any attack being made upon them, and, after being confined for about sixteen months, they were at last set at liberty. It was decided that they should proceed some distance from the homes of the whites, and build themselves a town in Indian territory. After travelling for five weeks, and suffering much privation, they at length pitched on a suitable spot on the banks of the Susquehannah. A town was planned, consisting of nearly sixty houses, with a chapel in the centre of the street. They called it Friedenshütten, or "Tents of Peace." The name was peculiarly

appropriate, as many Indians visited it from every quarter, and testified to the peace and happiness which pervaded the town and its inhabitants. Trade soon sprang up, and a large amount of barter took place between the inhabitants and their heathen brethren.

A new sphere of labour now opened to Zeisberger. A report reached him in 1767 that some Indians, living near the River Ohio, had expressed a wish for religious instruction. He set out forthwith for that part of the country, taking with him two

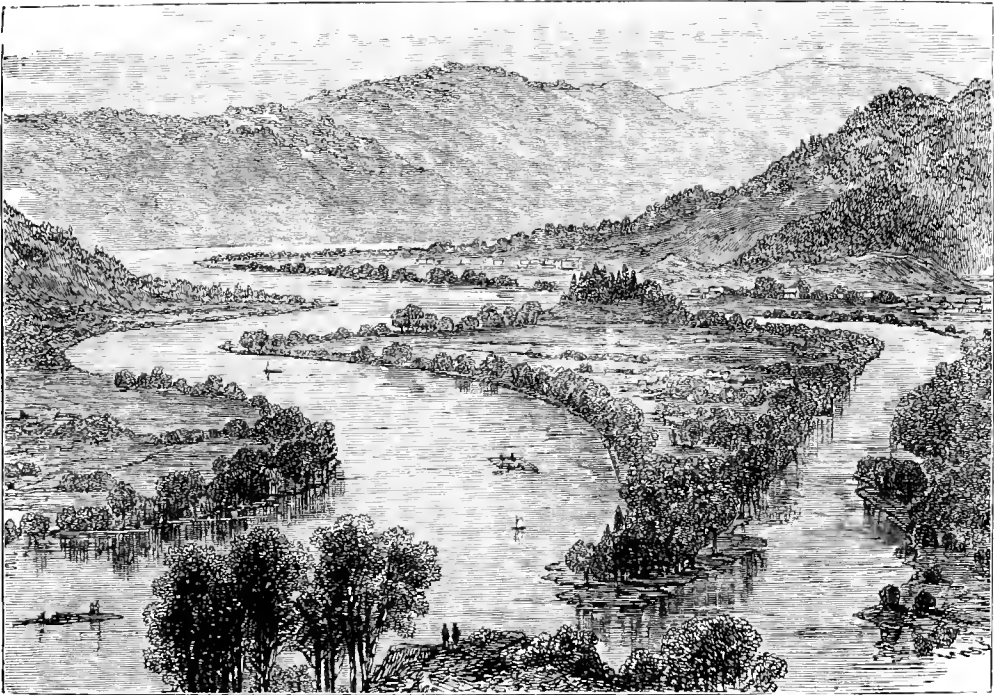


PORTRAIT OF ZEISBERGER.

Indian assistants. He had become so well known by report to the most remote and as yet unvisited tribes, that on his way he was cordially greeted by them as the "Friend of the Indians"—as one who laboured to promote their well-being in every way; and, an admitted Delaware, he obtained a greeting and a hearing wherever he went. This good influence he used to the full in the service of his Master, and soon made known his intention to visit Goshgoshunk, reported to be one of the most foul and wicked towns.

The bad accounts he had received of the inhabitants proved to be well founded, and immediately on his arrival he began to instruct the people in the Christian faith. Large crowds of Indians collected to hear him, their curiosity prompting them to

learn the object of his visit. This first meeting was a great success, and his hearers stood spell-bound at the words which fell from his lips. "Never yet," he wrote, "did I see so clearly depicted on the faces of Indians both the darkness of hell and the world-subduing power of the Gospel." The growing influence of Zeisberger was not, however, liked by the chiefs, many of whom saw their authority gradually slipping away. Complaints were made that since Zeisberger had come, the corn had been blasted, deer and game had become scarce in the woods—in short, the experiences which David Livingstone encountered in the early years of his missionary life, when



BANKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

the South Africans attributed their scarcity of crops and lack of provisions to his evil influence, were met with by Zeisberger and his companions among the people of Goshgoshunk. But they laboured on, with the result that numbers professed openly their adherence to the Christian religion.

At the same time an opposing party was formed, actively hostile to the missionaries, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter to all who joined them. Amongst the converts were some who had long previously practised sorcery, and who had, up to the time of their conversion, violently opposed all attempts to instruct the people. They told Zeisberger of the power they had possessed, and he remarks upon the depth of the degradation and superstition of the Indians at this place, though he seems to have believed, as did the majority in his day, that there was some truth

in the supernatural claims of these men. "Some existed," he said, "by whom Satan himself worked, with all powers and signs and lying wonders."*

The opposition to the devoted band increased. Plots were laid to murder them; and, therefore, acting on the principle laid down in Scripture—"If they persecute you in one city, flee into another," they thought it best to withdraw from the town, and retire to a place about fifteen miles distant, where they built a new settlement.

For some time they continued their work without molestation, and, the disinterestedness of the missionaries having been made apparent, the Council of Goshgoshunk at last sent a friendly mission, begging them to forget the past, and to return and live amongst them. This, however, was destined not to be. War threatened to break out between two neighbouring tribes, and Zeisberger deemed it advisable, at the invitation of several of the native chiefs, to remove to some distant land which had been offered him.

The congregation, therefore, in April, 1770, embarked on the River Ohio, and sailed by Pittsburg to the Beaver Creek, after which they travelled by land for about a fortnight, and at length arrived at their future home. There they settled amongst a people who watched with astonishment the new-comers, possessing not only such different customs and manners to themselves, but propagating a wholly new religion, violently opposed to everything they had previously believed.

The Brethren called their new settlement *Friedenstadt*, or "The Town of Peace." Here Zeisberger laboured diligently to add to the number of converts, seizing every opportunity to extend the influence of the Christian religion amongst the neighbouring Indians. The novelty of the new teaching at first attracted the attention of the Indians in the vicinity; but it was not long before a party arose which seriously harassed the Brethren. Plots were continually being concocted, not only against Zeisberger's life, but the whole congregation were threatened. Still, their numbers continued to increase, and a large measure of success rested on the work of the missionaries. Among the converts was one who, with tears in his eyes, admitted his participation in the guilt of those who had attacked the missionaries and burned the town at Gnadenhütten some years before.

In 1772 the new settlement received a temporary addition to its population, of nearly two hundred persons who had migrated from Friedenshütten. The land on which this place had been reared was secretly sold by the Iroquois Indians to the English, without taking into consideration the fact that they had previously granted it to the Christian Indians. It was thought that the proximity of the whites would be detrimental to the best interests of the converts, and it was decided that they should journey as far as the new settlement of *Friedenstadt*, and thence set forth to discover a dwelling-place for themselves.

Eight weeks were occupied on the journey, during which the travellers waded through the windings of the river Munsy no less than thirty-six times, and often had to pick their way through close thickets and extensive woods, sometimes for a distance of as much as sixty miles.

* Japp's "Master Missionaries."

A hearty welcome was given them at Friedenstadt, but they soon passed on to the spot which had been marked out for them on the river Muskingum, about seventy miles to the south of Lake Erie. Here they built a new town and called it Schönbrunn, or the "Beautiful Spring." Shortly after, a large body of the native population of Friedenstadt removed thence, and settled ten miles distant on the same river, and gave the name of ill-fated Gnadenhütten to their settlement.

The congregation which remained at Friedenstadt often found itself in a very threatening situation. The opposition experienced by the converts compelled them to exercise the greatest circumspection in order to prevent the settlement from being surprised, and perhaps set on fire. Large quantities of rum had been introduced into the neighbourhood by traders, and the pernicious influences of this traffic were such, that at times bands of drunken Indians broke into the town, and were with difficulty restrained in their lawless courses. Sometimes a party would come intent on the slaughter of the converts; but quarrels would break out amongst themselves, and, under the influence of drink, they would cut and mangle each other with their knives in the most brutal manner.

One day a savage came running into the settlement exclaiming he would kill the white man. Having proceeded at full speed to the house of the missionary, he burst open the door and entered the room with all the fury of a wild beast. Terrified at his appearance, the missionary's wife snatched up her child and instantly fled; but the missionary himself, who was confined by sickness, sat up in bed and looked at him with the utmost composure. Disconcerted by this, the man suddenly stopped short, and the Indian Brethren, hastening to the assistance of their teacher, seized and bound him with ease.*

The situation, however, was so extremely troublesome that the remainder of the congregation at length removed from this disagreeable neighbourhood, and proceeded to join their friends at Gnadenhütten, on the banks of the Muskingum. The behaviour of the Christian Indians during a war, which shortly after broke out between the Virginians and the aborigines, and the favourable manner with which they impressed all in contrast to their unawakened countrymen, was shown by the words of a chief who passed through Gnadenhütten at the head of a band of warriors: "I have found your people," said he, "to be very different from what I have heard of them in our towns. In the neighbouring town the inhabitants made wry faces at us; but here, all the men, women, and even the children made us welcome."

A deputation from the Indians who had originally invited Zeisberger to this part of the country, now waited on him, and announced that the time had come for the building of another settlement, and requested him to undertake the task. Much impressed and encouraged by this proof of the good effect of the labour of the Brethren, he proceeded to form a third station on the river Muskingum, which was called Lichtenau.

Thus the work prospered in the hands of the Brethren, so that wherever they and

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

their converts settled, the whole district for many miles was agitated in a favourable way by their presence, and by the doctrines of brotherly love and goodwill which they both preached and practised. But a great cloud was rising, which was soon to overshadow them, and finally overwhelm in torrents of blood the great efforts that had been put forth on behalf of the Indians. Zeisberger, like his noble predecessor John Eliot, when in the decline of life, was to see the settlements he had founded with indomitable energy and fervent prayers, swept away before the unrestrained passions of godless whites. The great American War of Independence had commenced. The Moravians had firmly resolved to take no part in it, with the result that they were, as before, viewed with suspicion by all parties—by the Indians fighting in the interests of either side, by the Americans themselves, and by the English—each being dissatisfied by their professions of neutrality.

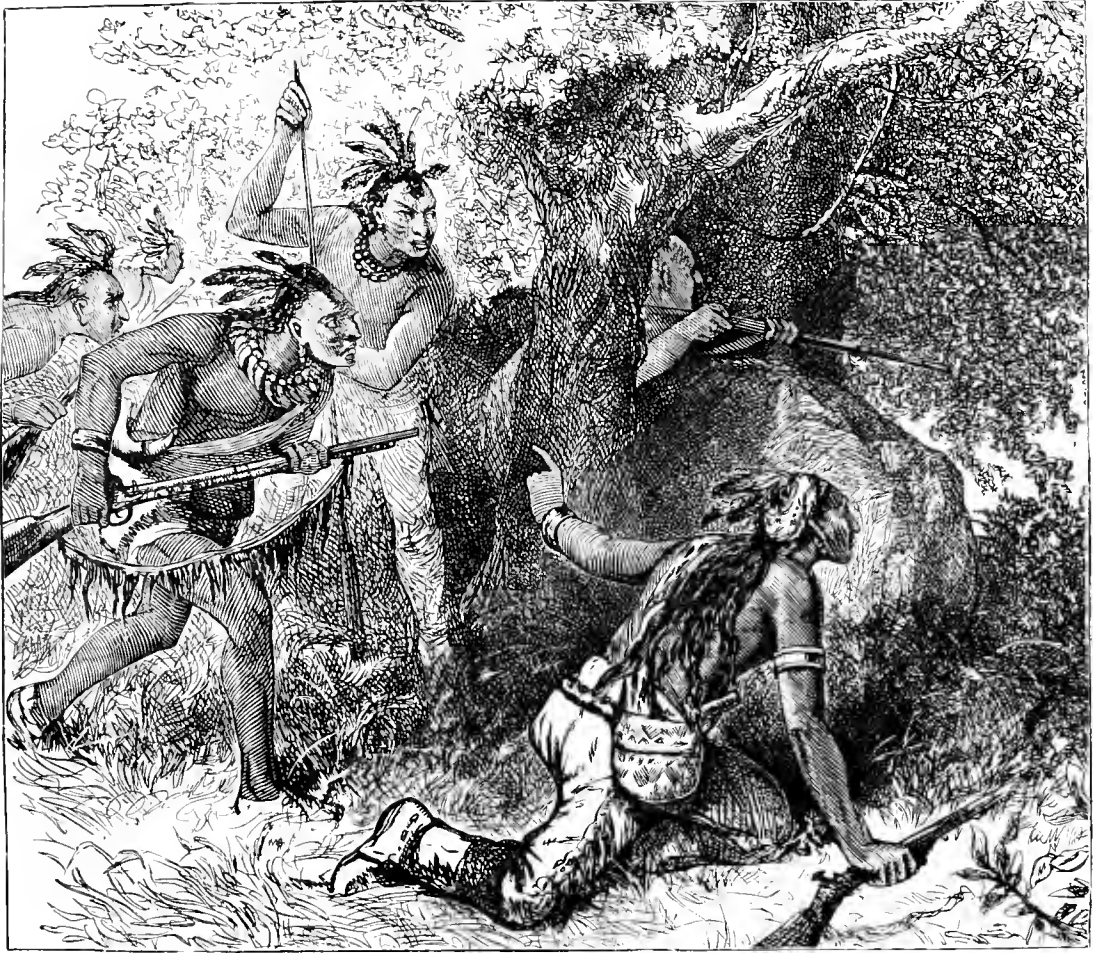
On the war breaking out in 1775, the missionaries had been advised to abandon their stations and retire to Bethlehem. Two only refused to desert their congregations, Zeisberger at Lichtenau, and Edwards at Gnadenhütten, about twenty miles distant from each other. In a letter to the congregation at Herrnhut, written at this time, Zeisberger said: "My heart does not allow me even so much as to think of leaving. Where the Christian Indians stay, I will stay. It is impossible for me to forsake them. If Edwards and I were to go, they would be without a guide, and would disperse. Our presence gives authority to the national assistants, and the Lord gives authority to us. He will not look upon our remaining here as foolhardiness. I make no pretensions to heroism, but am by nature as timid as a dove. My trust is altogether in God. Never has He put me to shame, but always granted me the courage and the comfort I needed. I am about my duty, and even if I should be murdered, it will not be my loss but my gain."

The settlement of Schönbrunn had been broken up by internal dissension, caused by a party of apostates who had resolved to return to their heathenism. These made it their avowed object to murder the missionaries, and the Brethren, unable to maintain their ground before their enemies, decided to withdraw from a position which had become so dangerous. Schönbrunn was therefore abandoned, and the Christians retired to the two other settlements, where arrangements were made for instant flight in the event of any trustworthy rumour of the march on either of the settlements by their enemies, being received. On one occasion a party of freebooters set out from Pittsburg to destroy the Delaware towns, these having declared in favour of the English. The towns of the Christian Indians, among the rest, were threatened with destruction; and the inhabitants, on hearing of their march, fled with precipitation to the river and embarked, expecting every minute to see their towns enveloped in flames. This evil was, however, happily averted. A Huron chief named Half-king and his warriors met the Americans, and entirely defeated them, leaving many of them dead on the field, and the Christians were this time able to return to their homes.

The confusion and misery into which the country was brought by the vengeance which the Indians of both sides wreaked on their enemies, and by the general feeling of insecurity which prevailed, entailed great responsibility on the missionaries who remained

at the two settlements. Lichtenau was afterwards abandoned, and a new settlement reared, five miles below Gnadenhütten, and called Salem.

The Hurons had for some time appeared friendly towards the Brethren; but seeing the dangerous position in which they were situated at Gnadenhütten, Half-king proposed that they should remove to another place which he would choose for them. This pro-



INDIAN WARFARE.

posal the two Brethren refused to accept, resolving to remain at any risk with their congregations, in their own beloved settlements. Urged by an Englishman, who was present with the Hurons, to adopt coercive measures, Half-king declined to receive the refusal, and gave his warriors the utmost licence to pollute and corrupt if possible both the town and its inhabitants. Suddenly, one day, Zeisberger and two other of the Brethren were seized by a party of Hurons whilst walking in their garden, and carried off by them to the Indian camp. Here they were stripped of their clothes and other articles found upon them, and placed as prisoners in a couple of huts. A party of

Hurons then departed for Salem, and on their return the three scalp-yells which they gave announced that three more prisoners had fallen into their hands, one of whom was the wife of a missionary. In the same night Schönbrunn was visited, and the number of the prisoners was increased by three more, amongst them being the sister of Zeisberger. The plan which the Hurons had in view was to keep the missionaries in confinement, in order that the Christian Indians might the more easily be tempted to disperse and break up their settlements. They would not, however, be prevailed upon to desert their teachers, and after some days' detention the missionaries were set at liberty, on the understanding that they would lead the Christian congregation to Sandusky. The converts saw that in this lay their only hope of safety, and with great regret they parted from their beautiful settlements, leaving behind them large quantities of corn and cattle, and the crops then ripening in the fields. All the missionaries' manuscript books, compiled with so much labour, had been destroyed, and with heavy hearts they started on their journey by water and by land, reaching Sandusky about four weeks after their exodus from the settlements. Here they made a halt, and proceeded to build themselves bark huts.

They had hardly begun to settle in this place, before Zeisberger and three others were ordered to appear before the governor of Fort Detroit, to answer a charge of being in league with the Americans. Their accuser was, however, unable to prove anything against them, and confessed that the charge had been concocted by himself and others in order to injure them. The governor then publicly recognised the benefits resulting from the disinterested work of the Brethren, ordered clothes and provisions to be provided for them, showed them many acts of kindness, and afterwards provided them with the means of returning to Sandusky. Here they found the congregation in extreme want, the people being reduced to feed on the horses and cattle which had died of starvation. Rather than succumb to famine, many of them visited at different times the old settlements on the Muskingum, bringing away provisions, and loading themselves with the corn they gathered from the fields.

These visits to the old settlements proved a source of great danger, and were the means of bringing about a terrible calamity. Some parties of Christians were on the point of returning to their friends at Sandusky, and had collected their provisions at Gnadenhütten, ready for removal, when a body of a hundred and sixty Americans arrived at the place, professing the greatest friendship for the Indians, and stating that they had come to protect them from their enemies. They appeared to take an interest in the doings of the Brethren at Sandusky, and even assisted in packing their provisions.

The Indians felt extreme gratification at the consideration for their safety shown by the Americans, and opened their hearts to them, unfolding their future plans, and even agreeing to conduct them to the neighbouring settlement at Salem. The Americans informed them that they were to return not to Sandusky, but to Pittsburg, where care would be taken that no danger would befall them. The Indians agreed to follow them, and consented to deliver up their arms, thus giving themselves entirely into the hands of their enemies.

The visit to Salem was carried out, and the Christian Indians there were easily persuaded to join their fellows at Gnadenhütten. Having now obtained complete mastery over the poor converts, and collected them into one place, the Americans at last showed themselves in their true colours, and proved themselves to be the most inhuman wretches that ever disgraced the American name.

The wretched inhabitants of both towns were suddenly seized and bound by those in whom they had placed their confidence, and who, by successful deceit, had deprived them of every means to defend themselves. Two houses were set apart for the prisoners, and here they were lodged while their treacherous captors discussed what was to be done with them. As an attack on Schönbrunn was contemplated, it was necessary that the decision arrived at should be carried out quickly.

Some advised setting fire to the houses, and burning the prisoners alive. Others proposed scalping them, and carrying away the gory trophies as signals of the triumph. There were a few, on the other hand, who refused to take part in any conspiracy to deprive the Indians of their lives; but these were far outnumbered, and the majority decided that the prisoners should be murdered on the morrow. A messenger was sent to inform them of the decision, and the night was spent in prayer and preparation for the terrible martyrdom awaiting them.

The morning came, and these defenceless Christian prisoners, bound two and two together, were led like lambs to the slaughter, *scalped, and murdered in cold blood*—men, women, and little children were all thus mercilessly slain. No fewer than ninety-six Christians thus suffered martyrdom for their Saviour, and the wonderful resignation they exhibited throughout was afterwards testified to by the murderers themselves. Of the whole company, only two youths escaped.

The inhabitants of Schönbrunn providentially heard that a band of white people had been seen in the neighbourhood, whereupon they took flight and hid in the woods before the attack on the town was made; and when the whites arrived, they were forced to content themselves with the booty which remained, and, after setting fire to the town, left it.

Those Indians who remained at Sandusky were in great straits, caused by the scarcity of provisions. Everything was done by the missionaries that could alleviate their sufferings, and cause them to cling together and refuse to disperse as a congregation at the bidding of their enemies. It would seem, however, that they were never to have a settled home. Constant removals took place, and new settlements were built. Long journeys were frequently undertaken, and the congregation suffered much through its steadfast adherence to the Christian religion. Pilgerrugh, or Pilgrim's Rest, New Salem, Fairfield, and Goshen in Ohio, marked the halting-places of this brave congregation at different times. The last of these stations was founded in 1798 by Zeisberger, who, although nearly eighty years of age, was still in the forefront, ready with his sagacious diplomacy to smooth the way for, and mitigate the sufferings of, his devoted converts.

The petty wars which were constantly being carried on by the Americans against the Indians had brought about an appreciable decrease in their numbers in the

neighbourhood of the Brethren's settlements; and the gradual advance of the whites, and their occupation of Indian territory, caused large bands to proceed farther west. The congregation thus came to lose many of its adherents; and Zeisberger, at the close of



AN INDIAN SETTLEMENT.

a long and laborious life, saw with grief but little permanent reformation amongst the Indian tribes. He died in 1808, in the ninetieth year of his age, having devoted his whole life to his Saviour's cause—a life considerably lengthened beyond the usual span. From first to last, his talents, energy, and influence were ever ready to respond to the call of those who needed them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CIVILISATION OF THE CHEROKEES.

The Town of Brainerd—Mission of the American Board—Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury—Action of the United States Government—George Guess—The language of the Cherokees—Title to their Land Denied—Broken Pledges—Persecution and Arrest of Missionaries—Appeal to the Supreme Court—The Exodus of 1838—Present State of the Cherokees.

A TRAVELLER journeying across the wilds of western Georgia during the early part of the present century would, in all probability, have lighted upon the little town of Brainerd, occupied almost entirely by Red Men of the Cherokee nation, although, with the exception of the colour of their skin, there would have been little to inform him that he was in the midst of aboriginal Indians. As he approached the town, he would have seen the inhabitants busily engaged in cultivating their fields and plantations, and actively earning their sustenance by the labour of their hands. If he entered one of the neat huts of which the greater part of the town consisted, he would have seen the women, with their spinning-wheels and looms, employed in manufacturing cloth from the cotton which grew plentifully in the fields, and in making it into garments for their own and their husbands' clothing. On the hill he would have seen the mill which was grinding the corn, and in the centre of the town a school-house, with a commodious dwelling attached, standing out conspicuously. In the school the children of the Indians were taught the rudiments of the English language, and educated in the arts of civilised life; and the rapidity of their learning and the gentleness of their tempers would have reflected credit on any equal number of English children of the same age. Here, on the land which had been immemorially handed down from generation to generation of Cherokees, their descendants had been brought under the influence of Christianity, and, by the material aid afforded by the United States Government, to a state of civilisation very little, if at all, inferior to that of the white settlers whose fathers James Oglethorpe had led into the country in the previous century.

The mission, of which this settlement was one of the most visible results, was started by the American Board in the year 1803, and it received important assurances of support from the Government; the agent for Indian affairs being instructed to provide the necessary means for the erection of school-houses and workshops in the settlement, as well as for the acquisition of looms and spinning-wheels for the employment of the women.

In a few years the whole aspect of the Cherokee nation was altered, and where previously had existed only scanty communities of aboriginal hunters, now were to be seen civilised Indians settled down into numerous village communities, and exercising the arts of peace and civilisation under the protection of the United States Government. Under the assiduous care of the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, the settlement increased in size and importance, and the Board enlarged its grants, and provided not only religious instruction, but sent farmers, mechanics, and blacksmiths

in order to introduce their respective trades among the Cherokees. The success which greeted the Board's efforts at Brainerd induced them to extend their sphere of influence, so that, during the ten years ending 1827, no less than eight stations had been founded.

The United States Government had for a long time appeared anxious to do all in its power to promote the advancement of the Indians towards civilisation, and to this end had given its support to the efforts of the missionaries. At the same time its traditional policy towards the aborigines had ever been to bring about—as the whites more and more encroached upon territory occupied by them—their removal from the lands on the east of the continent to the vast stretches of land on the western side of the Mississippi. The continual exodus thus going on was always a great hindrance to attempts made to plant the Christian religion amongst them, as also to any effort, religious or otherwise, to civilise them. The sudden departure of a body of Indians, who had become reconciled to the pursuits of a settled life, to a new country where there was nothing to remind them of their civilisation, and everything to bring back fresh to their memories recollections of their former state of living, was a sore temptation to them to throw off their new-born civilisation and once more recur to their roving, hunting mode of life.

Shortly after the arrival of the missionaries among the Cherokees, it became known that the Government was working to bring about an exchange of the lands on which they were settled for wide tracts of unoccupied territory west of the great river, in Arkansas and Missouri. The Cherokees were a highly patriotic people, and possessed great affection for the land of their birth, so that when proposals were made to them by the United States Government which, though perhaps advantageous in themselves, were highly repugnant to the people at large, the idea of abandoning their country was at once scouted, and, in order to bring to bear on the Government what little influence they possessed, a deputation of twelve men was appointed to confer with the authorities at Washington. The arguments used by the Cherokees during the progress of the negotiations which took place, proved of sufficient weight with the Government to cause them to grant more favourable terms to the people than had been expected. A treaty was drawn up and signed, by which a portion of the nation agreed to emigrate to Arkansas, where lands were assigned to them, and, in consideration of the cession of the part of the country they had occupied, the remainder was secured to those who stayed behind, and solemnly guaranteed to them *for ever*. Not long after, Congress agreed to the appropriation of 10,000 dollars annually to be applied to the education and instruction of the nation.

A very rapid improvement now took place in the condition of those who still remained in Georgia. The chase was almost abandoned, and husbandry and agriculture occupied the attention of the greater part of them. In 1824 no less than 2,923 ploughs were in use, although there was scarcely a plough to be seen among them towards the end of the last century. Cattle had increased in numbers, and sixty-two blacksmiths' shops gave evidence of the technical education which the people had acquired.

Between two and three thousand spinning-wheels, and seven hundred looms, gave extensive employment to the women: and, as a consequence, little fault was to be found in the sufficiency of the native clothing, many of the wealthier Indians being, indeed, dressed fully as well as the whites. The position the women took in their respective households, and the general respect paid them, compared favourably with the previous position of inferiority they had held. There are few visible signs which are to so great a degree a criterion of the forwardness of a nation's civilisation, as the position assigned to women. As a nation of savages, the Cherokees had practised polygamy to a very large extent, but this had now become forbidden by law. There was, however, no penalty attached to the breaking of it, and the fact that there were but few people living in a polygamous state, speaks exceedingly well for the healthiness of public opinion.

To these evidences of the advance made by the Cherokees towards civilisation must be added the interesting fact that a native alphabet had been invented, and the Cherokee language committed to writing. This achievement was the result of the labours of a native named George Guess. He had heard of the practice of making symbols represent certain sounds in the English language, and it occurred to him that it would be well if he could adopt the same principle with his own. Although he copied certain signs from an English spelling-book in his possession, he had no acquaintance whatever with the English language. The course he at first pursued was that of inventing a character for each word, but, finding his vocabulary becoming so large and cumbrous, he abandoned the plan, and hit upon the idea of dividing the Cherokee words into syllables, thus making the same signs do duty in many words: in fact, he adopted the phonetic principle now so much used in shorthand. The result was an unexpected success. He found that all the sounds which the language afforded could be represented by eighty-five symbols, some being purely English letters, whilst others were of his own invention.

Guess visited Washington in 1828, in company with a deputation from the Cherokees to the United States Government, and Mr. Evarts, the secretary to the American Board, obtained an introduction to him. Of this interview he gave the following account:—"In Guess I felt a particular interest. He is very modest in appearance, a man about fifty years old, dressed in the costume of the country—that is, a hunting frock, pantaloons, moccasins, and a handkerchief tied round the head. The others were dressed as well, and appeared in every respect as well, as members of Congress generally. I asked Guess, by David Brown as an interpreter, to tell me what induced him to form an alphabet, and how he proceeded in doing it. Guess replied that he had observed that many things were found out by men and known in the world, but that this knowledge escaped, and was lost for want of some one to preserve it: that he had observed white people write things on paper, and he had seen books, and he knew that what was written down remained and was not forgotten; that he attempted therefore to fix certain marks for sounds; that he thought that if he could make things fast on the paper, it would be like catching a wild animal and taming it; that he found great difficulty in proceeding with his alphabet, as he forgot the sounds which he had assigned to marks:

that he was much puzzled about a character for the hissing sound; that when this point was settled, he proceeded easily and rapidly; that his alphabet cost him a month's study; and that he afterwards made an alphabet for the pen—that is, for speedy writing, the characters of which he wrote under the corresponding characters of the other."*

Great interest was excited amongst the Cherokees by the appearance of this syllabic alphabet, and many individuals travelled long distances in order to learn it, and to convey the knowledge they had acquired to more distant villages. So simple of acquisition was the alphabet that many were able to read the written language in a few days, and in two or three years it was in general use throughout the country, there being scarcely a village where it was not understood, although it had not been taught in any school, nor were there any books yet printed in it.

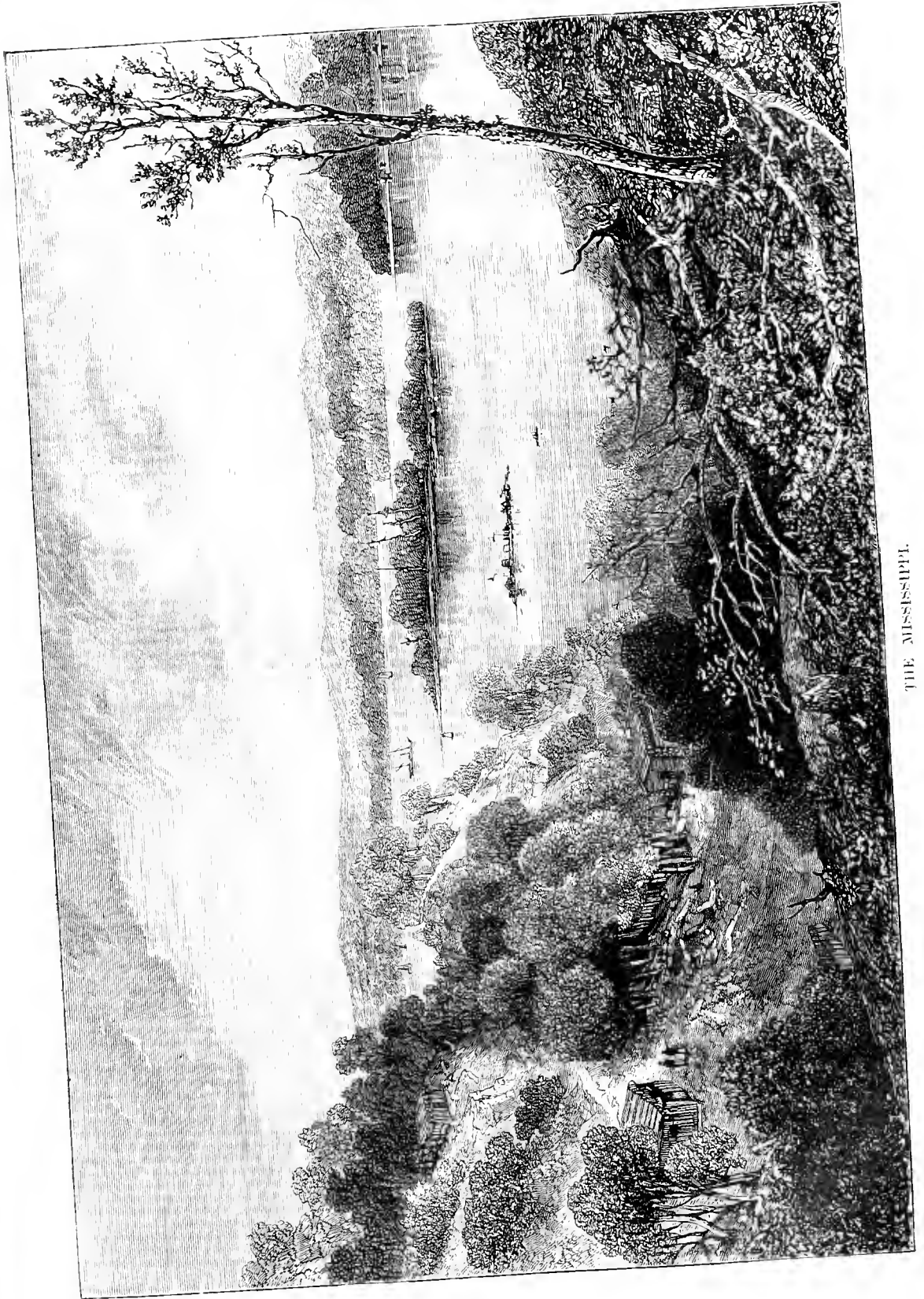
The National Council of the Cherokees eagerly recognised the importance of the new alphabet, and, after voting a medal of honour to its inventor, ordered a complete outfit of type and the furniture of a printing office, in order to disseminate as widely as possible the benefits likely to be derived from the committing of their language to writing. A prospectus was shortly after issued, stating the decision of the Council to publish a native newspaper, to be printed for the most part in Cherokee, and to be called the *Cherokee Phoenix*. This was immediately carried into effect, and the first newspaper ever produced by a tribe of North American Indians appeared, under the editorship of one of their own nation.

The Cherokees had now attained to a degree of civilisation never before reached by any of their countrymen, and what further advances might have been made had they been left unmolested in their own territory, we can only judge by these signal proofs of their intellectual capacities, and of their receptivity to ideas of Eastern cultivation. But in the midst of this prosperity, brought about largely by the religious influences which the missionaries exercised over them, rumour brought word that the United States Government was considering the advisability of removing that portion of the Cherokees from their territory who still remained east of the Mississippi. They were at this time scattered over the country in the west of Georgia, and in that part now known as the States of Alabama and Mississippi.

By treaty with the Georgians, the Government was bound, sooner or later, to obtain an exchange of lands with them, and to "acquire peaceably and on reasonable terms" the title to the lands then occupied by them. They were, however, now beginning to perceive the value of their territory, and, in order to stop the sale of their lands to the whites, their Government had passed a law punishing with death any one who should attempt to do so.

The Georgians became infuriated at what they deemed the want of energy displayed by the Government in not sooner removing the Indians, and in 1828, in opposition to all treaties which had been made with them, they issued a declaration denying the title of the Cherokees to their lands. A law was passed dividing up the country into

* Evarts' Memoirs.



THE MISSISSIPPI.

five portions, one of each of which was annexed to its neighbouring county, and the laws and regulations of the State were then extended over them. At the same time it declared that all laws and customs in vogue amongst the Indians were to become null and void, whilst no native was to be deemed a competent witness in a court of law in any case to which a white man might be a party.

Thus they were robbed of their laws, spoiled of their native government, and placed almost entirely beyond protection from the law, by those who had pledged themselves to respect their boundaries, and who had guaranteed the possession of the soil to them for ever! The same kind of treatment was meted out soon after to the Creeks, Choctaws, and other tribes occupying territory in the neighbouring States; the object in view being in each case the acquisition of the lands on which they were settled.

The missionaries of the American Board could not regard these events but with the deepest feelings of regret. The policy of the Government towards the Indians had till now been one of conciliation, and indeed the missionaries owed a great part of their funds to the support they received from Washington. It was, therefore, with great concern that they watched the development of the change which was inaugurated under the Presidency of General Jackson, who seemed only too willing to carry out the avaricious plans of the enemies of the Cherokees.

The fact was, however, that the Government was fearful lest, by going against the wishes of the whites, the Georgians might be induced to join hands with the three contiguous States in claiming the right of "nullifying," *i.e.*, of preventing the execution within the boundaries of the State of any law which might be deemed unconstitutional or injurious to its interests, although it had been passed by Congress and had been ratified by the President.

The compact of 1802, although arrived at with the object of extinguishing the Indian title to territory, and on which the Georgians insisted with much force, forbade the United States Government from removing the Cherokees unless as a result of negotiation. Treaty after treaty had acknowledged the right of the Cherokees to govern themselves, the right of possessing the free sale of their lands, and the control over all, whether white or coloured, living in their territory; and one had actually stipulated that whites should not hunt over their lands, nor even enter their country without a passport. But now all treaties were set aside. The existence of Indian tribes on the east of the Mississippi was to become a thing of the past.

Following in the footsteps of the Georgians themselves, Congress in 1830 passed an Act providing for the removal of all Indians living in the eastern States, and placed half a million of dollars in the hands of the Executive to carry out the provisions of the Act. The Georgians, finding themselves supported by Congress and the Government, proceeded to make full use of the powers given them. The law which they had passed in 1828 was strenuously acted on. The Cherokee Council was forbidden to assemble, their laws were declared repealed, and all restrictions were removed from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors: trade became paralysed, the fields were left unsown, and the uncertainty which prevailed exercised a most demoralising influence on the people.

Their lands had been pledged to them time after time by treaties and laws, and yet these were not sufficient to save them from molestation; and who could tell where they might find rest and quiet if only they were to again receive the treacherous pledges of the whites?

Many abandoned themselves to intemperance, and the Georgian Legislature, knowing that the missionaries were stationed amongst them in order to educate them, and that the more civilised they became, the more they would become attached to the soil on which they lived, passed a law requiring that all whites living in the limits of the Cherokee nation should obtain a licence from the Governor, and take an oath to uphold the laws and constitution of the State.

This the missionaries refused to do, and accordingly, in March, 1831, the Rev. Mr. Worcester, Dr. Butler, and others, were arrested by the military and conducted to Laurenceville, a hundred miles distant, where the court was sitting. They were brought before Judge Clayton, who however decided that, as the missionaries expended moneys appropriated by the United States Government for bettering the condition of the Indians, they were in a sense agents of the Government, and were therefore expressly exempted from the operation of the Act, and ordered that they should at once be discharged. This was but the commencement of the persecution to which they were to be subjected, for shortly after, on refusing to obey an order to leave the country, they were again arrested, and this time a verdict of "Guilty" was found against them. They were all sentenced to four years' imprisonment with hard labour, in the Mill-edgeville Penitentiary, although their only crime consisted in being found at the post to which they had been assigned by the United States Government, prosecuting their labours for the benefit of the Cherokees; and they had, indeed, till the last year, received its pecuniary aid, and had annually reported to it the progress which they had been making. Steps were now taken to bring the matter before the President, General Jackson, by means of a memorial, showing the origin of the mission and the support since received from the Government, and demonstrating the illegality of the action of the Georgian Government towards the Cherokees in going counter, not only to all treaties made with them, but also to the late Indian Bill itself, which expressly gave it to be understood that no part of it was to be held to warrant measures of violence towards the Indians.

Whatever hopes the Board may have rested upon this appeal to headquarters, were destined to be disappointed. The President refused to interfere, stating it as his opinion that when a State extended its laws over a people living within its boundaries, all treaties between the United States Government and the Indians became inoperative.

There was yet one tribunal to which appeal might be made, viz., the Supreme Court of Law. The case of the imprisonment of Messrs. Worcester and Butler was now, therefore, brought before it, and the result was an undoubted triumph for the missionaries. The Chief Justice issued a mandate declaring that the law of Georgia, under which they were imprisoned, was "contrary to the constitution, treaties, and laws of the United States," and ordered that the missionaries should be at once set at liberty. No time was lost in bringing this mandate before the judge who had sentenced

them, but neither the court, nor the Governor, to whom appeal was afterwards made, would entertain the thought of obeying the mandate of the Supreme Court. The two missionaries therefore remained in prison, but the consequent espousal of their cause by the Supreme Court, in whose hands it now remained to enforce its mandate on the Georgians, bade fair to bring about a crisis in the relations between the local Government



PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

and that of the United States. If the missionaries persisted in their suit, there was every probability that unless Congress was willing to enforce the will of the Supreme Court of Law upon the Georgians by force of arms, the authority of that Court would be crippled, and considerable loss of prestige would be the result. Both parties appeared now to realise the pass to which the persecution of the missionaries had brought their Governments, and whilst neither was inclined to give way, both saw the likelihood of a rupture which might end in the Georgians being provoked to withdraw from the Union.

Great efforts were therefore made by both sides to induce the missionaries not to press the matter further, in order that the Act of the Supreme Court should not be put to the test at a time when difficulties were being experienced with the neighbouring State of South Carolina, since this State had also rebelled against the action of the Federal Government in its attempt to enforce a new revenue law. A letter was written to the Prudential Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions offering, on "informal authority, in behalf of the Government of Georgia," that if the Committee "will station the missionaries anywhere beyond the limits of Georgia, they shall be immediately discharged, 'in a manner which shall not attach to them the reproach of pardoned criminals;'" and in behalf of the Government of the United States, that the relief which the consent of the Prudential Committee to the foregoing proposition will give to the constituted authorities of Georgia, by enabling her, in the most efficient manner, to come to the support of the Government and laws of the United States, *will be gratefully acknowledged*, and that the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions *will possess the confidence, and will largely partake of the appropriations of the general government for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians.*"

Thus those who had persecuted became the suppliants, and those who had been so bitterly opposed to the Indians, were compelled in terms of gratitude to acknowledge their indebtedness to the friends of the Indians in withdrawing a suit, which, if persisted in, might have entailed such serious consequences. The obnoxious law was repealed by the Georgians, and on the Government receiving an intimation that the missionaries were willing to withdraw the suit, they were set at liberty, after having been confined for sixteen months. They immediately proceeded to their former stations, and resumed their labours among the Cherokees.

The people were still as much as ever resolved not to emigrate until forced to remove, and consequently steps were taken by the Government to provide means for a forcible mustering of the people into bands and starting them on their journey to the Arkansas. The Cherokee territory was surveyed, and divided into lots of 160 acres each, and then distributed by lottery amongst the citizens of Georgia, whilst at the same time provision was made for the payment of the value of any house or field upon it to the owner by the winner of the lot.

Memorials were presented to the President, and deputations continually passed between Washington and the Cherokees, but little impression was made on the Government by those employed to speak on their behalf. A party had arisen among them who saw the futility of further opposing the will of the United States, and who were inclined at once to make as good terms as possible with the Government. With these a treaty was agreed upon, by which the Cherokees, in exchange for the whole of their territory, were to receive 5,000,000 dollars and the expenses of their removal, together with sufficient to sustain them one year after their arrival west of the Mississippi.

This treaty was bitterly opposed by the majority of the nation. They said, "We feel it due to ourselves frankly to state that the Cherokee people do not and will not recognise the obligation of the instrument of December, 1835. We reject all its terms: we will receive none of its benefits. If it is to be enforced upon us, it will be by your

superior strength. We shall offer no resistance; but our *voluntary* assent never will be yielded. We are aware of the consequences; but while suffering them in all their bitterness, we shall submit our cause to an all-wise and just God, in whose providence it is to maintain the cause of suffering innocence and unprotected feebleness."

On the strength of the treaty, however, preparations were made for their removal, and forts were built to guard against any opposition that might arise. May 23rd, 1838, was fixed upon as the day when the troops were to commence operations. When the day arrived, few had made any preparation, and families were turned out wholesale from their houses and farms, and collected into bodies ready for their long march to the Arkansas country. For a period of ten months the work of emigration went on, and during this period 10,000 people, divided into fourteen companies, travelled a distance of six or seven hundred miles: old and young, male and female, sick and healthy—none were spared; all were compelled to seek a new home away in the west. Before starting, some of the companies were detained for a considerable time in their encampments, during which they remained idle and were exposed to every kind of evil and temptation which proximity to the whites afforded. Often without sufficient tent accommodation, they were greatly exposed to the inclemency of the severe winter of 1838-39, and many besides were very inadequately clothed. The result was a terrible mortality among them, not less than one-fourth of the whole dying on the journey, this being on an average twelve deaths a day.

The work of the mission was greatly deranged by the embarrassed state of the political affairs of the Indians; and when the missionaries were arrested and imprisoned, some of the stations became neglected and abandoned. Under the system of lottery by which the land was distributed, the premises at two of the mission stations were taken possession of by the men who had drawn the lots containing them, and the Board suffered considerable loss therefrom. The Cherokees, too, now imbibed a deep prejudice against the Christian religion. They found themselves robbed and despoiled of their most sacred and undisputed rights by a nation professing to be Christian! They saw that those who taught them were themselves American citizens, and as such, were partly responsible for the injuries done to them. The result was that a spirit of laxity grew up among the Church members, and caused many to fall back into heathenism and superstition. Their own political condition occupied attention to such an engrossing extent, that little heed was paid to religion, and the morals of the people suffered accordingly.

The Cherokees were not left entirely without Christian teachers on their arrival in the new country. Some of the missionaries followed them, and continued to labour in their midst as they had done before the migration. The Indians were beginning to appreciate more and more the power exercised by those who had received a good education, and who were thus able to meet the whites on something like equal grounds. The desire of the people to educate their children increased in an astonishing manner. The schools instituted by that part of the nation which had immigrated twenty years before, became filled to their utmost capacity. Many others were therefore established, and the written Cherokee language was largely disseminated by means of

them. A general Government was now organised by representatives from both the new and the old immigrants, and although considerable friction occurred at first between the two parties, matters were at length satisfactorily arranged, and the Government was placed upon a firm basis.

A Cherokee Temperance Society has since been started, and has met with a large amount of success. The chiefs have recognised that their only hope of perpetuating their race, is vigorously to forbid the importation of "fire-water," and the sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited by law. Education has advanced with rapid strides. The schools are maintained at the expense of the nation, and grants are received occasionally from the United States Government. Some of the more wealthy Indians have, indeed, sent their children to schools of a higher order in the eastern cities. We now again see the Cherokees giving hopes of a promising future, full of energy, and most anxious to prove themselves worthy citizens of the United States. There is every possibility that, under just treatment, and respect for the engagements which have been made with them, they may prove of incalculable assistance in upholding the authority of the law in the West. Most of the trouble experienced with the Indians has been admittedly caused by the non-fulfilment on the part of the American Government of treaties which they have made with them. It remains, therefore, to be seen, whether now at last the Government is alive to the duty which it owes to them, or whether the old policy of persecution and extermination is still to remain in the ascendant.

XV.—IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PERSIA, KASHMIR, AND AFGHANISTAN.

The Brethren Hocker and Rueffer—A Caravan Journey—Attacked by the Kurds—Hordes of Robbers—A Fruitless Expedition—Henry Martyn at Shiraz—Discussions with the Mollahs—The Shah of Persia—Death of Martyn—The Nestorians—Perkins and Grant—The Great Persian Famine—Kashmir—Srinagur—William Elmslie and the Medical Mission—A Melancholy Journey—Afghanistan—Peshawur and the Guest House.

COUNT ZINZENDORF, as we have said, saw in prophetic vision the Persian, as well as the Mongol, brought to the foot of the Cross; and it was not long before two of his followers essayed to realise the pious dream. In 1747 two of the Brethren—Christian F. W. Hocker, physician, and J. Rueffer, surgeon—set out with the intention of preaching the Gospel to the Gaures of Persia, commonly regarded in Christendom as the descendants of the Magi who brought “gold, and frankincense, and myrrh” to the cradle at Bethlehem. The Gaures, or Guebres, or Parsees, were the followers of Zoroaster, and worshipped fire as the symbol of the Supreme Being.

Eager to carry the message of salvation to these people, the two Brethren reached Aleppo, where they heard fearful tidings of the anarchy and misery then prevalent in Persia. They were strongly advised not to attempt to enter the country during the existing state of things. They heard how Nadir Shah had been extorting money from Jews and Armenians, and burning some of them by way of encouraging the others to give up their treasures. Then came the news that the tyrant had sacked Ispahan, and that at Kerman, the chief city of the Gaures, he had built up three great pyramids of men’s heads. Hocker was at first inclined to retire to Bussorah and wait for better times, but Rueffer persuaded his companion to come with him at least to Bagdad, whence they might turn back to Bussorah if they found that, by the course of events, entrance into Persia was absolutely barred against them.

Accordingly, the two Brethren supplied themselves with a couple of camels and an assortment of such things as were needful for their expedition, and joined themselves to a caravan which, with 1,500 camels, was just starting from Aleppo for the East. For a fortnight they journeyed with this great company across the barren desert. Each day they toiled on from sunrise till noon, and then, after partaking of coffee, pushed forward again till sunset. At Cowis they left the caravan, and, in company with four Jews, reached Bagdad, where they met with another caravan just about to start for Persia.

Rejoicing at the opportunity for pressing forward towards the goal of their enterprise, Hocker and Rueffer joined this company, which was under the protection of some fifty or sixty armed men. The journey was long and toilsome, and the route lay through a region where all law and order had given place to violence and outrage. One day the caravan had to cross a large hill and wind along a valley on the



A HALT IN THE HAURAN DESERT.

other side. At the entrance to the valley the soldiers waited to see if the caravan got across the ridge safely, when suddenly, while the great company were still crossing, there was a hideous outcry, and two hundred Kurd warriors appeared upon the scene. Many of these were on horseback, fully armed with sabres and javelins; others were on foot, wielding clubs. The armed guards, who had been paid to protect the caravan, contented themselves with firing a few shots, and then retreated. The rearmost stragglers, amongst whom were our two missionaries, became an easy prey to the robbers. Hocker was pierced in the back by a javelin, and presently afterwards was stabbed in the right side; but from neither of these wounds did he receive any material injury. He fell down the side of the hill, and the robber rushed after him and struck at his face, wounding him on the chin. Many of the travellers had their chins and ears completely cut off. Hocker's assailant took all his money from him, and also most of his clothes. He was running away in his trousers and shirt, when he received on the back of the neck a blow which rendered him for a time insensible. When he came to himself he found that he had been again robbed; his boots and trousers were gone, and he had nothing left on him but his shirt and drawers in which to walk fifteen miles to the nearest habitation. Footsore, exhausted, and half roasted by the sun, he managed to drag his weary limbs to this resting-place, where he found a great many of his fellow-sufferers prostrate with fatigue, hunger, and thirst. Here, too, he found his companion Rueffer, who had been completely stripped, but was otherwise uninjured. Two kindly disposed Persians supplied the missionaries with a few garments, and took them to a house where they were regaled with a supper of bread and grapes. Rueffer, through his long exposure, was covered with blisters, and for several nights he could not close his eyes on account of the intense suffering.

When the caravan resumed its journey, Hocker and Rueffer walked on safely beside it, but in less than a week another robber horde came swooping down upon the caravan. Our poor missionaries had not much to lose, but when the merciless marauders had done their work, Hocker had a torn pair of drawers left, and Rueffer an old waistcoat. As destitute outcasts, they managed to get bread and water given them, but their sufferings were pitiful in the extreme. Hocker became ill, and was thankful to be allowed to rest for a few nights in a stable. They got some stuff to cover themselves—a mixture of horsehair and cotton, which sadly tormented their sore and emaciated bodies—and at length were enabled, in spite of their hardships, to reach Ispahan. The Roman Catholic fathers, who had long had a restricted mission here, were very friendly, and the English Resident, Mr. Pierson, took them to his house, provided them with clothing, and hospitably ministered to all their necessities.

But Mr. Pierson earnestly dissuaded them from going any further in search of the Gaures. All over the country there was anarchy and distress. Nadir Shah and the Afghans had plundered Kernan, and had laid waste the whole district inhabited by the Gaures. These had been a good, honest, industrious people, but they were now for the most part either massacred or expelled. All the roads were infested with gangs of robbers, such as those of whose unscrupulous brutality they had already had such

cruel experience: and there was not the slightest chance of their getting among the people they wanted to preach to, or of their doing any good if they even got to the locality where the Gaures had once flourished. On the other hand, they might settle at Ispahan as medical men, with a very good prospect of success in their profession. But the two Brethren declined the tempting offer: if they could not accomplish the work for which they had been set apart, they would return to Cairo and there wait for instructions from the Brethren at Herrnhut.

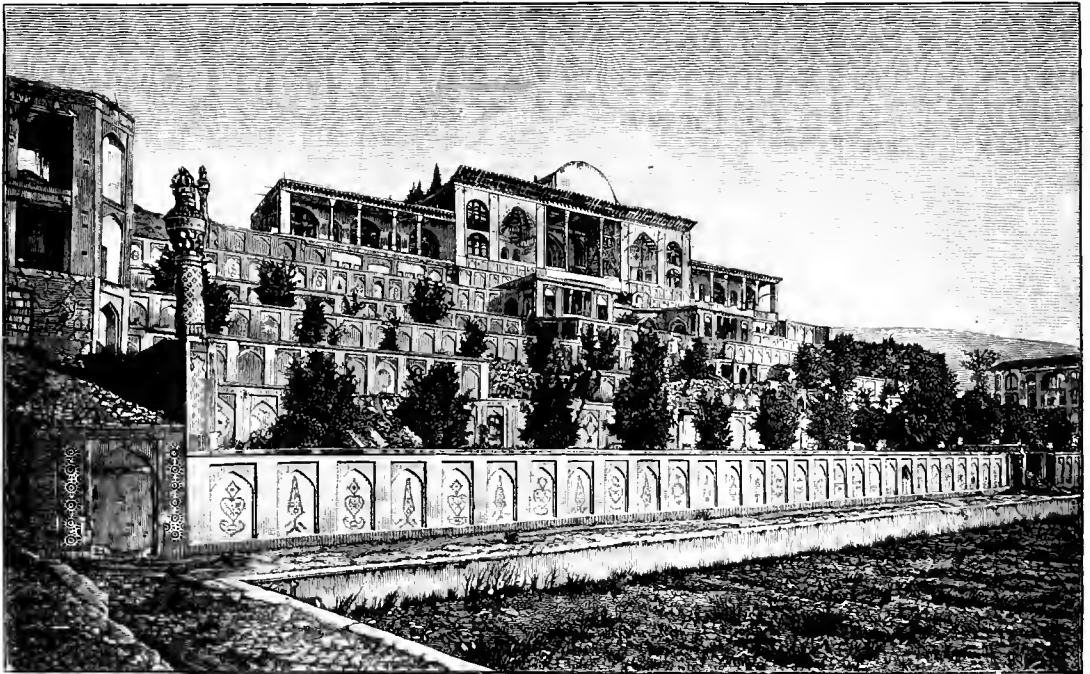
In June, 1748, they left Ispahan to begin their homeward journey, but robbers soon attacked their caravan, and for the third time Hocker and Rueffler were robbed of every farthing they possessed and most of their clothes. For the rest of the journey they had to depend for the means of living on what they could borrow from fellow-travellers who had been less unfortunate. When they arrived at Bender-Buscher, in rags and deeply in debt, they would probably have been sold into slavery to satisfy their creditors, had not the Dutch consul discharged all their obligations, and sent them forward to Bussorah. Thence they proceeded into Egypt, where Rueffler died at Damietta. Hocker returned, in 1750, to Europe, after three years' absence, to tell the story of disaster to the Brethren at Herrnhut.

More than sixty years passed by before a missionary was again seen in Persia. Persian was the court language of India, and, indeed, as a literary language, was so well known amongst the upper classes, that a Persian Bible was urgently needed for the effective carrying on of the Indian Mission. The saintly Henry Martyn, whose career is more fully detailed in another chapter, undertook the task, and saw that he could accomplish it more successfully at Shiraz—"the Athens of Persia"—than at Calcutta. In January, 1811, he went by sea to Bombay and thence to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. His health was already shattered by illness and hard work when he thus went forth alone to his labour of love. In gratitude for the English intervention which had preserved his territory from Russian encroachments, Fath 'Ali was receiving envoys and travellers at his capital, when Martyn reached Bushire, and was hospitably entertained by an English merchant and his Armenian wife.

But, although the monarch was liberal in his views, the people of Persia, so long closely shut in from foreign influence, were not likely to let a traveller in European dress pass through the country unmolested; so Martyn had to be rigged out in baggy blue trousers, red boots, and a coat of chintz, the whole surmounted by a tall conical cap of black lambskin. He had also whilst at Bushire to cultivate his beard and moustaches, and learn how to make a meal by helping himself to handfuls of rice from the common dish. The Armenians of Bushire made much of him during his stay; the ladies came in a body to kiss his hand, and at divine service the priests placed him beside the altar and incensed him four times over, "for the honour of our order," as they explained—not, however, by any means to Martyn's gratification.

He met with an English officer who wanted to go to Shiraz, and a muleteer contracted to take them and their belongings to that city. Their route lay amongst the mountain paths which the hosts of Alexander found so frightful. Only by night was it possible to travel in that cloudless region, while by day they lay in their tents,

covered with heavy clothes to keep the moisture of their bodies from drying up too rapidly in the scorching air, and with wet cloths about their heads. Even then Martyn described his sensations as "a fire within my head, my skin like a cinder, the pulse violent." From 126° at noonday the temperature fell towards evening to 100° , and then it was needful to turn out and mount the ponies, which safely carried the travellers, half-asleep, up steep mountain paths and along the edges of awful ravines. Martyn often had a confused notion of passing grand scenery, but was totally unable to rouse himself to admire it. Even before he left India, symptoms of consumption—



TERRACED GARDENS OF SHIRAZ.

the hereditary disease of his family—had begun to manifest themselves. By degrees, the travellers emerged from the scorched-up region that belts the Persian Gulf, into a land of clear flowing waters and beautiful valleys, where they rested to recruit their strength before passing on to Shiraz, which they reached safely. They brought letters of introduction to Jaffier Ali Khan, a Persian gentleman, who received them with the utmost cordiality. Belonging to the philosophical sect of the Soofees, an intellectual offshoot of the Shirte Mohammedanism of Persia, he was very glad to welcome a European theologian, for the Soofee professes to be a ceaseless searcher after truth, and argument is the delight of his existence. Jaffier Ali Khan also introduced Martyn to Merza Seid Ali, a learned man, who agreed to help in the translation of the Bible, and proved of great use in helping to present the Scriptures in a clear and scholarly form to the refined intellect of Persia.

Sir Gore Ouseley, the English Ambassador at Shiraz, introduced Martyn to Prince Abbar Mirza, the heir to the crown. Our missionary had to put on red cloth stockings and high-heeled shoes, and march into the Palace with the rest of the Ambassador's suite. A hundred fountains started into life at the moment they entered the great court, and when they reached the audience-hall they had to sit in line on the ground with their hats on, facing the Prince, who conversed only with the Ambassador.

Martyn's time was mostly filled up with translating, but he had to spend long and weary hours in discussion with Soofees and with Mollahs from the Mosques, although it was evident that his antagonists only came for the intellectual exercise, and the long disputations were apparently of no real profit to any one. But the bread cast upon the waters was found after many days. Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his "Travels in Persia, Armenia," &c., mentions how earnestly he was asked on his journey, by some Persians, whether he was acquainted with "the man of God." "He came here," they said, "in the midst of us, sat down encircled by our wise men, and made such remarks upon our Koran as cannot be answered. We want to know more about his religion, and the book that he left among us."

A further instance of Martyn's influence at this time may be given here:—"A writer in the *Asiatic Journal* has mentioned the case of an interesting and accomplished man, called Mahomed Rahem, whom he met at Shiraz, and who for years had been secretly a Christian. On inquiry, it turned out that he had been led to change his religious opinions in consequence, as he said, of the teaching of 'a beardless youth enfeebled by disease,' who had visited their city in the year 1223 of the Hegira, and encountered their Mollahs with great ability and forbearance. He then described a farewell visit which he had paid to the young missionary before his departure from Shiraz, and said: 'That visit sealed my conversion. He gave me a book; it has been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation: its contents have consoled me.' He showed the book. It was the New Testament in Persian, and on one of the blank leaves was written, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—Henry Martyn.' There is no mention of Mahomed Rahem in Martyn's Memoir, but he was probably one of those young men who, as he says, came from the College 'full of zeal and logic' to try him with hard questions."*

During the hottest part of the summer of 1811, Henry Martyn was working with much enjoyment in a tent provided for him by Jaffier Ali amongst the orange-



HENRY MARTYN.

* Walsh's "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field."

trees of a garden outside Shiraz. He was living, he says, "among clusters of grapes, by the side of a clear stream." By way of relaxation he paid a visit to the ruins of Persepolis. His escort was sorely puzzled by his wanting to go to an uninhabited spot, but accounted for it at last by supposing that he wanted to drink brandy free from observation!

On January 1st, 1812, Martyn made an entry in his journal as follows:—"The present year will probably be a perilous one, but my life is of little consequence, whether I live to finish the Persian New Testament, or do not. I look back with pity and shame on my former self, and on the importance I then attached to my life and labours. The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them. Coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of men. I am sick when I look at man, and his wisdom, and his doings, and am relieved only by reflecting that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of *His* works is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf or a straw makes me feel myself in good company. Complacency and admiration take the place of disgust."

The Persian New Testament and Psalms were completed by April. There had been no opportunity for real mission-work in Shiraz, but it is evident that his co-worker, Seid Ali, had learned something of the nature of true religion in Martyn's company. On the eve of the latter's departure, Seid Ali remarked to him, "Though a man had no other religious society, I suppose he might, with the aid of the Bible, live alone with God."

We certainly shall not debate the subject here; but it should be mentioned that some of Martyn's biographers, writing in calm safety, have blamed him because he permitted Seid Ali to rest in inward faith, instead of counselling him to make the open confession which would have meant certain death.

The Shah of Persia was in his camp at Tabriz, and thither Martyn went in May with his translation. He was not allowed to see the Shah, but the Vizier and two Mollahs, of the fiercest and most ignorant type, gave him audience. There was a long discussion between the English minister and the two Mohammedan zealots, and at length the Vizier intervened and counselled Martyn to give in.

"You had better say 'God is God, and Mahomet is His prophet.'"

"God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God," said Martyn.

"He is neither born nor begets," shrieked the Mollahs in a rage.

One of them added, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for blasphemy?"

It was useless to wait longer at Tabriz, and, disappointed and weary, Henry Martyn returned to his kind friends, Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley, who nursed him through the ague and fever which resulted from his toilsome journey of a thousand miles.

Martyn rose from that severe illness with renewed hope and aspirations. He would go home to England for a season, and then return to his work in India, bringing with him, as his bride, Lydia Grenfell, who had been patiently waiting down in Cornwall for eight long years, and to whom he wrote on August 28th a letter full of hope. He

kept up his diary during his journey till he got to Tocat. There he made his last entry, which is as follows:—

“October 6th.—No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my company, my Friend and Comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, there shall in nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.”

The plague was raging at Tocat, and Henry Martyn, with no European near him at the time, died there a few days after making the above entry—but whether of the prevalent disease or of some other complaint is not known. He was buried in the sand beside a mountain stream, and on the slab of stone that covered his grave was inscribed, by the ignorant men who knew so little of the greatness of the heroic man who had come amongst them, the name, “*William Martyn.*” Later on his remains were removed to the mission cemetery, and a handsome monument bears this inscription:—

REV. HENRY MARTYN, M.A.,
 CHAPLAIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,
 BORN AT TRURO, IN ENGLAND, ON THE 18TH FEBRUARY, 1781;
 DIED AT TOCAT, ON THE 16TH OCTOBER, 1812.
 HE LABOURED FOR MANY YEARS IN THE EAST, STRIVING TO BENEFIT MANKIND,
 BOTH FOR THIS WORLD AND FOR THAT TO COME.
 HE TRANSLATED THE HOLY SCRIPTURES INTO HINDUSTANI AND PERSIAN,
 AND MADE IT HIS GREAT OBJECT
 TO PROCLAIM TO ALL MEN THE GOD AND SAVIOUR
 OF WHOM THEY TESTIFY.
 HE WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED IN THE COUNTRIES WHERE HE WAS KNOWN
 AS “A MAN OF GOD.”
 MAY TRAVELLERS OF ALL NATIONS, AS THEY STOP ASIDE
 AND LOOK ON THIS MONUMENT,
 BE LED TO HONOUR, LOVE, AND SERVE THE GOD AND SAVIOUR OF
 THIS DEVOTED MISSIONARY!

Men and women of all ranks, creeds, and countries mourned the loss of this intrepid hero of the Cross, to whose memory Lord Macaulay wrote the following epitaph:—

“Here Martyn lies! In manhood’s early bloom
 The Christian hero found a pagan tomb;
 Religion, sorrowing o’er her favourite son,
 Points to the glorious trophies which he won—
 Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
 Not stained with tears by hopeless captives shed,
 But trophies of the Cross; for that dear Name
 Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
 Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
 Where danger, death, and shame are known no more.”

A score of years passed by, and again heralds of the Cross were seen entering Persia. Two travellers on horseback (the Rev. J. Perkins and his devoted wife) journeyed from

Trebizond to Erzeroum, and thence to Tabriz. They were sent out by the Presbyterian churches of distant New England, mainly for religious effort amongst the debased descendants of the once famous and flourishing Nestorian churches. After surmounting many hindrances and harassing obstacles, they were met by help from the English Embassy, and the courageous woman who had accomplished seven hundred miles on horseback was carried forward in a taktrawan, a sort of litter borne by mules. Three days after reaching Tabriz the lady was confined, and her life was despaired of; but the English residents (including three physicians) were unremitting in their kindness and attentions. Mr. Perkins, for the help rendered in various ways during a time of severe trial, ever after cherished a grateful affection for the English people. He



PERSIAN MOLLAH.



PERSIAN WOMEN

remained nearly two years at Tabriz, till in 1835 Dr. Grant was sent out to his help, and the mission was established at Urumiah, beside the lake of the same name. It was a lovely, fertile region, ever smiling beneath skies of unclouded brightness, and with the air cooled by refreshing breezes. But the climate was treacherous and unhealthy, and fever and ophthalmia abounded in the homes of the country people. The lake was salt, and it was said that in its briny waters no fish could live, and that, like the Dead Sea, no man could sink beneath its surface.

In this district the venerable remnant of the ancient Nestorian Church was principally located. It was in the fifth century of our era that the Syrian Bishop Nestorius stood forth manfully to protest against the growing cult of the Virgin Mary, under the new title, "Mother of God." Through the influence of Cyril of Alexandria (the crafty and ambitious ecclesiastic who has been so well portrayed by Charles Kingsley), Nestorius was, at the Council of Ephesus, excommunicated as a heretic.

He died in exile, but the Syrian Christians remained loyal to their revered and persecuted bishop. The Nestorians became the dominant sect of Mesopotamia, and in their famous school at Edessa many Persian Christians were educated. From the seventh to the thirteenth centuries the Nestorian missions of Central and Eastern



FAMILY OF NESTORIANS.

Asia were active and flourishing. Gibbon states that under the rule of the Caliphs the Nestorian churches were found in all lands from Cyprus to China. The number of their adherents was vast, but there is reason to believe that the policy of grafting one religion on to another, instead of superseding it—a policy which has always found favour in Asia—was largely practised. Their churches are now mostly extinct, a mere remnant still residing in the Urmiah district and in the mountains of Kurdistan.

Perkins and Grant found the religion of these people to be of a more scriptural

and simple character than that of either the Roman, Greek, or Armenian Churches—image-worship, auricular confession, and the doctrine of purgatory being alike unknown amongst them. But their ignorance on many points was deplorable. Dr. Grant thought they must be a remnant of the Lost Ten Tribes, but further investigation did not support this theory: the good doctor was merely cherishing an illusion which seems to have a peculiar attractiveness for religious explorers. A formal worship was all that the Nestorians had retained of their ancient faith. They had about 170 fasts, upon which they pursued their callings, and as many festivals, when all work was abandoned for gross indulgence. They were excessive drinkers and inveterate liars, and profane swearing was universal. Oaths came as a matter of course, from the lips of the grey-haired sire or of the child just learning to talk. Apparently deriving no living power and no comfort from their religion, they yet upheld the name of Jesus in the midst of a people who reviled them as unclean dogs, and often despoiled them of their property.

Both by Mohamunedans and Nestorians the missionaries seem to have been treated with great kindness and respect. The eyes of the people were so far opened as to see their own gross ignorance, and even bishops and priests came gladly to be taught in the school that was set up, while the missionaries were allowed to preach freely in the churches. In course of time numerous schools were opened in the villages, and many of the taught became teachers.

After six years of patient labour in the Urumiah district, Grant resolved to cross the frontier, and visit Julamertt, the metropolis of the independent Nestorians of Kurdistan, although he had been strongly advised not to attempt to penetrate this wild district, and had been warned that his life would be in danger. But the doctor was resolute and sanguine, and thus describes his sensations as he approached Lezan, the first of the independent Nestorian villages:—

“I set off at an early hour in the morning, and after a toilsome ascent of an hour and a half I found myself at the summit of the mountain, where a scene indescribably grand was spread out before me. The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision like a vast amphitheatre of wild precipitous mountains broken with deep, dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the cheerful smiling villages, which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church, the home of a hundred thousand Christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts, whose lofty snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. I retired to a sequestered pinnacle of a rock, where I could feast my eyes on the sublime spectacle, and pour out my heartfelt gratitude that I had been brought at length, through so many perils, to behold a country from which emanated the brightest beams of hope for the long benighted empire of Mohammedan delusion, by whose millions of votaries I was surrounded on every side.”

Some time before, a blind youth dwelling among these mountains had heard of Dr. Grant's medical fame, and had managed to make his way from village to village

down into the Urumiah district. There Dr. Grant had cured him of cataract, and he was one of the first to meet the restorer of his sight and welcome him to the mountain fastnesses. The doctor found these independent Nestorians—many of whom had heard of him—very friendly, and he tarried amongst them for some time.

In 1843 war broke out between the Kurds and the Nestorians. Killing, burning, and destroying, the Kurd marauders went from village to village, leaving everywhere a scene of massacre and ruin. Dr. Grant, therefore, moved on to Mosul, where the missionaries, who had from time to time arrived to help in the work, were located. Here he was attacked by typhus fever and died.

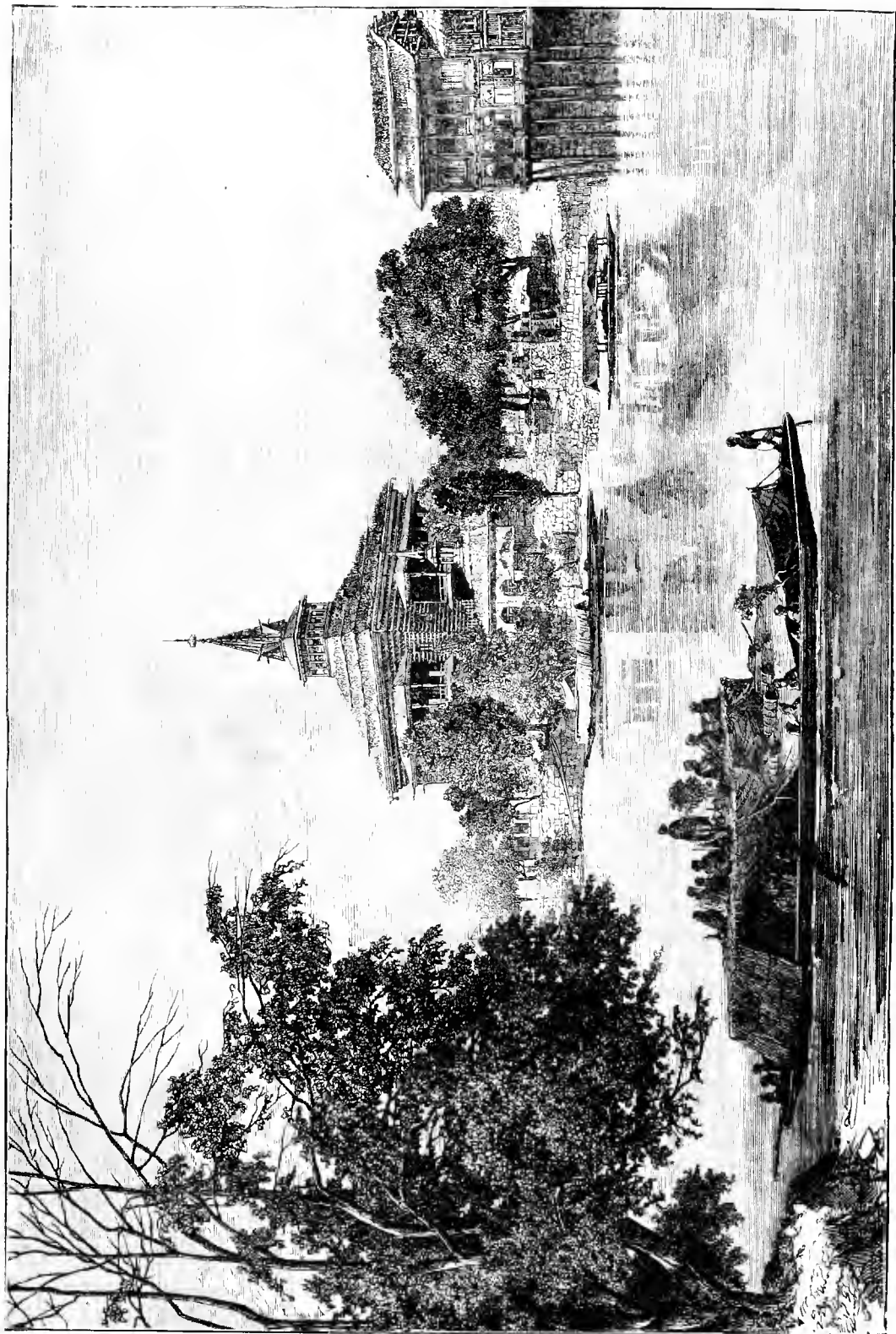
During the three weeks' struggle with the fever, all classes seemed anxiously watching. The French consul and the Turkish authorities were constant in their inquiries; and when all was over, the Nestorian Patriarch, Mar Shimon, who had fled from the mountains to Mosul, exclaimed—"My country and my people are gone; now Dr. Grant is also taken, and there remains nothing to me but God."

By various missionaries, acting under the American Board, the schools and other works in this district were maintained, and a printing press was kept in operation. We must not omit to mention that Dr. Grant translated the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" into the Syriac language.

When the Persian New Testament, which had been the crowning labour of Henry Martyn's life, came to be used by the missionaries in India, it was soon found that its many imperfections considerably detracted from its usefulness. It remained, however, the only available translation till 1868, when the Rev. R. Bruce set to work to make a new one. He was on his way home from India, when he halted in Persia to study the language more thoroughly. He settled at Julfa, near Ispahan, and from year to year obtained leave to stay; occupying his time mainly in translating, but occasionally in preaching and teaching, with the result that a few converts from Mohammedanism were baptised by him.

In 1871-72 came that terrible Persian famine, of which such appalling accounts were published. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were enabled to feed 7,000 persons with the £16,000 placed in their hands by Christian sympathisers in England and Germany. There was a permanent outcome of this effort in the shape of an Orphanage, and the influence of Mr. Bruce and his wife was of course largely extended.

After a visit to England in 1875, Mr. Bruce returned as the recognised agent of the Church Missionary Society. He was met sixteen miles from Julfa by forty horsemen, Armenians, Jews, and Persians, who escorted him to his home. He had many difficulties to contend with; his schools were more than once closed by authority. On one occasion the Shah's son, the Prince-Governor, came to the institution in a very gracious mood, and professed himself well pleased with all that he saw going on. "From to-day this school is my school," he condescended to say; "you must call it after me, and if any one troubles you again, I will burn his father for him!" But the prince was very variable, and not long afterwards he stopped the building which was going forward, and connived at other annoyances. The Armenian and



SRINAGUR: THE MOSQUE.

Romish monks, who each had establishments here, put great difficulties in the way, even going so far as to assault and bastinado one or two of Mr. Bruce's adherents. Unfortunately the lives of some professed Christians residing in Persia were not such as to commend their religion to the favourable notice of the people; but, in spite of all these and other difficulties, Mr. Bruce's work gradually increased in extent and importance.

"We all know," said a Persian poet to him, "that before the end comes, Christianity will spread all over the world, and there are signs now that that time is near." Mr. Bruce asked, "What signs?" "Well, your being here is one of them." "Why, what am I doing?" said Mr. Bruce. "Ah! we all know what you are here for."

A near relative of the Shah on one occasion suddenly exclaimed, "Bruce, I have good news for you. Fifty years hence lots of the Persians will become Christians!" "How is that good news for me?" said Mr. Bruce; "I shall be dead long before that time." "Never mind," said the Persian, "the seed you are sowing will not be in vain."

A decided step in advance was taken when the Rev. Dr. E. F. Hoernole came out as a medical missionary, and a Dispensary was established. In 1883 Bishop French of Lahore, who wanted to see for himself what was being done by the Christian missionaries in this historic land, arrived at Bushire, and, following in the footsteps of Henry Martyn, passed through the rocky defiles to Shiraz. Thence he proceeded to Julfa, and was delighted at the cordial greeting he received from the numerous bands that came out to welcome him. During this visit sixty-seven converts received the rite of confirmation from the episcopal hands, and one Armenian was received into holy orders. As an agent for the Bible Society, Dr. Bruce has accomplished a great deal; his colporteurs have penetrated far and wide, and the people have been gradually leavened with a knowledge of the Scriptures.

There are said to be about a hundred thousand persons in Persia who consider themselves to belong to the new sect of the "Baabees." In their tenets Christianity, Islam, and Soofee are strangely mingled. They acknowledge that our Lord was divine, and that He is the Light—the Sun of Righteousness—but they declare that the founder of their sect, Beha, is also Christ. For holding these views many have been martyred. They show great friendliness towards Christians, and are willing to read any Christian literature that is placed before them.

But it is time for us to leave Persia: and, merely adding that the Christian flock at Julfa has increased to over two hundred, of whom half are communicants, we turn to another region of Central Asia.

Girt about by the mountain fastnesses which help to make up the frontier ramparts of India, lies the region so renowned in Eastern song and story as the "Vale of Cashmere." Kashmir (as it is more correctly designated) has been alternately a stronghold of Buddhism, of Brahmanism, and of Islam, and to the devout Hindoo every portion of the valley is holy ground. The so-called valley is really a diversified plateau, with hills that rise higher and higher till they mingle with the lowering heights that

surround the whole region. Across Kashmir flows the Jhelum River, and for two miles along its banks stands Srinagur, the City of the Sun, with its seven bridges spanning the broad river. For twelve hundred years Srinagur has seen its idol fanes reflected back from the clear waters of its lake and river; but only during the last quarter of a century has an effort been made to plant the standard of the Cross in this smiling land of poetry and romance.

In 1863 a visit was paid to Srinagur by two of the Lahore missionaries, with a view to future effort. In the following year the Rev. R. Clark and his wife rented a house in the city, and began to talk in a quiet way to any one who was disposed to listen to them. The result was a tumult. A mob of over a thousand persons came to the house, pelted it with stones, and threatened to set it on fire. The few inquirers who dared to come to see the missionaries were molested; one of them, Husn Shah, who persisted in coming, was beaten and imprisoned, with logs of wood fastened to his limbs. Mrs. Clark had considerable medical skill, and as many as eighty patients were in daily attendance on her when the month of October came, and, in accordance with the law as it then stood, all Europeans had to leave Kashmir for the six winter months.

As it had become evident that there was no opening in Kashmir for mission-work except in connection with the treatment of the sick, the Church Missionary Society resolved to establish a medical mission at Srinagur, and inquiries were made for a suitable person to send out for the work. They found him at the Cowgate Dispensary of the Edinburgh Medical Mission Society, panting for a wider field of service. William Jackson Elmslie was born in 1832 at Aberdeen, his mother being a spiritually minded woman of considerable intellectual power. With a view to bettering their circumstances, the family came up to London; but they did not prosper: the father became ill, and then the mother was prostrated with typhus fever of a malignant character. A day came when their only servant fled in dismay, and the child of eight was alone with the two helpless ones, his mother becoming alarmingly worse. He ran into the street with a vague idea of finding the doctor, but knew not which way to turn or where to go. "God help me!" he exclaimed; and his prayer was answered. A passer-by heard the words, made inquiries, and introduced the child to a doctor, who became a true friend to the family, and, after helping them to regain their health, aided them in getting back amongst their own people in the "Granite City."

At nine years of age, William was apprenticed to his father's trade—that of a shoemaker. Unlike William Carey, he learned so to excel in fine work as to materially aid the finances of the family, while his mother superintended his education in the evenings until he was able to attend the grammar school. At school, and afterwards at the University, he was still (either by his trade or by teaching pupils) the chief support of the home, his father, in consequence of failing health, being unable to earn a livelihood.

Young Elmslie, like David Livingstone, panted after knowledge, and spared no pains to obtain it. "He used to fix his book in the 'clauus' (an instrument

employed for holding the leather), and placing these conveniently in front of him, he learned to pick up right quickly a sentence from Zumpt, or a line from Homer, or any other book; and thus he stitched and studied for many long weary years."

A fellow-student of Elmslie's gives a graphic picture of his indomitable energy:—"William's work," he says, "was harder than mine, for his father's failing health and eyesight made him more and more dependent on his son's exertions. On this account he undertook an engagement to teach in a school in Aberdeen, and he had also several private pupils. We were students of the same year, and I shared the room with him in his parents' house. We both worked hard. It was no unusual thing for us to restrict ourselves to five hours' sleep. We engaged a watchman to waken us at three o'clock every morning; and we took it in turns to rise first, kindle the fire and boil the coffee, which Mrs. Elmslie had made ready the night before."

After taking his degree, he spent a year as private tutor to a Scotch family in Italy. A friendship formed at Florence with the Rev. Mr. Hannah led him on his return to think first of the ministry, then of the foreign mission-field, and, as he pondered the subject, he saw the close natural alliance between healing and teaching. Accordingly he resumed his studies, took a medical degree, and was working, as we have said, at the Cowgate Dispensary, when, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Presbyterian, the Church Missionary Society laid hands upon him and sent him out to Kashmir.

The long voyage over, in due time Elmslie found himself, in company with a native catechist, journeying up from Lahore into the mountain-girt valley of the Jhelum. At every village he gathered together all the sick people he could find, and did the best he could for them. He found the men sturdy and handsome, the women with sprightly faces, in striking contrast to the expressionless countenances of Hindoo women; but the universal garment—apparently a loose woollen nightgown—was very disfiguring. Their houses were tumble-down wooden sheds, and when a fire was lit, the smoke could only curl away from the trellised windows. As a rule, however, the Kashmiris carry their own fires in cold weather—earthen pots of charcoal—between the woollen dress and the bare skin, often rendering the bearer a fit object for the exercise of medical skill.

Dr. Elmslie was delighted with the varied and romantic scenery: the rocky ravines and solitary tarns near the mountain passes, that formed the gateways into the valley; the plains, covered with wild flowers, amongst the lower hills; the wild mingling of lakes, rocks, and groves, of orchards, brooks, and fountains; the quaint scattered villages; the massive ruins, said to have been piled by giant builders of old time: all these combined to present a succession of delightful landscapes. But the ever-present thought was the misery of the inhabitants. In a State created and protected by England, the people are shamefully oppressed. The Maharajah robs them of half the results of their labour, and the officials who collect it take half the remainder: and therefore the lands are neglected, the towns are falling to ruin, and the one thing everywhere abundant in the country is dirt. It must be added that in Kashmir unbridled immorality is the ordinary rule of life, and many an Englishman

has gone to the valley in the full flush of perfect health, and after a six months' residence there has returned broken up and ruined for life.

Such was the field of labour to which our Scottish evangelist came, with intent to heal diseases, and preach the Gospel in the name of Jesus. He opened his dispensary at Srinagur, and soon had candidates for medical treatment about him. At intervals he and his catechist, Quadir, made visits to neighbouring villages to make the dispensary known, although the Mollahs (or priests) sometimes interfered. This was especially the case at Hazral Bal, a place held peculiarly sacred, inasmuch as its shrine is said to contain a genuine hair from Mahomet's beard. A little way from the river-bank stands the temple, with a broad track of greensward in front of it, upon which at the annual festival a vast congregation of worshippers assemble from all parts of the country. Behind the temple is a straggling village, and Elmslie and Quadir had collected a number of the inhabitants, and were reading to them, when the Mollahs rushed upon the company and sent the people to their homes, applying a rope's-end vigorously to those who did not move off fast enough.

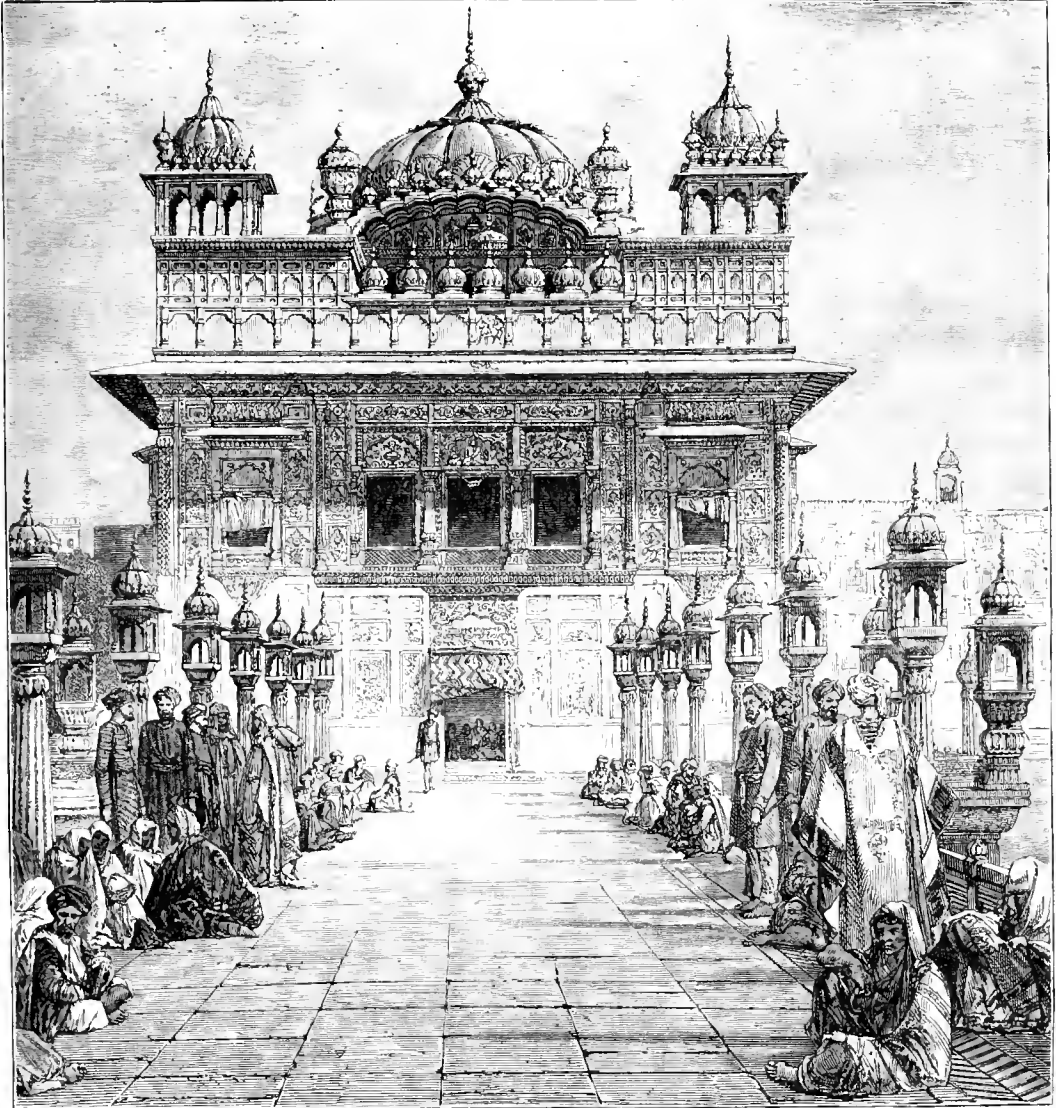
Elmslie retired to Amritsar in October, and helped the mission cause there till he could again resume work at Srinagur in the spring. The Maharajah offered him £1,200 a year to give up mission-work and enter his service as chief medical man, but Elmslie declined the tempting offer. During his third season, in 1866, he was still greatly hindered; the Government dispensary was notoriously inefficient, yet people were threatened with fine and imprisonment if they went to Elmslie's establishment. Some were waylaid and beaten. Nevertheless, the people came, and not only received treatment, but sat out the meetings, and two attenders were baptised. Even Dr. Elmslie's outside visits to scores of cholera patients were forbidden: but he felt it right to persevere and take no notice of the prohibition.

Bishop Cotton paid a visit to Kashmir, and thus wrote respecting the people and the prospects of Gospel work amongst them:—"The people nearly all seemed in a state of dirt and squalor, and certainly the work of Christianising such a population, under such a Sovereign, seems at present, humanly speaking, impossible; no European being allowed to stay in the valley during the winter, so that any little good which might be done is annually suspended for some months. The case seems one in which we can only say, 'O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!' and leave in God's hands the means of rescuing these crowds from their miserable condition. Meanwhile, I believe that Elmslie is knocking at the only gate which has any chance of being opened, and that his labours deserve all help and encouragement."

Again, after witnessing Dr. Elmslie's reception of his patients in the mission house at Srinagur, and hearing the Gospel addresses, the same worthy bishop wrote:—"Altogether, considering the ignorance and wretchedness of the patients, and the entirely disinterested character of the mission, the scene appeared to me most interesting and edifying, and could not fail to remind me of Him who went about all Galilee preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of disease among the people."

The character of Elmslie's work at Srinagur is shown in the following extract from a letter to his mother, dated August 11th, 1866:—"You will be happy to hear

that in a medical point of view my work in Kashmir is prospering. In spite of opposition on the part of the local authorities, the work continues to progress. A few days ago I had as many as one hundred and eighty-three patients, and at this moment a fine-looking elderly Mussulman Frank, from the east end of the valley, has called to ask



TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR.

my advice. Many of my patients come from a great distance, and never a day passes without one or two surgical operations. The result is that I am becoming more and more expert in this department. At present, three men are living in my tent who were totally blind, but now they see. As to spiritual fruit, I wish I had something more definite to say."

Elmslie was always anxious to avoid giving cause of offence, even to the prejudices of those among whom he laboured. To this end he became a strict abstainer from wine or any intoxicating liquor, solely that he might not be a stumbling-block. And it was remarked that, in this respect, he was a better Mohammedan than the Mohammedans themselves.

In 1870 Elmslie visited Scotland, where he overworked himself in completing his Kashmiri dictionary, for which he had been for some time collecting and preparing materials in the intervals of other labours. (Here we may anticipate matters by stating that a complete copy of this important work only reached India the day after its compiler's lamented death.) Before leaving Scotland, in 1872, Mr. Elmslie married Miss Duncan, who proceeded with him to Kashmir, and proved herself a truly devoted wife in the last scenes of his career. The lady thus graphically describes their mode of life as they were journeying from Lahore towards Srinagur:—

“Marching orders were—up at half-past four, breakfast at a quarter-past five, off at twenty minutes from six; servants on before to have regular breakfast ready half-way. I reach first, being carried in a dandy, spread the carpet and table-cloth in a pleasant place, sometimes under pomegranate and rose trees, and sometimes by a waterfall. Then come the weary walkers, and don't we make a hearty breakfast! The rest of the way is the fatiguing part, as the sun is up, and the climbing and rough walking are trying. We reach the next stage about half-past eleven, have tea as soon as water can be got, then rest, write or read till dinner at five, after which the doctor gathers the servants together, and the sick who have come for advice. It makes a picturesque group—about forty natives all seated on the grass, the old eateehist arranging things, the native medical assistant and his wife, with the large khitta full of medicines, and Mr. Wade in white costume, leaning forward in his arm-chair, reading and speaking with the people, who always answer him, sometimes with arguments, which he shows great tact in meeting, while the doctor prescribes. He has met with some interesting cases: one poor sufferer is to follow us to Srinagur, as he requires a serious operation. It was touching to see his old father weeping over him. One woman with fever was brought on the back of her husband. The twilight is short: and after the sick people leave, we have a little chat, then prayers, and off to bed.”

Mrs. Elmslie goes on to tell how horrified she was at her first sight of a Kashmir bungalow—a large mud hut, unfurnished, insufficiently plastered, and with floors so dirty “that you felt ashamed of your boots after once crossing the floor.” The fine-looking people pleased her, but she marvelled at their ragged garments, brown with age and dirt.

At Krishnagar they obtained a house, approached by a flight of steps from the river, and with a large garden full of delicious roses, among which the waiting patients could wander. A time of hard work set in—the attendance rose to 170 daily, many of the cases requiring serious operations. Dr. Elmslie was often quite exhausted. A native Christian and the Rev. T. R. Wade (who had joined him) spent their time in Gospel work among the patients. The authorities ceased now to hinder the work, though they would have liked the healing without the teaching.

In August of that year there were disastrous floods in the valley, through the melting of snow on the mountains. The mission house was surrounded, and its occupants were permitted to live for a time in a royal pleasure-house on a mountain terrace, half-hidden in thick forest foliage. The pavilion, sixty feet by forty, had sixteen columns supporting its brilliant roof, and Mrs. Elmslie thought she and her husband looked so small sitting there in their crimson chairs! Across the middle of the hall ran a clear stream, which made it deliciously cool, and, through the thick foliage and the many sparkling fountains outside, they caught glimpses of the glittering lake and the distant snow-capped mountains.

It was a pleasant change, but they were glad to get back to their own house as soon as the water subsided, for with the return of October would come the necessity for the annual migration. A special application to remain and continue the medical treatment, upon which so many were now dependent, was refused. There had been three thousand patients during the summer, and over two hundred surgical operations.

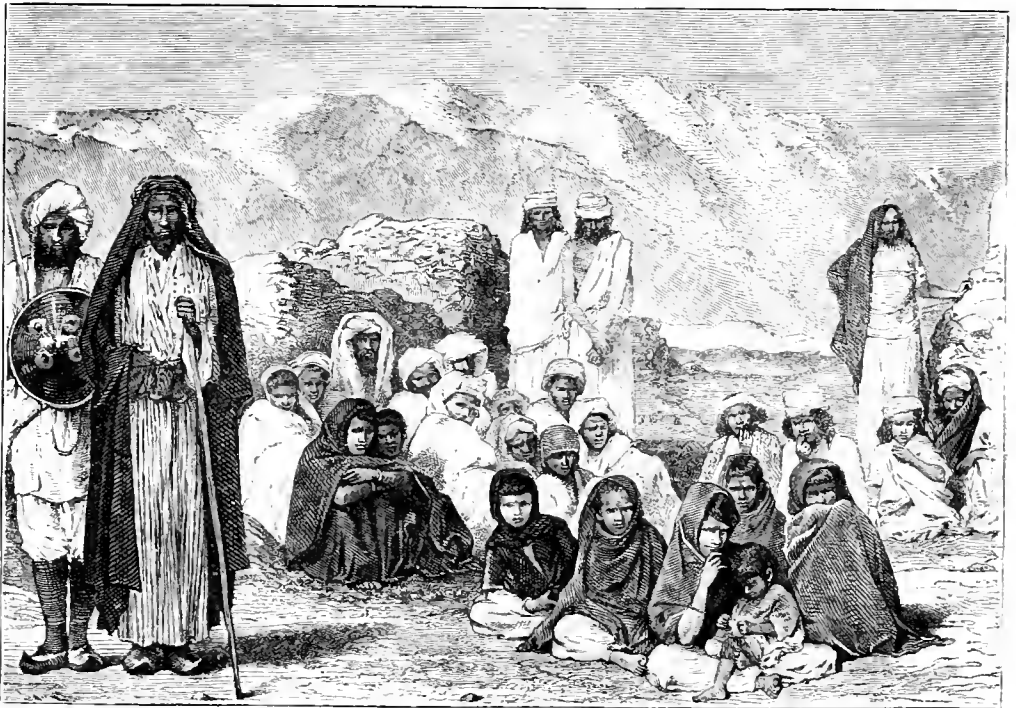
They had not got far upon their journey southward before Elmslie's strength began to flag. His wife insisted upon his using the dandy chair, and she followed on foot. Each stage of the journey was about sixteen miles, and difficulties and even dangers were abundant. Mrs. Elmslie declares, that no one who has not crossed the Pir Panjal can have any idea of the awful precipices passed, or of the roads, often mere cuttings, hardly broad enough to walk upon, along the sides of almost perpendicular mountain walls, towering to the height of 12,000 feet. Mr. Elmslie was very weary when they reached Hanpur, and the next day there was before them a twenty miles' ascent to the region of snow and ice. Too anxious to take thought of herself, the heroic woman walked the whole distance, and even felt strengthened by the bracing mountain air. That night they had a comfortable room and a good log fire. Elmslie was almost breathless, and racked with pain, and all night long in that solitary resting-place, at an altitude of 11,900 feet, the faithful wife replenished the log fire, and watched over her dying husband.

"We went on next day over the snows," writes Mrs. Elmslie. "He never walked now. Many, many a time, as I turned the corner and saw the bearers carrying him over the brink of such awful abysses, my heart stood still with horror, and I could only cry to God to strengthen them. Once a man slipped his foot, but mercifully the path was just at that place a little wider. However, it distressed us both very much, for my darling was in a terribly nervous state; and such a perilous mode of travelling, over places where the missing of a foot must have caused death, was a great, great trial. Sixteen miles brought us to Poochiana, and there William insisted on the bearers keeping a slow pace in case of losing sight of me, as there were many tracks of bears, and one large one was quite near us."

Thus carried forward by day, and poorly accommodated at night in wretched bungalows, or in the tent when weather permitted, the poor invalid was at last brought to Goojerat. His sufferings during the journey had been very severe, especially for the last few days, and his faithful and devoted wife was almost worn out with anxiety and unremitting attention. At Goojerat, the Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs.

Perkins, did everything which Christian sympathy could prompt; medical aid, suitable nourishment, and everything, were all now available, but it was too late. On November 18th the sainted spirit passed to its eternal home.

"I gazed once more," writes Mr. Clark, "on his well-known features as he lay peaceably in his coffin. There was an expression of repose on his face; there was even a smile—the smile of rest and victory. And we laid him there to rest on the battle-field, where the whole Punjaub had been won by English arms; and there he quietly sleeps, awaiting the resurrection of the dead."



AFGHANS.

When the sorrowing widow reached Lahore, she received a letter, dated the very day after her husband's death, giving permission for any European not in the service of Government to remain in Kashmir all the year round. For the repeal of this annual banishment her husband had prayed and striven: had it been repealed earlier, the last fatal journey need not have been undertaken.

Dr. Elmslie's work has been carried on and extended by Dr. Maxwell, the Rev. J. H. Knowles, and others. There is now a hospital, and various agencies have sprung up in connection with the work. The hospital has neither chairs for the doctor nor beds for the patients: each patient has a yard or two of matting, a stout rug, and a big blanket: the missionary sits down on the floor amongst them all, and teaches. The Medical Mission at Srinagur was of incalculable advantage to the people

during the famine of 1880, and also after the terrible earthquake of 1884, by which 3,000 lives were lost and 7,000 houses destroyed.

We must not turn away from these glimpses of mission-life "in the Far East" without glancing for a moment at Afghanistan, a country whose warlike and semi-barbarous rulers and people have for centuries jealously barred every avenue by which Western civilisation and religion might penetrate their territory; and, indeed, up to the present time, it is only by working at various points on the British frontier that means have been found for reaching a few of the inhabitants of this country. Two mission stations were kept up on the border by Mr. Gordon, who was killed at Candahar on August 16th, 1880. Some other frontier stations have also been established, of which the most important is that at Peshawur. As early as 1853, the work began here, and after thirty years of patient endeavour and steady prayerful labour, sufficient progress had been made to warrant the erection of a handsome church, which, in 1883, was opened and solemnly dedicated in the presence of a numerous gathering of British officers and Afghan chiefs. It is a beautiful cruciform church, adorned with painted windows. The handsome screen, pulpit, and communion-table are constructed of richly carved woodwork, executed by native artificers. The dome-covered cupola is a conspicuous object from far and near—a citadel of Christianity on the very frontier of an alien faith. The influence of this mission amongst the inhabitants of the Afghan villages across the border has been really remarkable. When the mission was founded, it was only at the peril of his life that any one could venture outside the encampment; but of late years it has been perfectly safe to go alone to the villages in the neighbourhood. At the time the church was opened, there were 400 scholars under missionary care, of whom many were receiving advanced education.

One very interesting feature in the missionary arrangements at Peshawur has been the "Guest House." It has been exceedingly popular: men from all parts of Central Asia have been received here, and copies of the Scriptures and other works in their own languages have been distributed amongst them. The chief, the farmer, the peasant—any one has been welcome to stay in the compound for two days free, and then as long as they like at a small charge.

There have been no stirring incidents to record in connection with this mission, but much steady progress. In 1886 the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited Peshawur, and were very much gratified by their inspection of the schools. It was in the same year that Christian enterprise made another move forward in this region. The Rev. G. Shire, of the Scindh Mission, began work at Quetta, the British outpost beyond the Bolan Pass. He died suddenly soon after settling there, but his work has been taken up, and is being carried forward by a clergyman of experience and a medical missionary.

XVI — IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANTIGUA AND ST. VINCENT.

Nathaniel Gilbert and John Wesley—Laymen as Preachers—John Baxter, Shipwright—Antigua—Pious Negroes—Christmas, 1786—Dr. Coke—Arrival at Antigua—The Slave Traffic—Exploration of the Islands—St. Vincent—The Caribs—Matthew Lumb—Cast into Prison—Polygamy—Wreck of the Mail Boat.

EARLY in the year 1758, a weary-looking invalid, with face browned by long exposure to a tropical sun, might have been seen walking about Wandsworth Common. He was a lawyer by profession, and the Speaker of the House of Assembly in the island of Antigua. Driven by ill-health to make a sojourn in England, he little expected that while its bracing winter air was to infuse fresh vitality into his languid frame, a spiritual breath was also to quicken his inner moral being and to make a true and living man of him. On the 17th of January in that year, John Wesley somehow came to preach in the house where this Honourable Nathaniel Gilbert was living. Strange preacher! and strange new school of religion, with its hot zeal for righteousness, and a new-born, fiery enthusiasm for the poor, the down-trodden, the forgotten of the earth, for the Indians of Georgia (whom Wesley went to help), and for the darker savages who lurked in the slums of London, or toiled in the mines of Cornwall. Quite unawares to Wesley, it was now to affect for good the poor negroes of the West Indies.

Two negro slaves in the Antigua Speaker's household sat there listening to Wesley with rapt attention, and they were so swayed by the great preacher's simple and touching message that both were baptised, Wesley saying of one of them, as the swarthy convert was received into the fold, that this was the first regenerated African he had ever seen. Mr. Gilbert also became a devoted follower of John Wesley, was frequently to be seen at the preacher's feet, and on returning to Antigua, a stronger man in body and soul, made open and joyful confession of the freedom he had obtained from spiritual slavery.

It was not an easy part the good man had now to perform. His official rank and social position rendered him a conspicuous target for the sneers and gibes of those on the island, to whom the calm joys and compelling enthusiasms of the religious life were unknown. It seemed to them bad enough and ridiculous enough for a gentleman to pose as a religious man in private life; but when Mr. Gilbert sought to gather the slaves of his own and surrounding estates to hear him publicly read one of the new sermons which were moving English society, and to join in singing those sweet and stirring hymns which were beginning to touch and quicken the hearts of the great Anglo-Saxon race, language was not rich enough in expletives to fully convey the detestation and contempt which "sober common sense" everywhere felt for such dangerous fanaticism!

Now and again a cheering letter would come across the seas from the great master

of the Wesleyan movement, for with John Wesley Mr. Gilbert kept up a constant correspondence. Sometimes Gilbert himself would preach, and one or two members of his own family afterwards joined him in the spiritual campaign, till a little band of negro converts was formed around him, which grew and kept growing till a goodly Christian society was built up in Antigua.

At last this good man was called to his rest, and who was to carry on this hotly opposed work? No recognised preacher or evangelist had yet come out to them from the Methodists at home. It will be remembered, as Mr. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," has said, that John Wesley "condemned and fought against the admission of laymen as preachers, till he found himself left with none but laymen to preach,"—though the same writer goes on to explain that when Wesley was driven to accept their help in the ministry, "he made their work a new and attractive feature in his system." But what would John Wesley, in the earlier stage of his career as an ecclesiastical organiser, have thought, if he had been told that this new Christian community, built up under the shelter of his own name and reputation, was to be kept in order and vitality by two elderly negroesses who were still slaves?

It is not quite clear now whether these women—Mary Alley and Sophia Campbell—were the same two slaves who had been converted by Wesley's preaching in England; but it is very probable that they were. As one of the later Wesleyan missionaries has recorded, "It is evident that they were unwearied in their efforts to do good, by holding prayer meetings and other religious services, among their fellow-negroes almost every evening, till the Lord of the harvest provided more efficient help." This was soon to come, in good quantity, of excellent quality, and by a somewhat striking method.

Mr. Green, whom we have already quoted, has poked some gentle fun at Mr. Wesley's "childish fanaticism," his extravagance and superstition: how he filled the world he lived in with marvels of Divine interposition, so that the rain miraculously stopped when he wished to go on a journey, or Heaven fiercely poured hailstones on a village which declined to listen to his exhortations; and how his horse's lameness and his own headache vanished in a mood of faith. Well, good Methodists besides John Wesley, and others not Methodists, before and after him, have been fond enough to believe that the great world is not a mere grim, feelingless machine, but that it has a warm, loving Heart behind it, really full of compassionate interest in the doings and welfare of the meanest of earth's children. And the shepherdless negro flock at Antigua felt that Heaven had not quite forgotten them, when an incident occurred that we must now relate.

A young man named John Baxter had been labouring as a shipwright in the Government dockyards at Chatham for some twelve years, and then he had been led to join the great Wesleyan movement which was stirring the life of England to its centre. That awful time, too, had arrived, when it seemed that the whole civilised world was angrily banded against England, which was still to remain, however, practically the mistress of the seas.

John Baxter, who had been made a local preacher, like a true patriot offered to go on Government service where shipwrights might then be specially needed; and, with other workmates, he embarked on the *Active*, for Antigua, in February of the memorable year 1778.

They sailed under the protection of a convoy, for American privateers and other sea-foes were keeping keen watch upon the main ocean routes. It took the good ship seven weeks to cross the Atlantic, and Baxter had some bitter experiences on board, profanity and lawless brutality grating especially on his new-born love for holiness.

As fair clusters of pink and purple islets, basking in unshadowed sunlight, began to glimmer hazily on the horizon, the British war-ship *Yarmouth*, of sixty-four guns, came in sight to protect them, and not a moment too soon, for the Yankees came up swiftly, and a fearful combat ensued, of which Mr. Moister, a Wesleyan missionary, records some particulars. The American captain ordered the Britisher to lower three boats and come on board, under penalty of being sunk by a broadside. The *Yarmouth* replied with such vigour that in less than half an hour the American cruiser was blown into stars and stripes; "and out of the three hundred and five men, only four escaped, who floated on the sea for four days, clinging to portions of the wreck, before they were taken up by the *Yarmouth*. Five Englishmen were also killed in the action, and several wounded."



JOHN WESLEY.

Mr. Baxter, after a little delay, got at last safely into English harbour, Antigua, though by a rather roundabout way. This was on April the 2nd, and on the same day he made straight for the town of St. John's, the capital of the island.

Antigua is a low-lying, not very picturesque island, about fifty miles in circumference, and of the West Indian Islands it is next in size to Jamaica. It lies in latitude $17^{\circ} 6'$ north, and in longitude $61^{\circ} 50'$ west. This important British possession has always been noted for the striking deficiency of its water-courses and springs, the aboriginal Caribs even having deserted it on that account, so that when the French first visited it in 1629 they found no inhabitants there. Antigua had been discovered and taken possession of by Columbus, but the Spaniards found that they could not make much of it, so the island passed from their hands into that of the French, and finally came to be a British possession in 1668. Water is now artificially collected and stored in tanks with much care. Cotton used to be grown, but it was almost displaced

by the sugar-cane: many kinds of fruits are cultivated, and good vegetables are produced in abundance on the island.

Glad indeed were the pious negroes to have the aid of their clever white brother from Chatham, and Mr. Baxter had an audience of thirty at his first attempt to address the slaves, which was on the very day after his arrival in Antigua. On the following Sunday afternoon, he was greatly surprised and pleased to have a crowd of sable listeners numbering between four and five hundred. Very soon after his arrival we find him writing to John Wesley: "The old members desire me to let you know that you have many spiritual children in Antigua whom you never saw. I hope, sir, we shall have an interest in your prayers, and that all our Christian friends will pray for us. I think God has sent me here for good to the poor souls, who are glad to hear the Word, but who are unable to maintain a preacher."

The moral influence of this earnest Christian shipwright upon the negro population was immediate and most powerful, and the poor people were so eager to hear him preach, that they would sometimes walk a distance of seven or ten miles to the services. It has somehow come to pass, that our ebon brothers and sisters working in the plantations are considered to be of rather high morals. Perhaps this popular impression has arisen from the frequent association in literature of the negro with camp meetings, "jubilee" hymn-singing, and the like. But before Gilbert and Baxter lifted the standard of the Cross in Antigua, there was little to justify such an impression as to the slave population there. Every form of impurity—open, unabashed—was prevalent; and indeed, how could it be otherwise when men and women were reduced to the level of cattle to be bought and sold? Soon, however, light began



A METHODIST MEETING.

to dawn, and some degree of moral order took the place of a dismal chaos no colours could paint darkly enough. But the task of the torch-bearer was not an easy one. Baxter was an indefatigable pedestrian, and, after his own business was over for the day, he would trudge ten or twelve miles to some steamy plantation or obscure hamlet, to preach the Gospel to the negroes, returning amid heavy tropical dews—so often fatal—to snatch a few hours' sleep before resuming his secular work.

The effect of these unselfish labours on the minds of the poor blacks was marvellous; nor did this brave man shrink from flashing the light of God's holy law searchingly into the foul recesses of certain rich men's lives, to their dismay.

Not long after he came to Antigua a great drought arose there, and food became so scarce that the negroes had at last to live on a measured pint of horse-beans for each day. Baxter, in the religious spirit of his sect and times, wished the authorities to appoint a day of solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer throughout the island, but this they would not do. However, he got the Christians to keep holy a certain Friday with this object, and he writes thus to Mr. Wesley about the result of their petitions:—"It is remarkable that even while we were assembled for prayer, the Lord granted our request, by sending the showers down in great abundance; and at the same time that He was pouring floods on the dry ground, the times of refreshing came from His presence in such a manner that many were constrained to cry, 'My cup runs over.'"

Baxter, assisted by a few friends of the cause, now laboured with his own hands at the erection of a little chapel; for, although the Methodist Society had in three years increased to a membership of six hundred, the people were absolutely penniless. The opening of their first chapel in Antigua was a great day for the negroes.

By-and-bye this good shipwright, like the sensible man he was, fell in love. The object of his affections was an Antigua lady, born of a good family there, and brought up, as one writes who knew her well, "in all that ease and luxury which is peculiar to affluence in the West Indies." Yet she proved to be a worthy helpmate, and entered heartily into every effort for the good of the people, going at last with him to live amongst the wild aborigines in another island.

The change of field was brought about in this way:—On a stormy morning in the year 1786, Baxter, adorned with preacher's band, in the stiff manner of his times, was on his way to chapel. It was Christmas, and he had many thoughts of the far-off land where old friends would be gathered at such a season. As he was thus meditating he was greeted by a small party of Englishmen, hoary with the salt spray of the Atlantic, and all bearing the unmistakable tokens of recent arrival from the sweet home-land. The spokesman of the party was a lively little ruddy-cheeked man, who, rather slyly and with much expression, asked for Mr. Baxter and his chapel. This was Dr. Coke, first "Bishop" of the Methodist Church, and who was accompanied by Messrs. Hammett, Clarke, and Warrener. They soon told how that, storm-stressed and nearly shipwrecked on their way to America, they had, perforce and quite unintentionally,

taken refuge in the island of Antigua, of which they knew something through Baxter's correspondence with Wesley.

Dr. Coke was a remarkable man, who did a great deal for the new movement initiated by Wesley, and spent a fortune in establishing the Wesleyan missions to the West Indies. The son of a Brecon apothecary, he became a learned Churchman, attaining the degree of D.D. of Oxford and then that of LL.D., after which he joined Wesley, and was made Superintendent or Bishop. He used to preach to great crowds in the green fields now occupied by Tavistock Square—a little man, just over five feet in height, with a high-pitched but melodious voice, rising when he became excited in feeling to a shrill and almost penetrating scream, not without effect upon the emotions of his hearers.

The salt-encrusted travellers told Baxter how they had contended with baffling winds for ten weeks, the ship being leaky, and ill supplied with drinking-water and fresh provisions, and how the sailors would come into the cabin, each with some new horror to tell of, worse than the last, like the messengers to Job.

Dr. Coke's notes made on this, and on some eighteen subsequent voyages—he came to be called “the flying angel”—are quite interesting to read at the present day. They show a mind of varied and high culture, and of a quick and clear perception, natural phenomena being described in language fairly accurate and lucid, yet free from any scientific preconception, thus manifesting a faculty rare in travellers of his period, or, indeed, of any other. His reading was varied and extensive, and his sympathies were of the most catholic kind. On his first voyage, while suffering from the effects of sea-sickness, he read the life of Francis Xavier, and we find him exclaiming, “O for a soul like his! But, glory be to God, there is nothing impossible to Him. I seem to want the wings of an eagle, and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the Gospel through the east and the west, and the north and the south.” Then he turned for a change to Virgil, in whom the turmoil of the sea reveals new beauties; while the words of the pagan poet,

*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,
Nunquæ erit ille mihi semper Deus,*

sound to the hearty little Christian “bishop” as, “God has provided for us these sweet hours of retirement, and He shall be my God for ever.” Anon, he turned to the gentle pages of Spenser, and records his astonishment that they are so little read by the Englishmen of his day. “With such company as the above,” he writes, meaning Virgil, Spenser, Xavier, and the Inspired Writers, “I could live contentedly in a tub.”

In some respects a tub might have been more comfortable than the ship in which they sailed, for the captain was not always a model of courtesy. During the height of the final hurricane which drove them to take shelter in Antigua, he went about muttering in a most threatening manner, “We have got a Jonah on board! we have got a Jonah on board!” and, as if to indicate more precisely the object of this Scriptural allusion, he threw the doctor's precious books overboard in a fury, treated the gentle bishop with great roughness, and swore a round oath, with fiery face and menacing gestures, that if he uttered another prayer on board he should be thrown

into the sea. The man was angry ; but besides this, or rather as the cause of it, there lay the strongly rooted superstition of seafaring men about parsons bringing disasters to the ships they sail in !

With peaceful, grateful hearts these new friends wended their way to the chapel Baxter had built. To Dr. Coke's great surprise, there were seated, in or around it, an audience of about one thousand attentive negroes, whose dark faces stirred his heart, and in his shrill manner he gave utterance to an address which had a great effect upon the emotions of his audience. He felt that God's mysterious ways had led them thither, and that something was to grow out of the event. Writing home, he says, "At Baxter's I had one of the cleanest audiences I ever saw. All the negro women were dressed in white linen gowns, petticoats, handkerchiefs, and caps ; and I did not see the least spot on any of them. The men were also dressed as neatly."

It is clear from this one little glimpse, that Christianity had already raised the slaves socially, and was preparing them for the freedom they were by-and-bye to obtain, but not without tears and blood.

It was this great secondary object, the liberation of the negro, that constantly inspired the movements of Dr. Coke. He wished to secure the immediate stoppage of the slave traffic, and not only to effect its entire abolition, but also to secure the speedy release of those who were already in bondage. He visited the great George Washington with this burning project in his bosom, and had the honour of dining with the truthful President—"a plain country gentleman"—who talked over the plan of setting the slaves free, and politely shelved it with all the cold skill of the conventional diplomatist. No progress could be made through *that* pathway.

This kind-hearted agitator was struck with the callous brutality of the traffic, as it dawned upon him in concrete form, both in the West Indies and in the United States, and many little incidents of the period are, indeed, full of pathos. Two young negro sisters were sold to different planters on their arrival from Africa, and were very widely separated. Some time afterwards, however, they were amazed on meeting each other in an auction room, where they were bought up by the same planter. This was at Antigua, at the time of which we are writing.

Incidentally it is mentioned that, when there had been in Antigua an unusually large crop of sugar, a correspondingly heavy mortality amongst the slave population occurred during the same season. The reason assigned for this coincidence was the prevalence of moisture, causing at once heavy growth of cane, and such diseases as diarrhœa, dysentery, and the like, which are favoured by heat and moisture.

Dr. Coke mentions that the converted negroes always spoke lovingly and reverently of God as their Father, and records a conversation with a negro by the wayside to illustrate his remark.

"If your driver," said the doctor, "should lay you down and flog you, what would you do?"

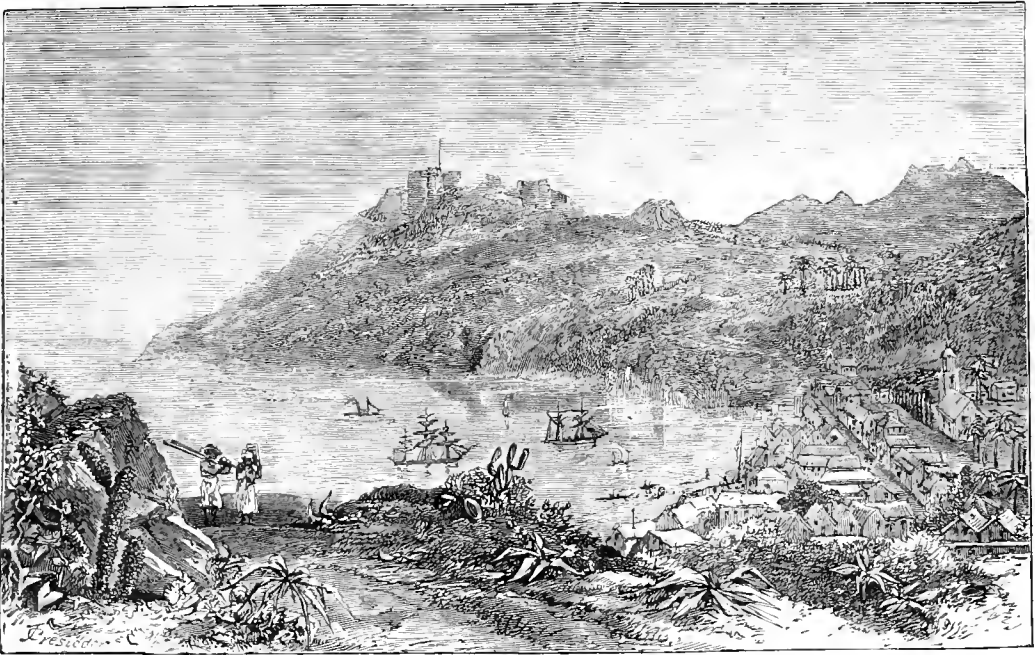
"Me should love him still," said the slave.

"But if you should get no meat?"

"Me eat, me tank me Fader; me no eat, me tank me Fader; me live, me tank me Fader; me die, me tank me Fader."

The little negro boys of the streets used to call after the Methodist slaves, as a nickname, "Hallelujah!" No name could have fitted some of them better.

Mr. Moister, from whom we have already quoted, says:—"Dr. Coke soon discovered the value of Mr. Baxter as a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and requested him to relinquish his worldly calling, and give himself up entirely to mission-work. This he did with a promptitude and cheerfulness worthy of the cause in which he now more fully embarked, although it was at considerable pecuniary sacrifice, as he had



KINGSTON, ST. VINCENT.

recently been promoted to a higher situation under Government, with a salary of £400 currency per annum."

Dr. Coke and his companions, with Mr. Baxter, set off in a short time to make a complete exploration of the islands, with a view to missionary operations. Of those journeys, beginning in 1787, Dr. Coke's journals contain many bright and interesting details, and photographic descriptions of the peoples and the countries they visited. One result of this useful survey, which laid the foundation for a successful mission, was that Mr. Baxter was duly appointed to labour in the island of St. Vincent.

All travellers fall into raptures with the bold and romantic aspect of this beautiful island. Sheer precipices—rugged, lofty, and crested with the loveliest woodlands—face the stately rollers, which, coming from the blue depths of the Atlantic, charge, with manes erect, and dash themselves in angry spray upon the rocks below. The mountains,

clad to their cloudless peaks with leafy drapery of most varied form and colour, curve gently coastwards into smiling valleys, with well-cultivated slopes. The stately sugar-cane and the gently-waving palm-trees make up a picture of subdued tropical beauty that no spot on this fair earth can rival. Says Dr. Coke, recording his own first impressions, "The island of St. Vincent is romantic beyond anything I ever saw before. The hanging rocks, sugar-canes, cotton and coffee plantations, etc., make such a beautiful variegated scene, that I was delighted with it;" and at times he stops to describe such productions as the strange-looking *gru-gru* palm, of which "the trunk is smaller at the bottom than the top, and which is frequently quite covered (branches, leaves and all) by a plant like the ivy;" or the cocoa-nut trees, of which Charles Kingsley afterwards discoursed so charmingly; or the plantain (*banana*), brought to the West Indies in modern times; or the ghostly candle of the fire-fly. Of one charming and lonely spot he writes:—"If I were to turn hermit, I think I should fix on this place, where I would make circular walks, and fix an observatory on one of the peaks, and spend my time in communion with God, and in the study of astronomy and botany."

Great as was the fascination which Nature presented to such a mind as Dr. Coke's, the one supreme object of his Paul-like journeys was never lost sight of for a day.

He and the other missionaries met with much courtesy from many of the English people on the island, but as the doctor's ambition to set the negroes free came more and more to light, fierce opposition began to arise. Riots took place, and his life was even in some danger. At first the fast young men of the period contented themselves with a little ill-timed pleasantry, coming to chapel and calling out loud *encores* when the doctor's eloquence was of a notable character. At last they broke into a chapel, and, by a curious intuition, hanged the Bible on the gallows.

An English lady is said to have offered the mob, on one such occasion, fifty guineas if they would administer to the doctor a hundred lashes. But such hate only served to raise up friends, even out of the worldly and irreligious, and a sturdy colonel interfered, and offered to deal personally with any one who further insulted the good bishop. Some few slaves, too, were spontaneously emancipated at this time through Dr. Coke's teaching. In the midst of all this storm and fury we find the tender-souled little man deploring the loss of one of his six precious canary birds!

The Caribs, who had been forced to take refuge in St. Vincent, were not left unmolested even there, and from early times they had to sustain a succession of bloody and cruel wars, which drove them back as each wave of colonists—Spaniards, French, and British—broke upon the shores of the island. At last, fairly driven to bay, they made a stout resistance to the British, and in turn the white people were nearly annihilated.

After the British had been besieged for a time in Kingston, the almost victorious Caribs squatted in the most fertile and well-wooded portions of the island, finding splendid wood for their canoes and plenty of fish of good quality. The British Government finally settled them "in perpetuity" on a beautiful broad plain called Grand Sable, afterwards known as the Carib Country; but they were now but a feeble and

miserable remnant of the powerful, robust, and warlike race Columbus had found in possession of the West Indies.

In the month of December, in the year 1788, Dr. Coke and Mr. Baxter went to visit the Caribs in their own land: and it was the intention of the latter to remain amongst them as a missionary with his tenderly nurtured West Indian wife, who did not shrink from dwelling, as Dr. Coke reported, "beyond the boundary of civilisation." The travellers had for guides a medical gentleman who had lived on the frontier, and a lithe Carib lad, who ran by the side of their horses all the way from Kingston harbour, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The mountain paths were narrow, tortuous, and most precipitous—more dangerous than any they had ever ridden upon before, Baxter nearly losing his life by the slipping of his horse, which fell a distance of some thirty feet. The density of forest growth was even a greater obstacle to progress than the danger of mountain paths. Charles Kingsley tells us how "Nature in this land of perpetual summer heals with a kind of eagerness every scar which man in his clumsiness leaves on the earth's surface." One result of this is, that the rank growth quickly conceals such paths as may once have existed. Their Carib guide had often therefore to take his cutlass, and with it laboriously hew out a path for his party through the dense thorny undergrowth.

Dr. Coke, in his journal of the little expedition, tells us that, when at last they began to descend the romantic ridge of mountains that they had been crossing, they suddenly came into the land of the Caribs, the widest portion of good level land on the island. "One of the most beautiful plains I ever saw in my life: it is but seven miles long, and three broad, but I think it is as beautiful as uncultivated Nature can make it. It forms a bow, the string of which is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and the bow itself surrounded by lofty mountains."

As they approached the native settlements some of the Caribs called out in broken English—"How dee? how dee?" and some, in order to show their confidence in the white strangers, handed over their weapons. A princely-looking young man came forward, and was announced as John Dumney, the son of the Carib chief.

"Teach me your language," said Baxter, eager for an opening, "and I will give you my watch."

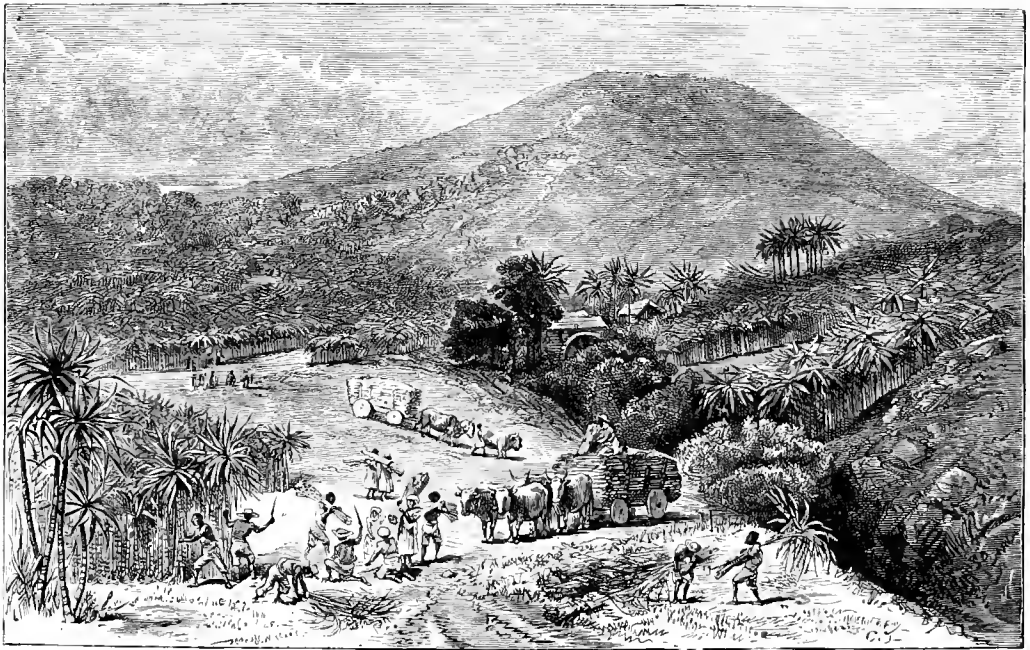
The gentlemanly reply was—"I will teach you my language, but I will not have your watch."

Dr. Coke was very favourably impressed with the manners of the people, and he writes:—"I feel myself much attached to these poor savages. The sweet simplicity and cheerfulness they manifested on every side, soon wore off every unfavourable impression my mind had imbibed from the accounts I had received of their cruelties. . . . They are a handsomer people than the negroes, but have undoubtedly a warlike appearance, as their very women frequently carry cutlasses in their hands, and always knives by their naked sides."

A passing traveller is not usually a very reliable informant as to the primitive religion of an uncivilised race, but Dr. Coke's information as to the notions of the Caribs about God is not without value. According to him, they had some ideas of a

“Supreme Cause” of all created things, while he believed that they conceived of God as delegating the government of the world to subordinate spirits, which is precisely the idea contained in primitive Chinese religions. Like the Chinese, too, he tells us that the Caribs “make use of several incantations against evil spirits to prevent their malignant influence.”

The result of this visit of inquiry was, that a mission was established for the evangelisation of the Caribs; buildings were erected; a schoolmaster came out from England, with his wife to help him; and the Baxters settled amongst the people, “doing all that Christian zeal and kindness could do for the conversion of the natives.”



SUGAR-CANE PLANTATION.

But Dr. Coke was doomed to meet with a grievous disappointment, for this mission was, so far as human vision could detect, entirely without results of a spiritual kind, and from various causes it had soon to be abandoned. In 1795 there was still a dwindling remnant of the great Carib race left in St. Vincent, but it came about in that year that, by British authority, the greater part of them were deported from the island and settled upon Ruatan, from whence they seem now to be gradually spreading along the Mosquito coast, on the American continent. The Carib country was planted with sugar, and the aborigines of St. Vincent faded away.

Henceforth the Wesleyans confined their efforts to the negro population, amongst which they have had wonderful success, and now they constitute nearly, if not quite, the largest body of Christian churches in the island of Jamaica, and are correspondingly prosperous in other West Indian possessions of the British crown. The Wesleyan

crusade throughout England in favour of the fettered negro in our West Indian colonies, had a reflex and most favourable influence on the Wesleyan Missions.

Baxter returned to his beloved Antigua, to labour amongst the negroes there, but he was frequently engaged in visiting and counselling his brethren in the other islands, to a great extent even filling the place of Dr. Coke, whom duty often called to other lands. Mr. Baxter died at Antigua in 1805—a victim of the country's fatal fever—after having faithfully laboured for twenty-eight years in laying the foundation of the Wesleyan Missions in the West Indies.

It is impossible in a sketch like this to even mention all the able and faithful



A NEGRO HUT IN THE WEST INDIES.

servants of Jesus, who continued to carry on with courage the battle so bravely begun in the Caribbean. An incident, however, occurred in the life of the Rev. Matthew Lumb, who arrived in St. Vincent in 1789, which demands a brief mention here. About the time when Mr. Lumb entered on his labours, the planters on the island had begun to dread the propagation of notions of liberty amongst the slaves, and through their malignant influence a law was passed, which rendered it necessary that every missionary should obtain a Government licence to preach before trying to do religious work amongst the negroes. With the apparent motive of specially precluding the Methodists from obtaining such a licence readily, it was further enacted that no one should obtain it till he had resided on the island for one complete year—thus excluding those who followed the system of itinerating favoured by Wesley. The penalties attached to disobedience cannot be said to have erred on the side of leniency, for they were these:—

For a first transgression, a fine of ten johannes (equal to about eighteen pounds

sterling), or imprisonment for a minimum period of thirty, and a maximum period of ninety days.

For a second transgression, such corporeal punishment as the court might deem proper to inflict, and perpetual banishment from the colony.

Lastly, should the offender venture to return from his banishment and preach on the island without permission of the authorities, *he was to be punished with death.*

Such were some of the privileges of British citizenship in one of our slave colonies during the "good old times"!

Mr. Lumb, having put to his conscience prayerfully the question, "Shall we obey God or man in this matter?" answered by preaching on the following Sunday in the Wesleyan chapel at Kingston, and was in a very summary fashion dragged to prison, the black people following him in hundreds and crying with loud lamentations. Fearing that the populace, in their excited state, might riotously attempt to rescue the prisoner, soldiers were set to guard him in jail.

"While the soldiers stood by the entrance of the prison, there came a poor old blind woman inquiring for 'dear Massa Minister.' The men said to each other, 'Let the poor old blind woman pass; what harm can she do?' Thus she was allowed to enter the gate. On reaching the prison she groped along the wall till she found the iron-grated window of the missionary's cell, and putting her face to it she exclaimed, 'Dear Massa Minister, God bless you! Keep heart, massa! So dem put good people in prison long time ago. Neber mind, massa; all we go to pray for you.' Mr. Lumb declared afterwards that these encouraging words of the poor old blind woman were as balm to his wounded soul. . . . When the tumult had somewhat subsided, and the soldiers had returned to the barracks, several of the people who lingered about were permitted to approach the prison window, where the persecuted missionary presented himself, and actually repeated the crime for which he was committed, by speaking of Christ and His salvation. Among the crowd there stood a woman named Mary Richardson, who thus heard the Gospel for the first time. . . . Many years afterwards, when the writer* laboured in St. Vincent, this good woman sickened and died, and in her last moments she thanked God that ever she heard the missionary preach through the iron grating of his prison window, 'For that,' said she, 'was the word which came to my heart.'"

Mr. Lumb had to drag out wearily his full term of imprisonment, but, as a matter of conscience, he declined to pay fine or jail fees, and was threatened with retention in prison "till he should rot;" however, as the prospects of extracting money from him did not look good, he was *expelled* from prison the day after his term expired, and had then to leave the island.

Dr. Coke meanwhile strenuously exerted himself to secure the attention of the authorities in England to this extraordinary case of persecution, and, although the change came too late to benefit Mr. Lumb personally, those atrocious enactments were annulled. Mr. Lumb laboured in Barbadoes till his health began to fail, and then returned to England, where he died, in the year 1847, at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

* The Rev. W. Moister.

One of the greatest difficulties the Methodist missionaries had to meet in dealing with converted negroes arose from their habit of polygamy. A story is told of one great stalwart son of Ham who was brought into the light of the Gospel under the ministry of a Mr. Owen. After receiving a course of religious instruction he applied for the usual form to enable him to meet in "class." His three wives, getting wind of his purpose, followed him to the chapel, and, standing in a passage where they themselves could not be seen, they could hear every word that passed, there being only a thin board partition between.

When Mr. Owen told the applicant clearly that if he joined the Methodists, he could only retain one of his wives, the poor women could no longer maintain silence, but, rushing all in at once, they poured out torrents of eloquence, each defending herself with vehement rhetoric, punctuated with sobs and tears.

"Me got five picaninnies—five picaninnies, massa," said the first spouse. "If Jim leave me, I cannot live."

The second retorted, "Me got three picaninnies, massa; me make Jim bery good wife; me ought not be forsaken."

The third earnestly chimed in, that although she had no picaninny, "Me nebber made Jim a fault: me make Jim bery good wife; me wash Jim's shirt; me do all Jim's work: me ought not be cast off."

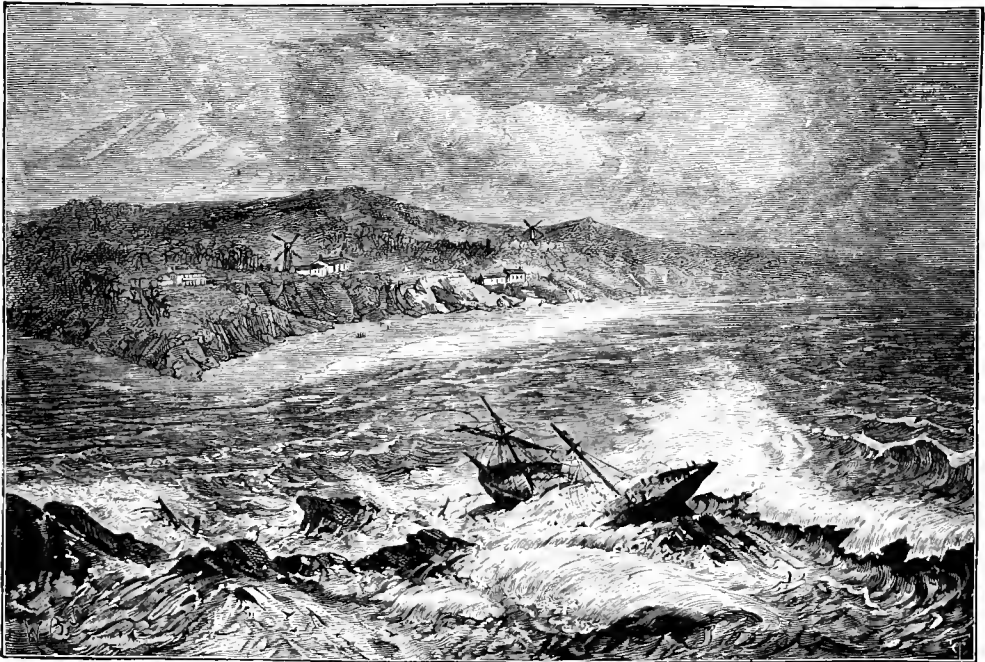
Here was a plight! The poor preacher sat silently weeping, feeling the hardness of what he thought his duty, and not being able to see his way to a just and wise decision.

Jim was at last pressed to reveal his own feelings in the matter, and he did so thus:—Turning to Mrs. Jim the second, he said, "You can do better with three picaninnies than she with five," while to No. 3 he said, "You have no picaninnies, and there is no fear but you will manage to live." He got his "probationary note," and led home the lady who was mother of five as his only wife.

The year 1826 was one of deepest gloom for the Methodist cause at Antigua. A district meeting was to be held at the island of St. Christopher, and five of the missionaries, with their families and two servants, set off from Antigua to be present at the gathering, calling on their return journey at Montserrat in order to leave Mr. Hyde, one of the brethren, to labour there. After they left Montserrat and had been about two days out, the wind became so furious that they were obliged to put back, and the storm continued so long that they finally took passage in the mail, which soon brought them, with thankfulness and joy, in sight of the low-lying island where their homes were. Almost enshrouded by an angry lurid sky, the sun was sinking amid heaving purple waves when the mail-boat drew into the harbour of St. John's: the captain looking out keenly for sunken rocks and shifting sand-beds—numerous in that locality.

Little dreaming of danger, with the voyage so nearly at an end, the passengers were in the cabin discussing with lively relish the prospects of a speedy landing, when—at seven o'clock—a sudden cry rang through the ship, "Breakers ahead!" Before they had more than time to rush on deck and get a startling glimpse of the

great indigo-coloured billows, with thunderous crash shivering themselves into blinding spray, the ship heeled over, and the water rushed in like a cataract, great seas also tearing over the decks with a frightful roar. Many passengers, including two missionaries, Messrs. White and Truscott, with their children and two servants, had been clinging to the rails of the quarter-deck for nearly an hour, when the vessel, lying on the rock amidships, at last "broke her back" and flung them all into the raging sea. They were never seen again. Mrs. Jones, the wife of a missionary, who had been in the same position when the ship gave way, was seized by her husband and enabled to cling to a part of the wreck.



WRECK OF THE *MARIA* MAIL-BOAT, ANTIGUA, 1826.

The captain did all he could to encourage the survivors who were holding on to the remains of the shattered vessel, and he tried, through the long dark night that followed, to buoy them with the hope that when daybreak came they might be seen from the battery at Goat Hill and rescued. The ruddy light of morning, for which they had yearned and prayed, gleamed upon pallid faces and seething waters, and far-off rocky shores, but no help came. They could see people walking about on the firm safe land, but nobody saw them, and their agonised shouts for succour were drowned amid the shriek of sea-birds and the clamour and wail of the storm. Vessels, entering or leaving port, even came very near them, but passed by without a sign and without even swerving from their course. Alas! to be within sight and reach of safety, and to perish thus without help! The dreary, grey, hopeless day darkened into night once more, but succour came not. They had now no food to

eat, and no water to drink, though standing up to their breasts in the sea, and they had to be constantly struggling, with all their remaining strength, to keep their footing on the wreck. Not even now did faith fail them, and we read that Mr. Jones and his wife calmly led the captain and his men to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Next morning the Rev. Mr. Hillier, though very weak, tried to swim ashore for help, a distance of about three miles; but after bidding those on the wreck farewell, and striking out boldly, he sank exhausted, and was lost.

Still another day passed, and at dusk the wreck began to show signs of breaking up completely; but morning dawned without that fear being realised. Some of the sailors were drowned in efforts to get ashore, and their bodies floated past. As the water was getting smoother, Mr. Oke, another missionary, struggled to make the shore, but sank immediately. Mr. Jones now lost all power in his legs, and the captain tried to lift him out of the water, but had not strength enough: drowsiness began to steal over his brain, and, calling out, "Come, Lord Jesus—come quickly!" he gently fell asleep. Mrs. Jones called to the captain for help, but saw that he too was in the throes of death, and the poor woman was now alone on the wreck, trying to keep the cold form of the one she loved from the hungry waves. At last she fell into a swoon, to awake, worn and exhausted, but safe on shore and among kind friends. An incoming American captain had reported a suspicion that there was some one on the wreck, and two gentlemen from the harbour had manned a boat and bravely pushed off as soon as they heard the news.

CHAPTER XXX.

JAMAICA AND THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

George Lisle and the First Baptist Mission in Jamaica—Succession of Negro Pastors—Persecution of the Preachers—Thomas and William Knibb—Knibb's Attitude towards Slavery—Opposition of the Planters—Agitation in England in 1831, and Consequently among the Negroes—Knibb's Indiscretions—Incendiarism—Terrible Retribution by the Planters—Knibb Arrested and Threatened with Death—Chapels Burnt Down by the Whites—Attempts to Lynch the Missionary—Charged with Rebellion—Knibb and Burchell Visit England—Knibb's Success—England Pays £20,000,000 for Emancipation—August 1, 1838—Emblems of Slavery Buried in a Grave—Knibb's Death—Dr. Underhill's Letter and the Agitation of 1865—Riot and Rebellion—Put Down with Reckless Barbarity—Judicial Murder of Gordon—Recent Progress of Jamaica under English Government.

BEFORE that energetic Wesleyan, Dr. Coke, had urged upon West Indian planters the duty of emancipating their negroes, there were scattered here and there amid the islands of the Caribbean, and in the colonies on the adjacent continent, excellent people who, of their own accord, had freed their slaves. One of these early liberationists was a British officer, who, soon after the fighting which secured to America her independence, had given liberty to a black man named George Lisle, and to other slaves in his possession. Lisle thereafter began to earn his living as a

carrier, and, being a preacher, was after a time appointed to the pastorate of a coloured congregation of Baptists in the United States. A year or two before Dr. Coke began his labours in the West Indies, this humble negro pastor joined one or two others, like himself in spirit and training, in order to begin mission-work. As Dr. Underhill writes, they "having felt the power of the Word of Life to soften the sorrows of their bondage, desired to convey to the Jamaica slave the consolations which had been their solace." Thus were begun, by this band of plain unlettered negroes, those efforts of the Baptists which were to be so closely interwoven with almost every aspect of the slave question in the West Indies.

Jamaica, the fairest gem in the Antilles, is a mountainous, but ever verdant and well-watered island, the aboriginal word from which its present name is derived meaning the "land of springs." It thus forms a great contrast to Antigua, and was destined by Nature to become a populous and influential centre in the Caribbean. Jamaica was taken from Spain by the English in 1655, after it had been freed from the inoffensive presence of the poor Caribs by the severity of the Spaniards.

The mountainous districts were then peopled by the descendants of fugitive slaves and vagabonds, who were called Maroons, and who in course of time furnished good soldiers for the British.

George Lisle, who seems to have been a man of energy with some rough gift of eloquence, had soon large audiences on Sundays, and a brick chapel was erected at a cost of £900; since his day represented by a larger and finer one, built on the same spot. The congregation worshipping there have enjoyed a negro pastorate from its foundation, without one break of continuity.

The religious labours of Lisle were not unnoticed by the authorities. Rightly or wrongly, or with mingled right and wrong, a great dread prevailed of negro risings, likely to be accompanied by much bloodshed and cruelty, and certain to work frightful and permanent injury to the prosperity of Jamaica and the other possessions of Great Britain in the West Indies. Of this general dread and the measures it suggested, we shall have much to say in the following pages. Mr. Lisle was not long in being charged with cherishing seditious objects, and after a hasty trial he was summarily set in the stocks, from thence to be taken and cast into prison, heavily chained. "His imperfect understanding of divine truth," says Dr. Underhill, "paved the way for the introduction among his followers of many superstitious practices, which for many years continued to characterise the communities that originated in his labours."

Lisle's work was taken up to some extent by a pious native barber named Moses Baker, who corresponded with Dr. Ryland of Bristol Academy, one of the band of reformers who were then carrying on the crusade in England against slavery.

The self-taught negro preachers from America, who broke ground for the Baptists, had a curious style of their own. A dark divine, taking for his text, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil," after telling his congregation that "time is a very useful ting," which might be compared to a bit of white paper that once written upon with ink cannot be made clean again, or to money that once spent cannot be got back, urged them to redeem the time, and closed his address as follows:—"And now,

my bredren, if you will do all dis dat I has told ye, you'll have de reward dat am promised to de faithful; for soon de angel Gabriel will come along in his everlastin' chariot, drivin' de immortal white horses, and he'll tell ye to get in and take a ride to de far-off country, and ye dat am good will step in, and Gabriel will crack his whip of tunder at dem immortal horses drawin' de everlastin' chariot, and away you'll go a skippen' and a buzzin' until you land at de curb-stone of heaven's gate."

Moses Baker wisely desired to have a preacher sent out from England, and through Dr. Rylands' influence his desire was gratified, but not before Baker himself had been silenced by an enactment rendering it illegal to preach to slaves. The affairs of the Church were soon in utter disorder; no communion was observed, and no discipline maintained.

The Baptist Missionary Society did not formally enter this unpromising field till 1813, when a highly esteemed student of the Bristol Academy, the Rev. John Rowe, set sail for Jamaica, arriving there in February of the following year. His career was very brief, and but little cheered with the sunshine of success. The dull story of duty manfully achieved may be set before our readers in a single sentence. The opposition of the magistrates made public preaching impossible for the time, and Mr. Rowe taught Christianity quietly and by means of a day-school. Dr. Underhill records that "death suddenly arrested his progress on the 7th of June, 1816, just as his consistent conduct and prudent action were about to be rewarded, by the legal permission which he required, openly to preach to the slaves."

The chief interest in the history of this mission clings around the life of William Knibb, whose impassioned oratory on behalf of the slaves is still remembered by the older members of this generation.*

The way in which William Knibb became a missionary was this:—His brother Thomas was, in the year 1814, on trial for apprenticeship to the printing business, and one day on getting an interesting letter from Mr. Robinson, a missionary in Java, to set up in type, he became inspired to teach the Gospel in foreign parts. So, early in 1822, he went out as a teacher to Kingston, in Jamaica, and, entering on his duties there, he used to correspond with his brother William, who was then in Bristol. In one of William's letters, in reply to this correspondence, he reveals a spark of that passion which was soon to give a glow to his whole life—"I do trust that the poor degraded negroes will, ere long, be set free from the chains of thralldom."

Thomas Knibb died after a brief sickness, mourned by the negro converts, who greatly loved him, and William very promptly responded to an invitation to take his brother's post at Kingston.

In 1824, just before leaving for his new sphere, William wrote a characteristic letter, in which he related that he had to act as guard at night over the house of an old lady who had been receiving frequent midnight visits from robbers. "I sleep in the kitchen, with a pistol under my pillow; and after perambulating a subterraneous passage capable of holding fifty men, and committing myself to the care of my heavenly

* We have used freely for this sketch the full and interesting memoir by John Howard Hinton, M.A., published by Houlston and Stoneman in 1849.

Father, I lie on my hammock, and sleep soundly. The doctor procured me this desirable affair, which, were there not a female ill in the house, I should not have accepted; but, as there is, it is one which I neither love nor fear."

On the passage out to Jamaica, he kept a diary of the conventional religious pattern, which is of very little interest, but under date of 28th of January his favourite theme is thus referred to—"Had a conversation with our fellow-passenger on slavery. His very attempts to justify it evince it to be replete with every enormity. He has slaves, but never punishes any but females, as they cannot be brought into subjection without it. He is an odious picture of the brutalising tendency of this execrable

system, which calls loudly, I was going to say, for the curse of every friend of common decency." And in this he was perfectly right, as a mass of details, too revolting for publication in our day, would amply suffice to show.

When William Knibb arrived at the scene of his future labours, he found the school-house in a deplorable state. The building was a mere shed, with no proper roof, but only thin boards or "shingles," placed so as to give some shade from a tropical sun; and thus every wet day had to be a holiday, for the water lay many feet deep around the rickety building. He was greatly surprised and pleased to find the negroes most eager to hear the Gospel, thus showing a great contrast, he observes, "to the debauched white population"—a style of phraseology which did not always



REV. W. KNIBB.

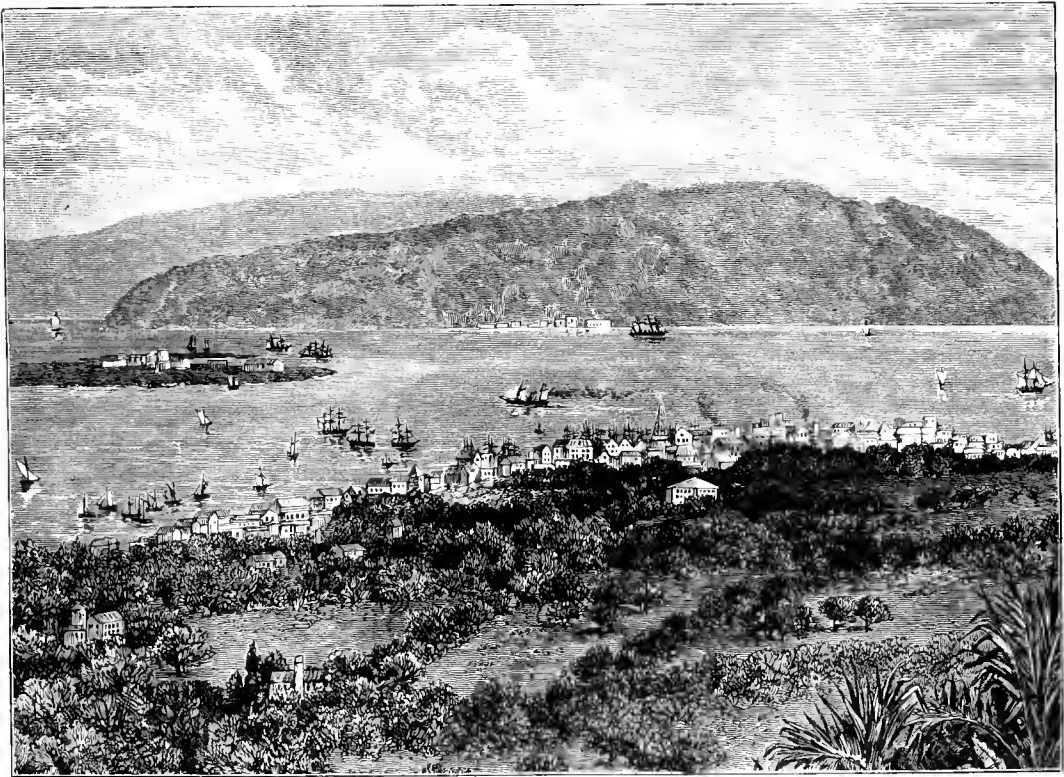
tend to win favour amongst the English residents in Jamaica.

There were already several missionaries at work when Knibb got there. Coultart and Tinson were at Kingston; Phillippo was at Spanish Town; Burchill had but recently come to the island.

It is clear that, from the first, Knibb set himself to make the question of slavery a burning one, and he took care to raise no false issue on the matter. Very early he writes to his mother that "the slaves have temporal comforts in profusion," while he sadly deplores the pitiful state of morals to which their condition has reduced them.

Nearly a hundred years before this, that far-seeing thinker, Bishop Butler, had given public utterance to weighty words in a sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and had his counsel been followed, strife, which was not to end without much bloodshed, might have been averted. The words of the Bishop will bear reproduction in the light of history. He says:—"Of these our colonies, the slaves ought to be considered as inferior members, and therefore to be treated as members of

them, and not merely as cattle or goods, the property of their masters. Nor can the highest property possible to be acquired in these servants, cancel the obligation to take care of their religious instruction. Despicable as they may appear in our eyes, they are the creatures of God, and of the race of mankind, for whom Christ died: and it is inexcusable to keep them in ignorance of the end for which they were made, and the means whereby they may become partakers of the general redemption. On the contrary, if the necessity of the case requires that they may be treated with the very utmost rigour that humanity will at all permit, as they certainly are, and for our



KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

advantage, made as miserable as they well can be in the present world, this surely heightens our obligation to put them into as advantageous a situation as we are able with regard to another."

Many of the early owners of slaves in our colonies set this noble ideal clearly before them; but it seems to be in the very nature of slavery to brutalise, not merely the slaves themselves, but all those also who have to do with their control and management. This was, at all events, the general result of negro slavery in our West Indian colonies, and from the first the system thus contained the germ of its own final destruction.

Mr. Knibb, though not a minister—a distinctive title not always admitted by

Baptists—had often to preach at Kingston for his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Coultart, who was in poor health. Now there was in Jamaica at this time a regulation, in virtue of which no one could publicly teach religion without licence from a governing body, the Court of Common Council. Mr. Knibb had not obtained this form of licence, and it says something for the tolerance of that much-maligned body that the authorities tacitly allowed him to go on preaching, while his own denomination hesitated to grant him the necessary credentials on the ground of lack of academical training. Knibb wrote home, a little impatiently, that his continuance in the field as a missionary depended in a measure on his obtaining credentials to establish his status as a preacher, and he was soon provided with the documents he required to make him legally a minister in Jamaica. His training had, no doubt, been somewhat defective; but, on the other hand, he was possessed of rare natural gifts for preaching and public speaking, nor does he seem to have been negligent in their culture.

In the year 1828, some kind of opposition was manifested to the work of the Baptist missionaries, and we find him writing thus to his mother:—"It is rather a trying time with us here. The opposers of the Gospel are very mad against us. Most of us have been summoned before the House of Assembly." It is not clear what offence was charged against them, nor does any penalty appear to have been imposed; but this was only the preliminary blast to a genuine hurricane of opposition which was soon to burst upon Knibb and his colleagues.

In 1827, Mr. Knibb sent to a lady correspondent in England a graphic description of the baptism of some converts:—"Picture to yourself a spacious harbour, about four miles across; a small spot of this surrounded with ropes and stakes in a circle; this spot surrounded by canoes filled with spectators; the fortifications covered with people—all as *still* as possible. By-and-bye you hear distant sounds of voices, and a little band approaches you, two and two, clothed in white, singing as they walk over the sand—

‘Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?’

They arrive; a hymn is sung, a prayer offered, and just as the sun first beams on the Sabbath, we descend into the water; and there, surrounded by multitudes, baptise them in the name of the adorable Trinity. . . . Tents are erected on the spot. It is rather amusing that, at the last baptising, a well of fresh water was discovered, which is called the *Baptists' Well*. But it is better to know that another Well has been opened, which contains the Water of Life. Lord, evermore grant that we may drink thereof."

While Mr. Knibb, in accordance with the belief held by his denomination, baptised by immersion, and baptised adults only, it may surprise some to find him writing thus, as he does, a year after his arrival in Jamaica:—"It is customary here to name the children of the members, and I think that it is a practice likely to be productive of good effects. I have had one or two of these christenings, and enjoyed them, though I wished that I could enter more fully into the feelings of the parents. The parents bring the child into the chapel after the service, and the minister takes it in his arms and names it."

This piping time of peace was soon to pass away. In 1831, Mr. Fowell Buxton (Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton), who at Wilberforce's request had succeeded that great philanthropist as leader of the anti-slavery party, brought forward a motion in Parliament which led the Government to give promises of speedy action in regard to colonial slavery. The serious prospect of immediate legislation naturally led to noisy discussions amongst the planters in Jamaica, who must now be credited with some foresight, in the light of the disasters that befell them. Those discussions were often overheard. Whispers got amongst the negroes that their freedom had been already decided upon; and the conviction grew in their minds that the planters and local authorities were defrauding black men of the rights which the King had now actually bestowed upon them.

One slave was frankly told by his master, so it was said, that "freedom was come from England, but that he would shoot every black rascal before he should get it;" and another overheard a planter say something to the effect that "the King is going to give us *free*, but he hoped all his friends would be of his (the planter's) mind, and spill our blood first."

When this agitation was reaching its height, in the autumn of 1831, Mr. Knibb became a prominent figure in the island; and with his own letters before us, it is impossible to acquit him of some indiscretions of conduct at that time. His sayings and doings, having been publicly impugned, were hotly defended by himself, with a rough impetuous eloquence that frequently carried his audience with him. On behalf of Knibb, too, it might be alleged that there was much provocation to a Christian champion of the black man. He writes, for example, on July 6th of that year:—

"One of the inquirers here was this day threatened with flogging and imprisonment for not standing in the market all Lord's Day to sell her master's goods. I went to the Custos and prevented it, telling him plainly that I would send word to the Colonial Office if the woman was punished. I should like your advice how to act. Numbers of our members are debarred the means of grace by being obliged to buy and sell on the Lord's Day for their owners. I have told them not to obey their owners in this respect, as it is contrary to the laws of God and to those of the land."

A few weeks after this incident, there was an unfortunate quarrel about a slave belonging to a man named Vernon, in which Mr. Knibb became seriously involved. This slave, named George, was employed by Mr. Knibb as a general servant on regular wages. For some reason the slave-owner threatened to send up poor George to be punished at the workhouse, and this roused Mr. Knibb's ire, so that he wrote thus to Vernon:—

"SIR,—You need not have sent so impertinent a message that you would send George to the workhouse, as I have regularly paid the wages, and, on your sending in the bill, will do so for the past week. Hoping that the time will come when those who sprang from slaves will possess better feelings towards their fellows, I remain,
yours obediently,
" W. KNIBB."

The *tu quoque* style of argument is always within easy range of the vulgar, and

Mr. Vernon responded by a letter in which Mr. Knibb was elegantly described as a "Gosport journeyman baker;" moreover, armed with a stout whip of cowhide, he laid in wait for Mr. Knibb. The latter gentleman postponed leaving his chapel till the coast was clear, and, with two clerical friends, went at once to swear the peace against the knight of the whip, but without success. Vernon was equal to the opportunity, and retorted by charging his reverence with perjury, which led Knibb to offer confirmation of his original statement from the lips of three friends, but the magistrate peremptorily refused to administer to them the oath. All this was very entertaining to a rather worldly community, although Knibb, on his part, rejoiced that his chapel was now better filled than ever.

But the planters and slaves, officials and private citizens, had soon much graver things wherewith to occupy their attention. When the year was drawing to a close, a little incident happened which led to much angry recrimination, even on far-away English platforms, and was supposed by some to have had great consequences. As Mr. Knibb's biographer records:—"Several negroes came to Knibb as their minister to ask him if what they heard was true—namely, 'that free paper was come.' When asked how they had heard such a thing, their answer was—'When *bushu* and book-keeper flog us, they say we are going to be free, and before it comes they will get it out of us.' Knibb's reply was—'No, it is not true. Never let me hear anything of this again. When did *bushu* tell you anything for your good? There is no free paper come. Go home, and mind your master's work.'" Now this speech was reported by the planters as an incitement offered to revolt, and the word *bushu*, meaning overseer, was replaced by *buckra* in the rumour, which latter expression is a negro term for white man, and is supposed to be a word of African origin signifying some kind of demon.

Knibb had certainly no intention of stirring up strife; but the strife came just after this, about Christmas-time, nearly costing him his life, plunging the people into the greatest misery, and ending in something very like a reign of terror.

A slave named Sam Sharp had got the negroes from several adjoining plantations to meet in the dead of night, and to resolve utterly to refuse work till wages were promised to them. Some few of them, indeed, even formed the bold project of setting fire to the houses and other buildings of the planters, and of making a stand for freedom by fighting the *buckra*. Everything, however, was done with the greatest secrecy; nor does it seem that even the missionaries suspected what was brewing, except one shrewd Scotch Presbyterian, Mr. Blyth, who, the night after Christmas, warned Mr. Knibb that genuine trouble was coming, for the negroes were in a state of great excitement. Knibb at once rode off and addressed his people in the outlying districts, assuring them solemnly that there was no "free paper" from the King yet, and urging them to remain peaceful. The result of these honest efforts to restrain the converts from violence was not, in all respects, satisfactory; for many of his hearers thought that the white people must needs have bribed their pastor to cheat them out of their liberty, saying, "Minister never said a word about freedom before: why does he come and talk to us about freedom now?" One of them, however, afterwards declared that "if minister had not been so urgent, he really should have

believed, from the conversation of the planters and the slaves, that freedom was come."

Next night the sky was red with the flames from many a burning sugar-work, and the soil was ruddy with the gore of slaves. "From that moment all was military massacre and lawless revenge."

The property lost by fire and wreckage during this lamentable insurrection was estimated at £1,154,583; chapels were burned or otherwise destroyed by planters,



THE REVOLT IN JAMAICA—FIRING ON THE NEGROES.

infuriated against the missionaries and their converts, to the estimated value of £12,390: while the lives of some seven hundred negro slaves were sacrificed.

How did William Knibb and his colleagues fare during this terrible period of tribulation to the mission?

Enrolled as a private soldier, Mr. Knibb went to perform his duty, aware of the risk to his life from the personal enmity of those in the ranks with him. He tells this part of the story in a very graphic way:—"While exhorting one of my deacons, Lewis Williams, to live near to God, I was arrested in the most brutal manner by a man named Paul Doeg. Commanding two black men to take me prisoner, he paraded before me in all the pomp of petty power, with a drawn sword, and had me conveyed to the guard-room. Soon afterwards I was removed to the barracks, where I found brethren Whitehorne and Abbott, who, like myself, were under arrest, none of us knowing why

or wherefore. In about half an hour Captain Christie came, and informed us that Colonel Cadien had sent him to tell us that we were to be taken to headquarters at Montego Bay, and that a conveyance would be ready in half an hour. I asked permission to see my wife and children, but was denied this pleasure. I then requested to write to them, but this small gratification was refused." It was reported by the planters that Knibb had been shot, and the cruel falsehood was sent round to the various plantations, causing great grief and consternation amongst the Christians, very few of whom had been mixed up in any way with the rebellion. Although the intention existed to secure the summary execution of the champion of anti-slavery on the island, that result was not actually accomplished. What really happened was this:—The missionaries, having been searched, were, under a guard of four soldiers, put on board an open and leaky canoe. They took seven hours to reach Montego Bay, where they were marched about in a most extraordinary manner, and were at last taken to the court-house, under a guard with fixed bayonets, and there they were to remain during the night. Knibb says that he stumbled on approaching the jury-box, which was to furnish them with sleeping accommodation, and that this aroused the anger of one of his guards, who threatened him with his bayonet. Worn out with a trying disorder, he then civilly requested permission to lie on the boards, but the answer, as Knibb afterwards gave it on oath before a Parliamentary Committee, was, "You — villain, if you stir one inch, or speak one word, I will stab you to the heart. You are to be shot at ten o'clock in the morning, and I am very glad of it."

Two of the Scotch missionaries and Mr. Barrett, a landed proprietor, wrote a letter of sympathy to Mr. Knibb, believing that his life was in danger, in which they said:—"We use the utmost haste to assure you that we are convinced you have not been, either intentionally or directly, guilty of creating the present insurrection. We are prepared to return to Montego Bay and witness to this effect, and, as far as our knowledge goes, to your peaceable character as a Christian and a minister."

Through the kind offices of one or two friends who were prominent in the colony, Knibb was liberated on bail, but exposure to wet and anxiety brought on a sharp attack of fever. From that illness, however, he fortunately recovered without any serious deterioration of health. Strenuous efforts were then made on all hands to trump up a definite charge of favouring insurrection in some way, and Knibb's papers were first searched and then taken possession of by a magistrate named Dyer, who was also editor of the local newspaper. But after all this hostile vigilance, no evidence of an incriminating kind could be obtained against him. Great efforts were made, under official cognisance, and even by official inspiration, to induce Knibb to leave the colony, the reason assigned being that he had written to some one in England condemning slavery, which was an institution of the country. Terrorism was exercised over his wife to the same end, and it was hinted to her that her husband's life would be in danger were he to remain longer in Jamaica.

Mr. Knibb, in declining to leave, took the ground that he was innocent of any offence against the laws; that he was willing and anxious to submit to a full and impartial inquiry, trusting that he should be able completely to vindicate his character;

and, finally, that he was the agent of a religious society to which he was directly accountable, and could not abandon the post of duty assigned to him as a missionary, so long as it was possible for him to remain there.

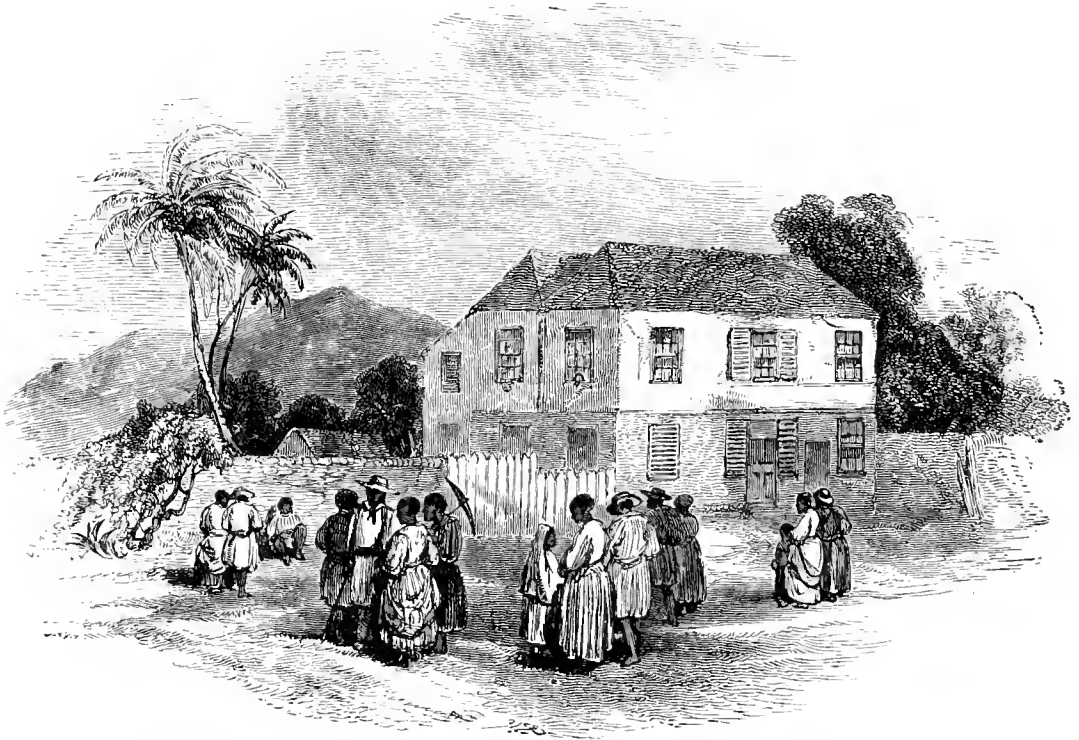
Moral intimidation having thus proved a failure, a boldly organised attempt was made to accomplish the desired object by brutal violence. Chapels, valued at £12,390. were completely destroyed by the infuriated whites; the residences of the missionaries were gutted, while similar measures were threatened against the property of any one offering shelter to Knibb, who was still on bail. An influential friend tried to secure an asylum for him on board one of the ships then in harbour, against the maniacal fury of his countrymen, but none of the merchant captains would run the risk. At last protection was given to the hunted missionary by the captain of His Majesty's ship *North Star*, and under the British flag he was safe for a little while.

In due course, seven weeks after his apprehension, Knibb surrendered himself for trial at Montego Bay, but no evidence was forthcoming, and he was formally discharged. Next day he went to Falmouth, where he found that most of his own furniture had been saved from the planters by the promptitude of friends who saw the storm coming. It was impossible for him to conduct a service—his chapel, indeed, had been destroyed by the mob of white people, and he found it dangerous to appear in public. At night a party of about fifty men, disguised in the apparel of women, surrounded the house in which Knibb had secured shelter, yelling and hooting in a threatening manner. Knibb, calling out "Who is there?" was saluted with coarse language and a volley of stones, while the intention of decorating his person with a coating of tar and feathers was made only too intelligible. As Mr. Hinton, in his "Life of Knibb," records:—"His friends said, 'What are we to do if they come? If we cry *Murder*, we are afraid nobody will come.' He said, 'Cry, *Fire!*' They rejoined, 'Where are we to say it is?' He replied, 'Tell them it is in hell, for those who tar and feather parsons.' On the cry of '*Fire!*' this respectable and valorous company ran away. This process was repeated three successive nights, till at length the fears of his kind hostess were so highly excited that she begged him to quit the house, which he did, placing himself between two women, and making his escape under cover of the night as he best could."

Another futile attempt was made to identify the unflinching advocate of negro liberty with the slave rebellion that had just been quelled, and a fresh indictment was framed by the Attorney-General, charging him with inciting the slaves to insurrection. The grand jury, after hearing four witnesses (all of them being slaves, whose testimony was, on that ground, legally inadmissible as evidence in the colony), found a true bill against Knibb, who at once surrendered himself, but was permitted out on bail for £1,000.

Before the time of trial had arrived, and in consequence of a general expectation of his execution, the poor distracted man was hardly pressed by a few local creditors, while his own Society in England—which was then suffering from a severe pecuniary strain—not knowing the state of affairs in Jamaica, urged Mr. Knibb to get his scattered flock to sustain him as their pastor. His reply contains the following pathetic passage:—

“I have sold what little things I could to support myself and family, but I assure you that I have not anything [wherewith] to buy the necessaries of life. £84 I had in Stewart Town, and the £100 I had in Rio Bueno, are gone in the destruction of the chapels, and my furniture is so injured in hiding it from the rabble that it will not fetch much. One of Mr. Cantlow’s horses has been ruined, and I have given it away, as I had not money to support it. His other horse and mine are stolen. Every one thinks here that they may abuse missionaries and their property as much as they please. If I can sell my chaise, it will pay every debt I now owe; but I must



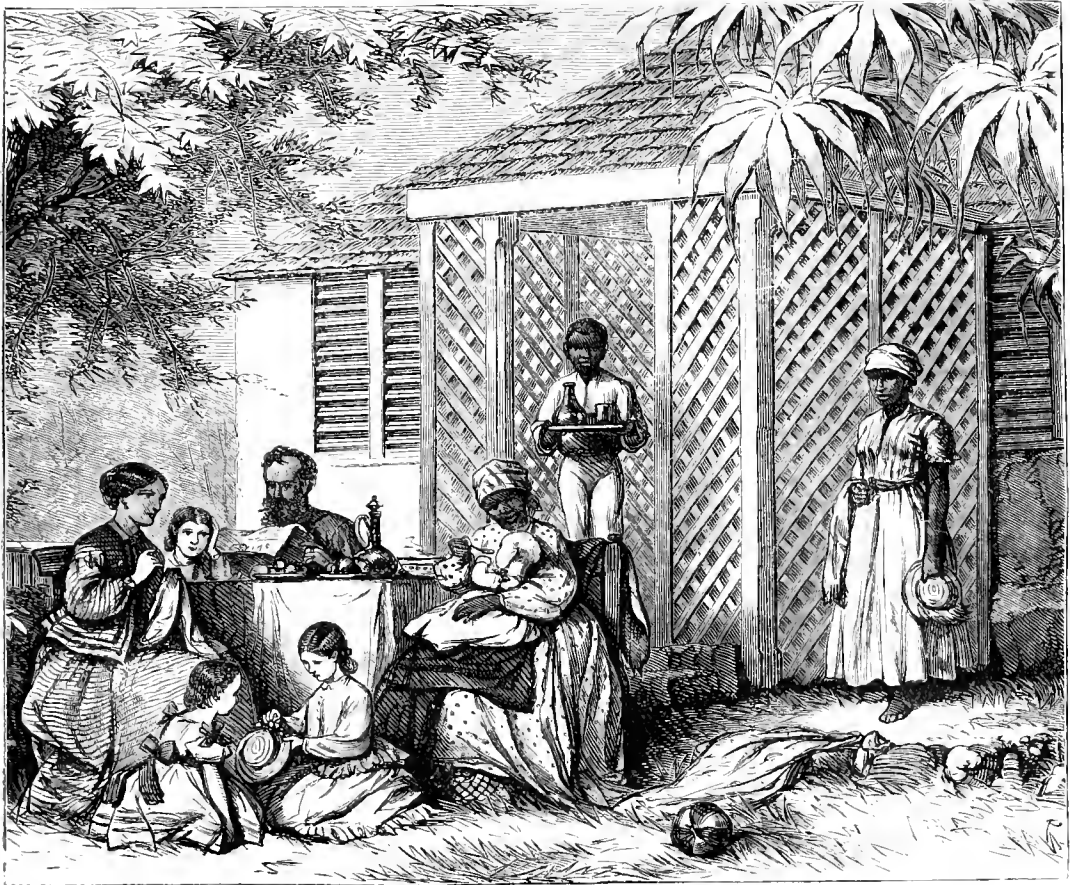
HOUSE IN FALMOUTH IN WHICH MR. KNIBB COMMENCED OPERATIONS FOR THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

look to you for bread to eat. I deeply feel for your difficulties; I mourn that I cannot relieve them. Had I any money, it should be devoted to the cause which is now suffering, but which will eventually triumph.”

A few of the Baptist slaves had undoubtedly been guilty of rebellious acts, and so were also, it is believed, members of other religious denominations; but the whole number of professing Christians who acted disloyally was, after all, very small. Immediately before the day of trial, which was to collapse ignominiously by the Attorney-General entering a *nolle prosequi*, the Governor sent to induce Knibb, whose loyalty would seem to have never been really doubted, to assist them in unravelling the web of conspiracy.

With the approval of the Chief Justice (Hon. W. Tuckett), the accused missionary

had an interview in prison with two rebels, members of a Baptist congregation, but not personally known to him. Having been led to believe that their full confession would secure pardon for them, Knibb very honestly urged them, as Christians, to tell the truth about the matter; praying with them also for some time. They followed his counsel, telling their story with apparent frankness and sincerity, after which they were both executed!



A JAMAICA PLANTER AT HOME.

On the renewed, and now very urgent, pressure of friends, Knibb left that part of the island, where his life was manifestly unsafe. But it is only bare justice to record that after a brief and bloody period of anarchy, followed by much terrorism, tranquillity was at length restored, and the loyalty which had been shown throughout the crisis by many of the Baptist converts began to be more generally recognised, one of Knibb's church members receiving his freedom from the Government as a reward for his conduct.

Messrs. Knibb and Burchell were appointed soon after this to visit England in order to make an appeal on behalf of the negroes in Jamaica. They arrived in June, 1832, the pilot giving them the news that the Reform Bill had been passed. "Thank

God!" said Knibb. "Now I'll have slavery down. I will never rest, day or night, till I see it destroyed, root and branch."

There can be no doubt that Knibb's crusade made a great impression on the English public, for the yet recent tragedies in Jamaica had rendered all lovers of freedom in the Mother Island, tenderly sensitive to the horrors of slavery. Powerful as a platform orator, Knibb was not gifted with that pruned and classic kind of eloquence that bears transference to the printed sheet, and generally costs so much midnight oil; but one passage may here find space, more eloquent in its simplicity as a statement of facts than much of the burnished and nicely balanced periods in the conventional oratory of his times:—

"And now, my fellow-Christians, I appear as the feeble and unworthy advocate of twenty thousand Baptists in Jamaica, who have no places of worship, no Sabbath, no houses of prayer; and I firmly believe, and solemnly avow my belief, that by far the greater part of those twenty thousand will be flogged every time they are caught praying."

This, indeed, was the burden of his pathetic story, and it touched many hearts in England, drew many tears, and, what was more to his purpose, evoked substantial help for the noble cause he had so strenuously and fearlessly been fighting.

The English nation gave £20,000,000 to smooth the way for the great emancipation that was now inevitable, of which sum £13,000,000 fell to the share of Jamaica. The full freedom of the negro was not at once attained, but a system of bogus freedom, called "seven years' apprenticeship," was for a time carried into operation, which became the medium of gross wrongs being perpetrated on the poor blacks, whose sufferings were not greatly mitigated.

"Every vestige of their legal rights," says Dr. Cox, "was trampled under foot; the planters possessed the most absolute control. Every complaint against the greatest injustice and cruelty was silenced, since the poor negroes knew too well that the magistrates would protect not them but their oppressors."

At last came the glorious 1st of August, 1838, when slavery was finally abolished throughout every country over which floats the British flag. The night before the dawn of liberty, Knibb and his people met in chapel to sing a solemn dirge, Knibb pointing to the clock, and saying, "The hour is at hand, the monster is dying!" and then, when the last note struck the knell of negro slavery, he called out—his negro hearers being wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of excitement—"The monster is dead; the negro is free!" The breathless silence that had till now prevailed was broken by a loud shout of jubilant exultation. "Never," says Knibb, "did I hear such a sound. The winds of freedom appeared to have been let loose. The very building shook at the strange yet sacred joy."

Next morning a chain, whip, and collar, with other typical badges of servitude, were nailed in a coffin and solemnly deposited in a grave. The *Baptist Herald* contains an account of a memorial tablet erected over these remains of negro slavery in the British colonies:—

"It is surmounted with the figure of Justice, holding in her left hand the balances

of equity, whilst her right hand rests upon the sword which is placed at her side. Beneath this figure the likenesses of Granville Sharp, Sturge, and Wilberforce, are arranged in bas-relief, and that of the Rev. W. Knibb appears at the base. It bears the following inscription:—

Deo Gloria!

Erected

By Emancipated Sons of Africa,
To Commemorate the Birthday of their Freedom,
August the First. 1838.

H O P E

Wails the Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Colonies,
As the Day-Spring of Universal Liberty
To all Nations of Men, whom God 'hath Made of One Blood.'

'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'—Psalm lxxviii. 31.

Immediately under this inscription, two Africans are represented in the act of burying the broken chain and useless whip; another is rejoicing in the undisturbed possession of the Book of God; whilst, associated with these, a fond mother is joyously caressing the infant which, for the first time, she can dare to call her own."

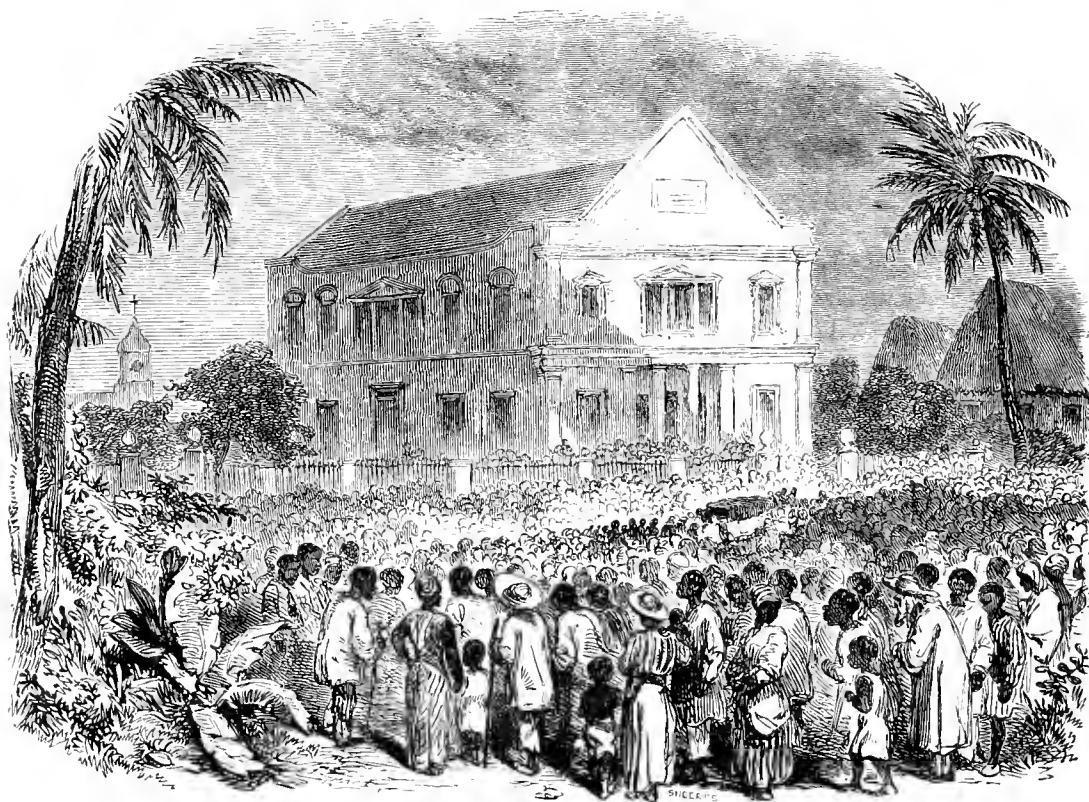
Knibb's troubles did not end with the emancipation of the slaves, and to the end of his earthly career, on the 15th of November, 1845, he was an active representative of the Church militant. He died of yellow fever, in the forty-second year of his age, at Kettering in Jamaica; and although his funeral took place on the following day, such was the respect entertained for his memory that not less than eight thousand persons assembled on that occasion.

Twenty years after Mr. Knibb died, Dr. Underhill, the eminent Baptist, in a letter to the Secretary of State (Mr. Cardwell), pointed out that an alarming degree of poverty and distress existed among the negroes in the island at the time. Such a condition might perhaps have been due in some measure to a long drought which had prevailed in the season before. The letter, dated January, 1865, was much discussed, and has been characterised by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (Vol. 120, p. 224) as a "foolish letter, inconsiderate and mischievous, calculated to foment discontent and disaffection amongst an unreflecting and untaught race; but it was not, technically speaking, a seditious letter." It was certainly not, in any just sense whatever, "a seditious letter;" and in the ordinary official course it was sent to Governor Eyre, and by him was transmitted for notice to the local "Custodes"—officials with functions somewhat like those of our county Lords-Lieutenant. Some other public personages likely to be interested were also officially permitted to read it, and the letter was published in full in the local papers.

The result was a growing ferment of negro feeling, and a petition to the Government, based on the allegations that the letter contained, was signed and duly transmitted. On the other hand, many of the most strongly stated facts were by official personages flatly denied to exist. Testimony is almost overwhelming to the fact of the general unwillingness

of free negroes to work *steadily* for any length of time for even pretty liberal wages. Governor Eyre, therefore, with perhaps more truth than tact, replied to the poor petitioners (who were of the labouring class) that the prosperity of the labouring class in Jamaica, as everywhere else, depended on their working for wages, "not uncertainly or capriciously, but steadily and continuously, at the times when their labour is wanted, and for so long as it is wanted."

The Baptist pastors, amongst other friends of the negroes, were greatly displeased,



FUNERAL OF KNIBL.

and expressed their sympathy with the petitioners, who had, they thought, been brusquely treated. There were many wild mutterings now amongst the negroes, which such support unhappily tended to fan into open revolt; and the word seems to have gone round amongst the coloured people that the 4th of August was to be a day of reckoning with the *huckra*.

The negroes, we must remember, were now growing in numbers, whilst the white people were steadily diminishing; so that colour, race, and tongue served to emphasise a difference which was no longer that of proprietor and chattel, and which mere community of civil rights had been impotent to obliterate. Leaders are not wanting in such a struggle whenever it becomes urgent and inevitable, and they have often been

found amongst the mixed or mulatto race, of which it has been justly said that "to the intelligence and often to the acquirements of the white race, it unites the impulsive waywardness of the negro, and adds a sensitiveness of its own."

After inflammatory addresses had been circulated, it required but a chance breeze of incident to kindle a fierce conflagration. Nothing serious, however, happened till Saturday, the 7th of October, 1865, when a petty incident brought matters to a crisis. On that day a busy market was being held at Morant Bay, and at the same time the Court of Petty Sessions was sitting. Amid the usual crush of trivial cases there was one of assault by a negro boy, who was fined four shillings; he was also charged twelve shillings and sixpence for costs. A noisy demagogue named Geoghegan, who was sitting in court, loudly urged the youthful offender not to pay costs, causing much excitement by his uproarious and disorderly conduct. The police, by the direction of the magistrates, laid hold of Geoghegan; but he was immediately rescued from their custody, and, the mob having greatly increased in numbers and violence, the police were beaten back with much roughness.

On the following Monday, as simple justice and order required, warrants were issued against those who were deemed to be the chief offenders. These were two men named Bogle, and some others, alleged on oath to have taken an active or prominent part in Saturday's riot in or around the court. These men lived near Morant Bay, and thither eight policemen went—a rather feeble force in the circumstances and in light of previous excitement—to make the apprehension. When an officer laid hold of Paul Bogle, who was a Baptist preacher, he shouted, "Help, here!" and suddenly some one addressed as "captain" called on the men to turn out. In a trice a gang of men, numbering from three to five hundred, armed—some with sticks, and others with pikes or such cutlasses as are used in the cutting of sugar-cane—rushed out from Bogle's little chapel and from a sugar-cane field hard by, and soon overpowered the small force of constables representing British authority. Some of the policemen were beaten back, but others were caught and kept in bonds till they consented to "join their colour," and to "cleave to the blaek;" for they, too, were coloured persons.

According to the official report:—"It was stated by Bogle, in the presence of the policemen, that they had expected to go to Morant Bay that day, but that it was then late; that on the morrow there was to be a Vestry held at the Bay, and that they expected to come down. It was said by others that they intended to come down to the Bay 'to kill all the white men and all the black men that would not join them.'" This statement naturally led to some kind of military precautions being taken, and certainly they were more than justified by the events that followed.

On Wednesday, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, while the Vestry was transacting its ordinary business, a menacing crowd of people came up to the building where that body was sitting. The volunteers were hastily summoned, and very soon afterwards a great mob, armed with sticks, cutlasses, muskets and bayonets—these latter partly obtained from the previous sacking of the police station—rushed into the open space facing the court house, in which the volunteers were now drawn up. Baron Ketelhodt, the Custos, who had been vilified in an exciting appeal which

had previously been circulated amongst the negroes, went out to the steps calling "Peace, peace!" and asking the foremost in the crowd what their demands were, but the loud answer was "War!"

At this crisis some women and others forming an outside fringe of the mob were seen to be carrying stones, and one of the bystanders noticed that blood was trickling down the face of Captain Hitchins, the officer in command. No one seems to have actually seen a stone thrown at this period, but it is quite clear that stones were collected for the purpose of being thrown, and that the captain was struck on the forehead and wounded by means of a stone, possibly thrown by some one not in the main body of organised rioters. While this was happening, the magistrate was reading the Riot Act—the volunteers retiring to the steps. Authority was immediately given to the captain, who ordered his men to fire, which they promptly did, some eighteen or twenty people in the crowd of rioters being seen to fall as if shot. The mob, now frantic for revenge, rushed upon the volunteers, disarming some of them, and compelling the remainder either to flee for their lives or to take such shelter as the court house seemed to afford.

Within this building those magistrates and other members of the Vestry who had failed to escape by the back windows, together with a few disorganised volunteers, were now closely penned. Without was a raging mob, determined to make short work of the imprisoned *buckra*, and, amid an intermittent fire from the few volunteers inside, who had saved their weapons, they pelted the seared defenders with stones, or took pot-shots at them with pebbles in place of bullets, by means of the muskets they had seized from the volunteers and police.

The official Blue Book thus relates what followed:—"A cry was then heard, 'Go and fetch fire;' 'Burn the brutes out.' Bogle, in particular, said, 'Let us put fire upon the court house. If we don't, we will not manage the volunteers and the *buckra*.' Very soon afterwards men were seen to set fire to the school house, which adjoined the court house. Then, after a time, the fire spread from the roof of the one building to that of the other.

"As the roof of the court house was beginning to fall in, the inmates were compelled to leave the building; and, it being now dark, they sought to conceal themselves in different places in the vicinity.

"Some remained undiscovered throughout the night, but others were dragged from their hiding-places, and one by one either beaten or left for dead on the ground.

"The number of persons killed by the rioters in or about the court house appears to have been eighteen, and the number of the wounded to have amounted to thirty-one.

"After this the town remained in possession of the rioters. The gaolers were compelled to throw open the prison doors, and fifty-one prisoners, who were there confined, were released."

It is now believed that the riot was the result of much previous excitement caused by an agrarian question greatly discussed amongst the freed negroes, the main point being as to the proprietorship of certain "back lands" on which claims were made, reminding one not a little of many knotty problems raised by Crofters in Scotland; and

that the crisis was reached in a riotous determination beforehand to release certain "agrarian" prisoners from lawful custody.

There must necessarily have been an excited and sensitive condition of mind amongst the English (white) population, and even the Governor's report gave vent to some hideous rumours of mutilation and torture for which there was afterwards found to be hardly a shred of evidence: such as, that "the Rev. V. Herschell is said to have had his tongue cut out whilst still alive, and an attempt is said to have been made to skin him:" that "Mr. Charles Price was ripped up and his entrails taken out;" that "Lieutenant Hall had been pushed into an outhouse and roasted alive;" and that "others had had their eyes scooped out." The medical evidence was strong enough to establish the absurdity of most of these rumours, due partly to the contagion of terror, and antipathy to the "blacks."

On the very day of the outbreak at Morant Bay, Governor Eyre had received a letter from the poor Custos, Baron Ketelholt (who lost his life in the riot), expressing great apprehensions for the safety of the white people: and no time seems to have been lost in making preparations to maintain order. Two hundred soldiers in all were despatched to the disturbed region; a body of troops was sent along the beautiful Blue Mountain Valley to intercept the rebels should they attempt to cross the island by that way: and, when the full news came, one-third of the island was put under martial law for a period of one month. It has been generally conceded that this was too long a period, in all the circumstances of the case, for the ordinary legal machinery of the country to be superseded; but the term of one statutory month was supposed to be a necessary concomitant of any proclamation whatsoever of martial law in Jamaica.

The disturbed district had an extent of something over five hundred square miles, and contained about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly black people. There was, strange to say, but one gaol in the district—a fact which may be allowed to tell somewhat in favour of the religious and moral tone of the inhabitants; but when the outbreak took place, the lack of accommodation for prisoners was felt to impose a certain necessity for summary action on the part of the military authorities. The restoration of order had to be effected by only four hundred and fifty-eight regular soldiers and two hundred and eighty-seven maroons, or negro troops, who acted very loyally throughout. The primary object of the authorities was to strike immediate terror into the hearts of the whole negro population, then supposed to be but waiting for the least token of success to join in a general massacre of the *backra*.

But there can be little doubt that the punishment of the rebels lost in effectiveness by the vindictive spirit in which details seemed to be administered: and excesses were committed which nothing could justify.

About four hundred and fifty rebels were put to death, and a Royal Commission of Inquiry reported:—

- "(1) That the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent.
- "(2) That the floggings were reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous.
- "(3) That the burning of 1,000 houses was wanton and cruel."

It would be aside from our main purpose to enter fully into the details of the awful tragedies portrayed in cold official language throughout the pages of that report which Mr. Childers called a "ghastly volume." The number of persons whose lives were taken *after* the rebellion was quelled—if rebellion it really was—corresponded with those who perished under Judge Jeffreys during the Bloody Assize, being 350, as stated in Parliament with some rhetorical force.

One Kirkland, a man of genius in a way, by a happy inspiration found that piano wire, when twisted amongst the cords of the conventional cat-o'-nine-tails, improved the efficacy of the punishment inflicted on the unfortunate blacks. With these infernal instruments of torture—one of which was afterwards exhibited—some hundreds of persons were flogged, often with one hundred lashes each, "till the ground was soaked with gore." Women did not escape, and this terrible punishment of the lash was not restricted to rebels guilty of murder or violence. One man received one hundred and fifty lashes simply because a mustard pot belonging to a Mr. Jones was found in his possession! Mere boys were pitilessly flogged for hiding from the troops or police; and some, who seem to have been quite innocent of any misdeed whatever, were shot down for running when the soldiers came into view.

Few of those who knew Mr. Eyre ever doubted he was personally a humane man; but after a careful and most impartial investigation, he was compelled to give up the post which he had filled in a time of undoubted difficulty and perhaps extraordinary danger. For a long time England rang with a wordy warfare, in which such men as Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, Dickens, and Tennyson were ranged with Disraeli on the side of the discarded Governor; while Goldwin Smith, Stuart Mill, Huxley, and Spencer, placed themselves alongside of John Bright as defenders of the "black man."

Popular interest was chiefly concentrated on the tragic story of the Baptist preacher, George William Gordon, the son of a rich planter and Custos, by one of his slave women. George, the oldest of seven children born in servitude, was a bright, clever boy, and though he inherited little but his mother's colour, he soon made his way in the world, gaining general respect and earning a good deal of money for himself. The poor mother died; the wealthy father in course of time freed his children, while George sent his sisters to Paris to complete their education, got them both well married, and gave to each of them a portion. By-and-bye the father lost all his fortune, and George (with the aid, for a little, of another son) bought back the paternal estate for the old gentleman, leaving him in occupancy, and providing him with about £500 a year, to comfort his old age.

One old Jamaica resident speaks of George as "a man of princely generosity and of unbounded benevolence," and he liberally aided the schools and chapels of different denominations. He was a gentleman of public spirit, wide information, and high general culture, while his conversational manner had much urbanity and sweetness. Gordon was for some time a magistrate, and even a legislator, in the colony, taking always the popular or negro side in politics; and he was one of the largest landed proprietors in Jamaica. Although he has been spoken of as a member of the Church of England, and deemed himself a Baptist, he was at one time connected with the

United Presbyterian Church at Kingston in Jamaica; and the eminent Rev. D. King, LL.D., who had been temporarily his pastor there, wrote and spoke very highly of his character, and of the esteem in which he was held by all classes. In a letter to a London newspaper the reverend doctor says:—

“He always spoke to me with deferential regard for his father, and never uttered a disrespectful word regarding Mrs. Gordon. He was tenderly sensitive. One day, as we were walking together, he became pensive, and requested me to step aside with him. He stopped before a slight elevation of the grass, and said to me, with much



HOUSE AT MORANT BAY WHERE GORDON WAS TRIED.

emotion, ‘My mother is buried there: she was a negro and a slave, but she was a kind mother to me, and I loved her dearly!’ As he uttered these words his tears trickled down upon her grave.”

Some time before the outbreak, Gordon had been elected churchwarden, and went to claim his seat in the Vestry at Morant Bay. Rightly or wrongly, his presence was protested against, and on his formally refusing to retire at the touch of a policeman, he was lifted up bodily on his chair and carried out by the magistrates themselves. Then an outcry was raised by Gordon about the death of a man in prison from dysentery, on whose body no inquest had been held. Again, this warm-hearted and hot-headed man had been leading a vigorous agitation to secure the recall of Governor Eyre, who was not popular with the now very strong negro party, and all this had served to render their leader obnoxious to those in authority. Indeed, even in 1865

Gordon seems to have expressed fears that an official conspiracy was being formed against him, a dread which some of his relatives shared. In addition to official disfavour, he had further incurred the resentment of the large and influential planter class, by his vigilant criticism of abuses and general fidelity to the blacks.

On the fatal day when the attack was made on the Vestry Hall, Gordon's absence was thought by many to be of great significance, as he had become one of the most regular in attendance; but it is clear that he was then seriously ill, and desired to be at the meeting. Just before the riot he had been busy circulating an inflammatory address, probably written by himself, which was especially hostile to the Custos, Baron Ketelhodt, who was murdered and mutilated by the infuriated negroes; but it is impossible to believe that Gordon contemplated anything but constitutional action.

When the newspapers began to point out the Baptist "parson" as the chief instigator of a bloody riot falsely dignified with the name of rebellion, Gordon's friends tried to induce him to escape from the fowler's snares by flight; but he nobly answered them, "I have done nothing but striven to prevent oppression and to relieve the poor, and no inducement shall make me act as if I were guilty."

He had not long to wait before a warrant was issued against him, with the avowed aim "to deter other districts from rising," the original outbreak itself having been completely suppressed. Hearing of this process, Gordon, along with Dr. Fiddes, rode to the official residence, prepared to meet any accusation that might be preferred against him; but on arriving there he was arrested by the Governor himself, and hurried off to Morant Bay, guarded by soldiers. The poor man was at this time much emaciated, and had been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which threatened to end in consumption. Dr. Fiddes says, "From what I saw of the manner of Mr. Gordon's seizure, and from his immediate transference from a place where no martial law existed, to a town where it was in full activity, I concluded that his fate was sealed."

The doomed but untried prisoner said to his wife, a tender-souled, nervous little woman, in giving up to her his watch and purse, "I am to be taken to Morant Bay at once, to die this evening," for, as he knew, the passage could be made in a few hours in favourable weather. As he went on board the *Wolverine*, the crew brutally wagged their heads at him, declaring that his life was not worth a pin now,—since Governor Eyre had become his keeper. He was then securely shackled and placed under a guard in the stern of the vessel, where his friends last saw him seated. Like a condemned malefactor of the vilest class, this untried Christian gentleman was, with apparent vindictiveness, fed on bread and water. During the passage, Gordon penned the following touching letter to his poor wife:—

"MY BEST BELOVED LUCY,—This may be the last time I shall write to you. I have written very hurriedly and in a rolling sea. Remember me affectionately and forgivingly to all. I shall, if I must, die in peace, and with a clear conscience of being any party to the outbreak here. My heart throbs with love for you; but let your soul be stayed on God through Christ, and be not sorrowful as those without hope. My very, very dearest one, . . . I shall in death remember your words

[*warm*, in one copy], and kind, and devoted, and affectionate attachment. Hoping that we shall again meet in Christ to part no more,—Yours to the last moment,

“G. W. GORDON.”

The vessel was unexpectedly delayed by rough weather, and did not reach Morant Bay till three days had elapsed. On arriving on shore, this ex-member of the legislature was mobbed by Her Majesty's soldiers and sailors—one soldier robbing him of his spectacles, another stealing his black coat and waistcoat, a third pulling his shirt out over his pantaloons, and leaving him to stand exposed in his weak state to a broiling sun. He had even to stand trial clad in an old blanket. One asked him how he should like a taste of the cat; another promised that they should soon string him up; whilst a third, in choice language, threatened “to set the dogs at you, you rascal!”

When at length the sick and manacled prisoner, worn out with anxiety and long shameful exposure to the sun, became faint, and sank helplessly to the ground, Provost-Marshal Ramsay, a prominent “instrument” during the Governor's astonishing vindication of law and order, reproached the prisoner loudly and roughly with his position. He, and other officers, taunted Gordon with his coming doom, and actually had so little manliness as to compel him to witness the convulsions and contortions of other wretches, from whom the sailors were finding some amusement by hanging them in the most clumsy and primitive fashion. Ramsay himself led Gordon forward to look closely at the bloated and spasm-contorted visage of one William Grant, saying, as he did so, “See what *he* has come to, and to that end you will certainly come;” in reply to which most un-English treatment Gordon could only meekly bow, and was led back to the filthy reeking den in which he was to await execution. There was little pretence of legal formality in the trial. Gordon was undefended, and the investigation was such as should never have been entrusted to a few inexperienced young officers, one of whom seems to have prejudged the case. No one has ever had anything to say in defence of this trial, which seems to have violated almost every known judicial form; and it did not afterwards meet with approval from the Home Government. Such as it was, it took place on Saturday, and on Monday Gordon was a corpse.

His defence is contained in this last letter to his wife, which is generally consistent with the facts recorded of him:—

“MY BELOVED LUCY,—General Nelson has just been kind enough to inform me that the court-martial on Saturday last has ordered me to be hung, and that the sentence is to be executed in an hour hence, so that I shall be gone for ever from this world of sin and sorrow.

“I regret that my worldly affairs are so deranged, but now it cannot be helped. I do not deserve the sentence, for I never advised or took part in any insurrection; all I ever did was to recommend the people who complained, to seek redress in a legitimate way; and if in this I erred, or have been misrepresented, I don't think I deserve this extreme sentence. It is, however, the will of my Heavenly Father that I

should thus suffer in obeying His command to relieve the poor and needy, and to protect, so far as I was able, the oppressed; and glory be to His name, and I thank Him that I suffer in such a cause. Glory be to the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I can say that it is a great honour thus to suffer, for the servant cannot be greater than his Lord. I can now say, with Paul the aged, 'The hour of my departure is come, and I am ready to be offered up. I have kept the faith, I have fought a good fight, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of



NEGRO HUTS, JAMAICA.

righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me.' Please to say to all friends an affectionate farewell, and that they must not grieve for me, for I die innocently. Assure Mr. Airey of the truth of this, and all others. Comfort your heart. I certainly little expected this. You must do the best, and the Lord will help you: and do not be ashamed of the death which your poor husband will have suffered. The judges seemed against me, and, from the rigid manner of the court, I could not get in all the explanation I intended. . . . It seemed that I was to be *sacrificed*. I know nothing of Bogle, and never advised him to the act or acts which have brought upon me this end. . . . I did not expect that, not being a rebel, I should have been tried and disposed of this way. I thought His Excellency the Governor

would have allowed me a fair trial, if any charge or [of ?] sedition or inflammatory language were partly attributable to me; but I have no power of control; may the Lord be merciful to him! General Nelson, who has just come for me, has faithfully promised to let you have this; may the Lord bless him, and the soldiers and sailors, and all men!"

Then follow farewell words to many personal friends. The letter resumes:—

"As the General is come, I must close. Remember me to Aunt Eliza in England, and tell her not to be ashamed of my death. And now, my dearest one, the most beloved and faithful, the Lord bless, keep, preserve, and keep you. A kiss for dear mamma. . . . Say good-bye to Mr. Davidson and all others. I have only been allowed one hour. I wish more time had been allowed. Farewell also to Mr. E. C. Smith, who sent up my private letter to him; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all.

"Your truly devoted (and now nearly dying) husband,

"GEO. W. GORDON."

This letter was published, making a profound impression on the British public, and tending to deepen the consciousness that a great wrong had been done under the guise of a military necessity that did not exist.

Mr. Cardwell pretty clearly reflected the calm judicial mind of England when he stated that—"Future good government is not the object of martial law. Example and punishment are not its objects; its severities can only be justified when, and so far as, they are absolutely necessary for the immediate re-establishment of the public safety."

After the Crown assumed the direct government of the colony, affairs soon settled down, and angry feelings began to subside. Success attended the missions of the Baptists; and there are no more loyal subjects of the Queen than the quiet, orderly, respectable-looking negroes who worship in Baptist chapels throughout the West Indies. Slavery has left its evil mark on the negroes; but, says Dr. Underhill, "The discipline of the churches, with the ministry of the Word, is having its effect in the raising of the moral tone of the community and in the increasing intelligence of the people."

XVII.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.

Buddhism—Felix Carey—Early Life of Adoniram Judson—"A Decided Infidel"—Ann Hasseltine—Captured by the French—A Little Band of Seven—The Phyoumgees—The Judsons at Rangoon—Opposition of the Myowoon—First Converts—Imprisonment of Judson—Ministries of his Wife—Escape—The Burmese War—The Boardmans—Among the Karens—Mission of the S.P.G.—Bishop Cotton—Mr. Marks—A Liberal King—Beliefs of the Karens—Bishop Titcomb—Successful Work.

WE have told how the British authorities, in their eagerness to limit Gospel teaching in Bengal, drove Mr. Chater from their territory. The result was that, in 1808, he and Felix Carey (Dr. Carey's eldest son) settled at Rangoon as pioneer founders of the Burman Mission.

The Burman Empire of that day covered the greater portion of the vast peninsula to the east of the Bay of Bengal, and as yet owed no fealty to any European Power. Its provinces were ruled by viceroys representing the Sovereign, who reigned in barbaric splendour on the throne of Ava. Buddhism in its strongest and purest form is the national religion—less adulterated with demon-worship and witchcraft and other foreign elements than in neighbouring lands. Admirable are its precepts for human conduct; but its highest hope for the future is absorption into the Deity, or practical annihilation. Through all the ages God has manifested Himself from time to time in a Buddha, or "Enlightened One;" and of Buddhas—that is to say, of men who by self-mortification and holiness have developed into divine incarnations—according to some accounts, there have been "as many as there are grains upon the sea-shore." Of twenty-eight of these the lives are narrated, and upon the walls of the pagodas is pictured the sleeping form of the next that is to come, Aremidia. Nearly three thousand years have passed since the last Buddha appeared upon earth—the young prince Gautama, who spurned the luxury and splendour of a royal court for the sake of teaching men how to live holy lives. His doctrines spread till it seemed as if Hinduism would perish, and the Brahmans cunningly adopted Buddha as an incarnation of Vishnu. Gautama is now the god of the Burmans, who, if they only acted up to his teachings, would be patterns to mankind. But, unlike Christ, Gautama gives no divine power to his followers, and so the Burmese, in spite of their poetical religion and their admirable system of ethics, are addicted to all sorts of sensuality and mean vice, and as a rule are inveterate liars. They are, however, zealous observers of fast and festival, and lavish in their offerings of fruits and flowers at Gautama's shrines. These shrines or pagodas, towering everywhere above the landscapes of this beautiful country, and so renowned for their wealth and grandeur and antiquity, form, in connection with the adjacent monasteries, where most Burmans are educated, the real strength of Buddhism.

Of all these pagodas the most famous is the great Shway Dagon, which must have been the most prominent object in the scene that met the eyes of Felix Carey

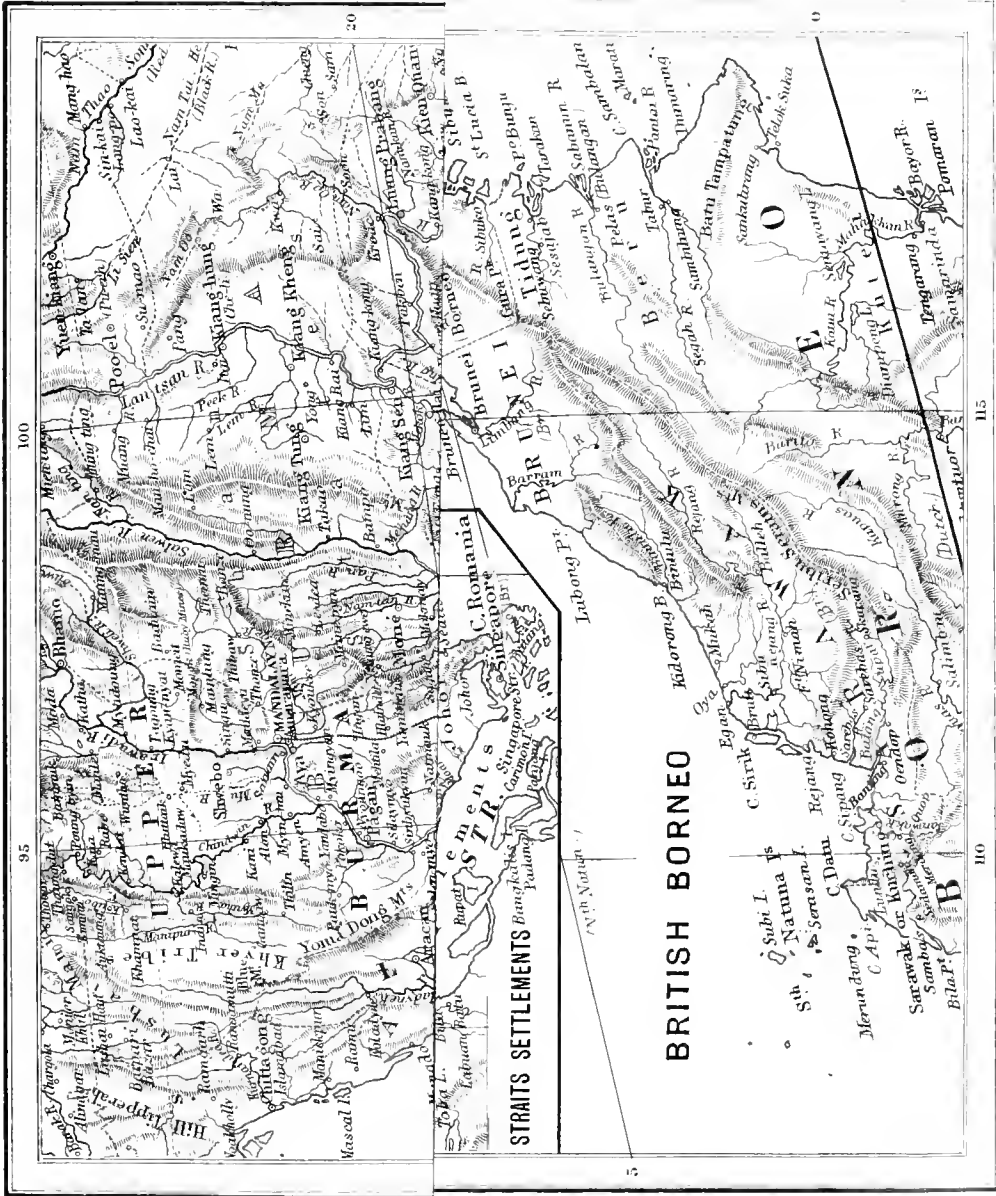
BURMA, SIAM, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AND BRITISH BORNEO.

MISSION STATIONS underlined> on the Maps, alphabetically arranged to show the various Societies working at each. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.	Leipzig	Leipzig Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society.
* Soc. Fem. Ed.	Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.	Dan. Luth.	Danish Lutheran Missions.
Eng. Presb.	Presbyterian Church of England Foreign Mission.	Am. Bapt.	American Baptist Missionary Union.
C. I. M.	The China Inland Mission.	Am. Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.

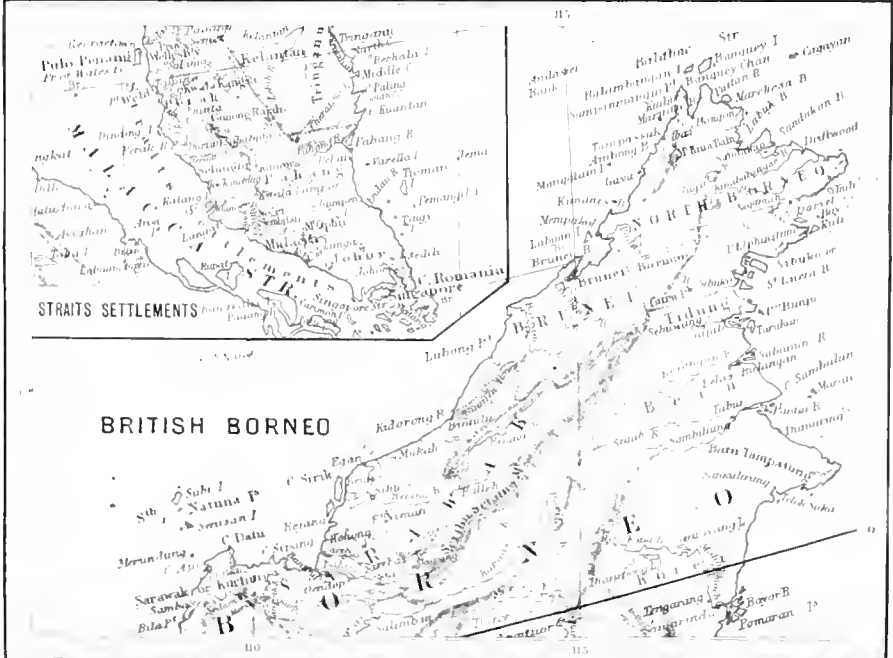
* With this exception Stations worked by Women's and Auxiliary Societies are included under the heading of the Associations with which they act in concert.

<p>BANGKOK . . . Siam Am. Bapt., Am. Presb.</p> <p>BANTING . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p>BASSEIN . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>BATANG . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p>BHAMO . . . Upper Burma . . C. I. M., Am. Bapt.</p> <p> </p> <p>HENZADA . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p> </p> <p>KHIENG-MAI . Siam Am. Presb. (<i>Chieng-mai</i>)</p> <p>KUCHING. <i>See</i> Sarawak.</p> <p>KUDAT . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p> </p> <p>LAKON . . . Siam Am. Presb. (<i>Lakawn</i>)</p> <p>LUNDU . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p> </p> <p>MANDELAY . . Upper Burma . . S. P. G., Am. Bapt.</p> <p>MAUBIN . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>MAULMEIN . . " S. P. G., Am. Bapt.</p> <p>MERDANG . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p>MYINGYAN . . Upper Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p> </p> <p>OENDOP. <i>See</i> Undup.</p> <p> </p> <p>PEGU . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>PHAYCHABURI Siam Am. Presb. (<i>Petchaburi</i>)</p> <p>PROME . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>PULO-PENANG. Straits Settle- S. P. G. ISLAND OF. ments.</p>		<p>QUOP . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p> </p> <p>RANGOON . . . Lower Burma . . S. P. G., Leipzig, Am. Bapt.</p> <p> </p> <p>SAGAIN . . . Upper Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SANDAKAN . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p>SANDOWAY . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SARAWAK . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G. (<i>Kuching</i>)</p> <p>SAREBAS . . . " "</p> <p>SEDAMAH . . . " "</p> <p>SELANGOR . . . Straits Settle- " ments.</p> <p>SHWEDO . . . Upper Burma . . "</p> <p>SHWEG-YEN . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SIBU . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p>SINGAPORE . . Straits Settle- S. P. G., Soc. Fem. Ed., Eng. Presb. ments.</p> <p>SKARANG . . . British Borneo . . S. P. G.</p> <p> </p> <p>TAVOY . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>THATONE . . . " "</p> <p>THAYETMYO . . " "</p> <p>THONZE . . . " "</p> <p>TOUNGOO . . . " S. P. G., Dan. Luth., Am. Bapt.</p> <p> </p> <p>UNDUP . . . Borneo S. P. G. (<i>Oendop</i>)</p> <p>YAMITHIN . . . Upper Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p> <p> </p> <p>ZIGON . . . Lower Burma . . Am. Bapt.</p>
---	--	--



For names of Missionary Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List.

Cross & Company Limited.



and his companion, as they sailed up the delta of the Irrawaddy to Rangoon. From a vast elevated platform rises the elegant pile of buildings, cornice above cornice, and angle above angle, till, in the centre, towers up the mighty bell-shaped dome, surmounted by a resplendent gilded spire. At the very summit, at a height equalling that of the cross of St. Paul's, there is an arrangement of bells perpetually tinkling in invocation to Gautama. Upon a throne in the temple below, arrayed in royal robes, sat in majestic calm the image of the god whose dominion our two missionaries had come to overthrow.

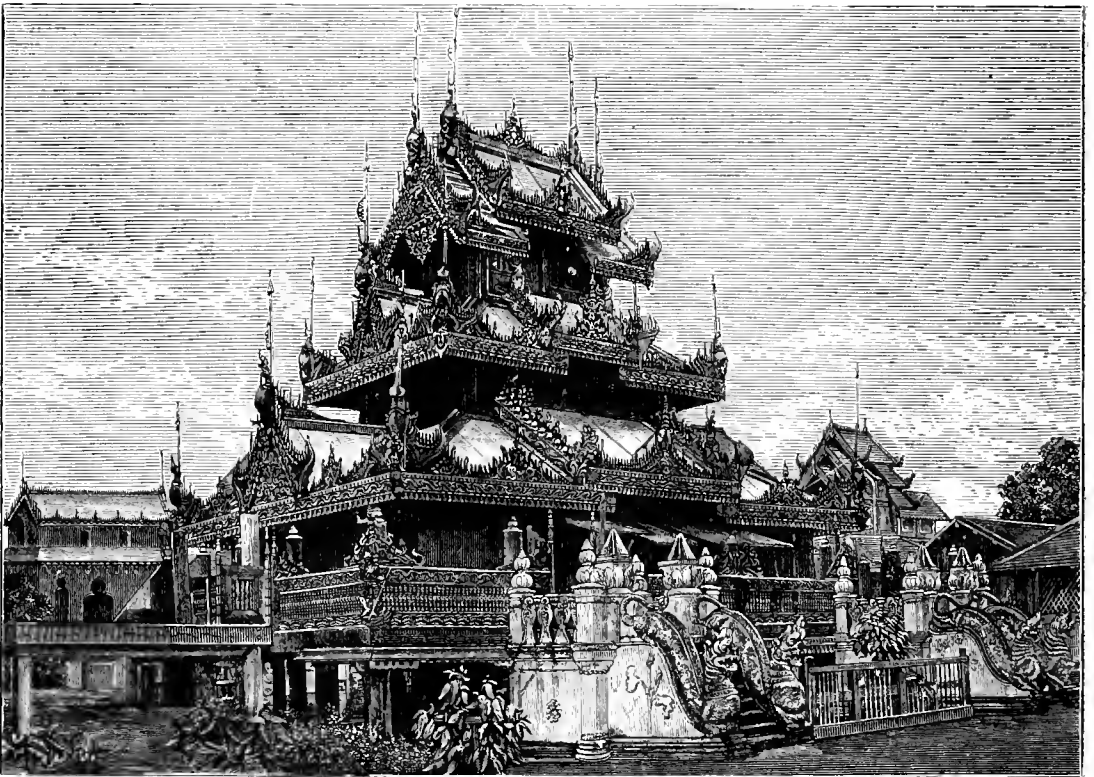
The first thing to be done was to build a house to live in. Then, in full accordance with Serampore practice, young Carey began to translate the Scriptures, although himself only learning the language. He got on well with the Burmese, for he had gone through a course of medical study at Calcutta, and his skill as a doctor brought him into great repute. He introduced vaccination, and its value was speedily recognised, so that Felix Carey's lancet opened the way for him into houses of every class. Poor Mr. Chater saw his wife made miserable by the rooted aversion of the Burmese to the presence of a foreign woman amongst them, and soon left for the more congenial Ceylon mission-field. Felix Carey married a native of the country, of European extraction. His medical practice extended, and he developed great proficiency as a linguist; but his missionary efforts were merely the carrying out of instructions received from Serampore, and not the outcome of any zeal on his own part. He printed the Burmese grammar and one of the Gospels at Serampore in 1812, and then brought to Rangoon the first printing-press that had been seen in the empire.

But meanwhile, far away in New England, God was preparing the true apostle of Burmah. Adoniram Judson was the talented and accomplished son of a Massachusetts minister. We hear that he could read a chapter from the Bible at three, and that at four it was his great delight to stand up on a chair and preach to his playmates. As he grew older, books became a passion with him. It was his habitual custom to neglect play for the sake of getting away to some quiet nook, and there, losing all consciousness of the world around him, pore over the pages of Fielding or Richardson, or some other favourite author. He nursed bright visions of his future career, but his day-dreams were all of intellectual greatness; to be a great orator, a great poet, or a famous divine—such were the goals of his young ambition. He went to college and carried all before him, coming back, at the age of seventeen, laden with honours and prizes, to that quiet New England home. The pious parents admired their brilliant son, but were thrilled with horror as he coolly declared himself a decided infidel. He was clever enough to silence his father's impetuous arguments, but his mother's tears and prayers were weapons less easily foiled. It was in vain that he strove to forget them during a prolonged tour: in the rural ride, or in the crowded theatre, that meek entreating face seemed ever before him.

He came one evening to a country inn, where with profuse apologies the landlord told him that the only vacant room was next to one occupied by a man who was not expected to live till morning. Adoniram vauntingly declared that he did not see why that need trouble him. But in the silence of the night, only broken at intervals by the footfall of the nurses or the groans of the dying man, he could not help feeling that

after all death was terribly real, and somehow or other infidelity did not seem to meet the needs of the case.

In the morning he heard from the landlord that all was over. "Who was he?" asked Judson. "Mr. E——, a young student from Providence College," was the reply. Judson was thunderstruck. It was, then, his own college companion—the brilliant scoffer from whom he had himself caught the contagion of scepticism—that had thus passed away! "Dead! lost! lost!" were the words that seemed perpetually to rise to his lips as he hurried away. He went to Plymouth and supported himself

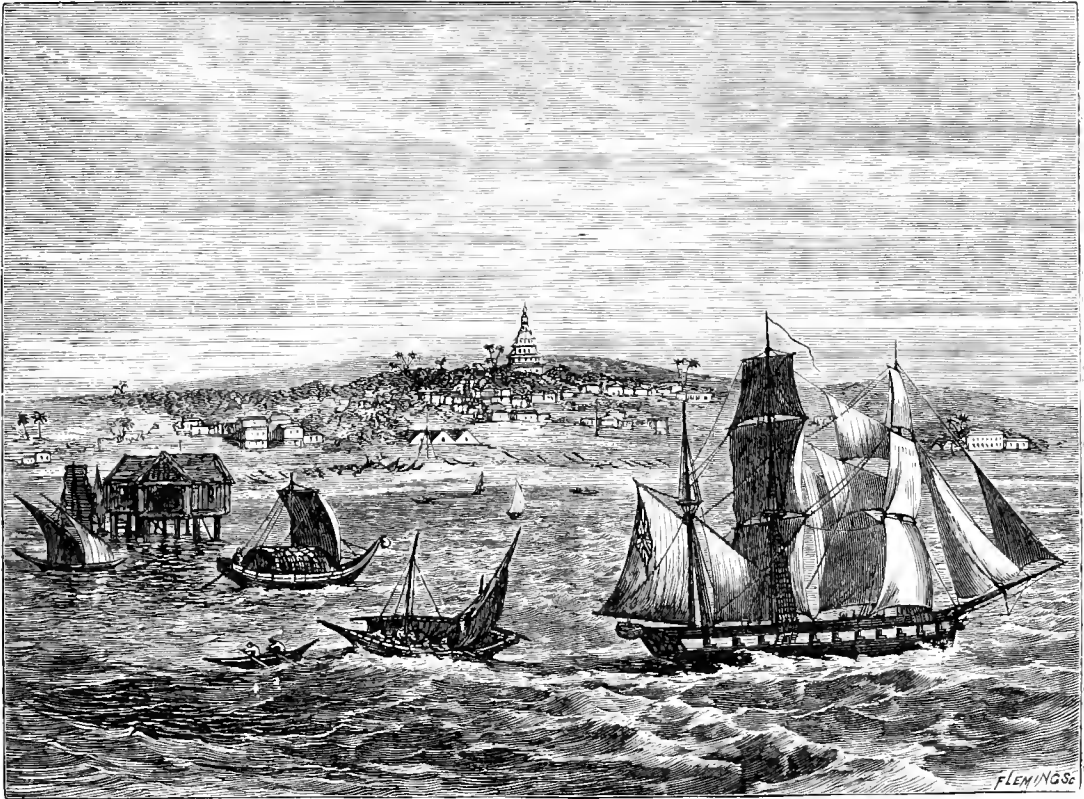


BURMESE IMAGE HOUSE.

by school-keeping and literature whilst diligently searching for the truth. All became clear, and in a very little while he was at Andover Theological College in training for the ministry, when Buchanan's "Star in the East" came into his hands, and stirred his soul with longings for service in those distant mission-fields. Then a work on the "Burmese Empire" interested him strongly. The two currents of thought harmonised, and to preach the Gospel in Burma became the master-passion of his life, before he had spoken a word concerning it to any human being.

But the good minister and his wife, who had rejoiced so fervently over the return of their wanderer to the Christian fold, had never dreamed of having to send their gifted son away to the ends of the earth. At the Theological College he had shown

himself a man of mark, and the family circle nursed the hope of soon seeing him take a prominent place amongst the ministers of New England. One evening they welcomed him with mysterious smiles and hints, and then delightedly told him that the minister of the largest church in Boston had sent a request for Adoniram to come and act as his coadjutor. "A grand opportunity!" said his father. "And so near home!" exclaimed both mother and sister. Almost overcome with emotion, the young man could scarcely frame the words to tell them that it could not be. And



RANGOON.

then he told them how God had called him to a far-distant field of service. There was weeping in the little circle, but no opposition to the project. They saw that they must accept the decision, which contrasted so strangely with the bold avowal of infidelity in the same room only two years before.

Meanwhile, in another Massachusetts town, a beautiful dark-eyed girl was growing up towards womanhood, and passing through experiences that were fitting her to take her place by Judson's side as wife and co-worker in the land of his adoption. The gifted Ann Hasseltine had been devoted to gaiety and amusement, when a wave of religious revival swept over Bradford town, and gave her new perceptions of time and eternity. For a while her life was ascetic, and, it is to be feared, somewhat Pharisaical.

Then came doubts and anxious perplexities, followed by rebellious distrust, until at length her soul found perfect peace in the full assurance of the infinite love of God. She was seventeen when she first heard Adoniram Judson preach. They were introduced, and mutually attracted; but in wooing her for his bride, Judson clearly set before her and her parents the only prospects in life which he had to offer her. He plainly asked her to bid a final adieu to family and friends; to share a home with him in a heathen land; to lead a toilsome, self-denying life, with possibly a martyr's grave at the end of it. But none of these things moved Ann Hasseltine. She gave her heart to the young minister, and calmly waited for the hour when they should go forth together to the field of service.

But there were to be some delays and hindrances first. In 1811, when war was raging by sea and land, Judson ventured across the ocean for the purpose of inducing the recently formed London Missionary Society (Congregationalist) to send him and three like-minded fellow-students to the Eastern mission-field. But the vessel was captured by a French war-ship, and Judson, with a number of rough English sailors, was shut down in the hold. In the midst of the din and confusion he tried to read his Hebrew Bible in the uncertain light. But he was ill, and soon the ship's doctor had to be sent to him, who, taking up the volume, perceived that a man of culture had somehow got imprisoned in that crowded hold. They conversed in Latin, and the result was that young Judson had a berth assigned him, and a seat at the captain's table, for the remainder of the voyage. On landing, he was marched with the English crew through the streets of Bayonne to prison. In vain he protested loudly that he was an American citizen. No one understood him, till a fellow-countryman in the crowd promised to come to his help presently if he would go along quietly. Night closed in, and found Judson pacing up and down the straw-covered stones of an underground vault, around which his companions in misfortune, more inured to hardship than he, had composed themselves to rest. He was sick and faint with the foul atmosphere long ere the key grated in the lock and the gaoler and the American entered. The latter drew the slender youth under his capacious cloak, and for a ready bribe the gaoler and his assistant looked another way as the pair passed out together. Then separating, they ran swiftly to the wharf, and passed the night safely on board an American vessel.

Ultimately Judson's papers procured him permission to travel through France. He reached London, and the Committee of the Missionary Society were delighted with the new aspirant for foreign service. They saw before them a young man of slight physical build, with a round rosy face, expressive features, keen dark-brown eyes, and a mass of chestnut hair. His sonorous voice was deep with pathos as he told the story of himself and his comrades, and his delicate figure seemed in keeping with his refined and cultivated soul. The Committee gladly accepted as missionaries Judson and his three friends—Newell, Nott, and Hall. But on returning to America, Judson found that the American Congregationalist Mission Board, which was in embryo when he left, was now strong enough to undertake the whole matter. Another student, Luther Rice, also came forward, and Judson and Newell married, so that it was a little band of

seven persons who, in the early spring of 1812, sailed for the East as the vanguard of the missionary enterprise of Christian America.

After sixteen long weary weeks of ocean travel, the Judsons saw with delight the towering summits of the mountains of Golconda, and they were soon in the delta of the Ganges, where vast masses of foliage, clustered cottages, green fields of rice or grain, and graceful pagodas, make up an ever-varying landscape. They landed at Serampore, and, before they had been in the place two days, they saw the ugly painted lump of wood that stands for the world-famed "Juggernaut" carried forth to his bath with the usual excitement and clamour. Dr. Carey did not like the look of these Americans. They were not of the hardy, rugged type which he thought most suitable for the work. The authorities were filled with indignant alarm, and ordered the whole batch to re-embark forthwith. A separation of the party resulted; but we must follow the fortunes of the Judsons, who, with Mr. Rice, could not for some time procure a passage. Whilst at Serampore they were received into the Baptist Church by immersion, and Mr. Rice was sent to America to appeal to the Baptist churches for the future support of the mission. They responded nobly, and for years liberally upheld that great work amongst the Karens in Burmah, which Bishop Cotton declared to be one of the great missionary successes of the Indian world. Thus the work of the American Baptists in Burmah ranks side by side with the Church of England work at Tinnevely, and the German Lutheran work at Chota Nagpore—grand Conquests of the Cross, to which in due course we shall have to refer.

There were tedious journeyings and hindrances before the Judsons took their passage at Madras in a vessel bound for Rangoon. The voyage was a chapter of disasters. Mrs. Judson's European nurse died, she herself was dangerously ill, and the worn-out tub which carried them was all but shipwrecked among the reputed cannibals of the Andaman Islands. The crew were Malays, and only the captain could speak a word of English.

At Rangoon Mrs. Judson was carried ashore to the mission-house. Felix Carey was away at Ava, and the Judsons were glad to rest awhile and recruit themselves with the fowls and rice and encumbers of which Mrs. Carey's *cuisine* was mainly composed. Very beautiful and interesting was the surrounding scenery; thick forests clothed the banks of the broad river, and here and there the gilded lacquer-work of some towering pagoda gleamed in the sunlight. Unfortunately, near the mission-house was a piece of ground devoted to public executions and to the burning of the dead—quite sufficient to spoil the finest of landscapes. For various reasons the Judsons soon found a house for themselves inside the walls of Rangoon.

To learn the language was the next thing to be done: a task accomplished under great difficulty. Their pundit had no dictionary and no grammar, and at first pooh-poohed the idea of teaching a woman. But all these difficulties were overcome. They soon became able to converse in Burmese, and began visiting as ways opened for them. At the house of the Mywoon (Viceroy of Rangoon) they saw the wives of that functionary. The chief wife smoked her silver pipe, and chatted with Mrs. Judson, who sat on a mat beside her; the other wives crouched at a respectful distance. The

savage-looking Myowoon, who strode, spear in hand, into the apartment, was very polite, after his fashion, to the lady visitor.

Often were the Judsons heart-sick at the cruelty and violence that were rampant in the land. Robberies and murders were of constant occurrence, and they were shocked to hear of the horrible tortures and executions that followed these crimes.



ADONIRAM JUDSON.

How they longed to see the Gospel enlightening, elevating, and purifying the people who streamed past them between the long ranges of houses so curiously constructed of bamboo and matting! It was, and is, a curious spectacle. The poorer men are dressed in long pieces of striped cotton or silk folded round the middle and flowing down to the feet. Over this is worn, by richer men, a jacket of white muslin or velvet. Every head is adorned with the muslin turban, and the feet are protected (out of doors only) with sandals of wood or cowhide. The women wear a cotton or silk petticoat, and when out of doors a jacket (like that of the men) with a mantle over it. Both men

and women wear in their ears cylinders of gold, silver, or wood, except that as the men grow older they discard youthful vanities and use the holes in their ears as cigar-racks.

Noticeable in any Burmese throng are certain men strangely arrayed in yellow cloth, and each carrying a palmyra leaf to shade his shaven head. These are the phyoungees (pronounced *poonghies*)—that is to say, the men of “great glory” or “great example.” Properly speaking, only the superintendents of monasteries appointed by the Tha-thena-byng at Ava are phyoungees; but by courtesy all who wear the yellow cloth, whether as priests for life by vow and diploma, or simply as having retired (perhaps temporarily) from the world. They dwell in large convents, live on charity, and educate the youth of Burmah. For the most part they are a lazy and dissolute lot; their life is in theory rigidly pure, but in practice (like every Burman institution) it is foul and corrupt.

The phyoungees lead quiet and retired lives, but their funerals are public events of a very sensational character. When one of these holy men dies, especially if in the repute of special sanctity, his body is preserved for months in honey, in an elaborately carved coffin. Sometimes it is carefully embalmed, and then covered with some bituminous material and an outer layer of gold leaf. On an appointed day the coffin is placed upon a four-wheeled car, and a gaily dressed crowd assembles, amongst whom the ladies are especially conspicuous by the splendid orchids with which they have dressed their hair. A start is made for the scene of the final rites, but two or three days are taken up in getting there. One party of men push the car forward, whilst another party push it back, and the crowd laugh and shout as either are for a time victorious. At length (by mutual arrangement) the goal is reached, and the coffin is placed on a platform and filled with explosives. The crowd arrange themselves in a wide semicircle, with the car at a distance in front of them. Then other cars are placed in position bearing huge effigies of dragons and other “fearful wild fowl” whose tails are made to point towards the funeral car. Presently a light is applied to one of these tails, and a large bamboo rocket goes rushing through the air and away into the jungle beyond. After several trials a rocket hits the coffin, and the phyoungee disappears—literally blown to atoms.

But even ordinary funerals are striking features of Burmese social arrangements. They are expensive affairs, and so the Burial Club has long been an institution in the land. The priests and the poor have to be generously treated, and, as a rule, festivities are protracted for nine days. With a long procession of persons bearing the fruit,



BUDDHIST PRIEST.

cloth, and money for distribution, and a train of male and female priests, as well as the family and friends, all clothed in white, the body is borne to the place of burning. The officials receive the coffin and set fire to it, and after three days present the family with the ashes, which are buried in an urn. Burning is not universal; and at interments it is thought well to make the bearers drunk, so that all evil demons may get well jolted out of the body.

Before narrating the labours of the Judsons among this remarkable people, we must briefly state what became of Felix Carey. He found himself so highly esteemed as vaccinator to the royal children, that he determined to establish a new mission-station at Ava under royal protection, and he set out from Rangoon with his family and his printing-press and all his property. After sailing ten days up the river, the vessel was upset by a sudden squall. Mrs. Carey and the two children were drowned, and the printing-press and other property irrecoverably lost. Felix held up his little son, three years old, till both were sinking together. Then, relinquishing his hold of the child, he managed to swim to shore.

The King was very vexed at the loss of the printing-press, which he had been longing to see set up at his capital, but he compensated Carey for the loss of his property, and thought so much of him that he sent him as his Ambassador to the British Government. Much to the grief of the good men at Serampore, the son of Dr. Carey was seen parading the streets of Calcutta in the gorgeous attire of a Burnese nobleman, with fifty retainers in his train. His embassy was a failure; the Burnese would have no more to do with him; and for further missionary effort he felt no inclination. Three years of wild romantic life succeeded—at one time a wandering outcast in the jungle, at another Prime Minister and Generalissimo to a native Prince. In the latter capacity he suffered a galling defeat from his old friends the Burnese. His fortunes were at a very low ebb when he happened to meet Mr. Ward at Chittagong, and was persuaded to come back and help in the translating and printing at Serampore, where he died in 1822.

Very quiet and unassuming were the early labours of the Judsons in Rangoon. They argued with the phyoungees, who, when Mr. Judson, in accordance with his school of thought, threatened them with eternal misery, stolidly replied, "Our religion is good for us, yours for you." After a time the barbarous viceroy was replaced by a more desirable one, named Mya-day-men, who invited all the Europeans to a banquet, Mrs. Judson's winning graces having been very effective in overcoming the Burnese prejudice against the presence of foreign women in the country. The Mywoon's wife, though disappointed to find that Mrs. Judson could not dance, at once became strongly attached to her.

There were several hindering trials during this time of hard study and preparatory work. Mrs. Judson's health broke down, and she was away six months at Madras; their first-born child died, and the father was in a low state of health for more than a year, during which time they received much kindness from their friend, the Mywoon's wife, who on one occasion took them for a pleasant change to her country house. It was to them a remarkable journey. The elephants which carried the party had frequently

to break a path for themselves through the thick woods. In a gilded howdah on the foremost elephant, preceded by thirty red-capped guards with their guns and spears, sat the grand lady herself in robes of red and white silk. Next came the huge animal which carried the Judsons, followed by three or four more, bearing Burmese nobles. A crowd of about four hundred attendants brought up the rear. Very gracious was the hostess to her two European friends at the subsequent feast under a wide-spreading banyan-tree. She herself ministered to their wants, and pared the fruit which she gathered for them from the adjacent trees. Unfortunately this lady's husband was recalled to Ava, just when she was beginning to ask thoughtful questions about the God of the Christians.

The Judsons were cheered and encouraged in 1817 by the arrival of Mr. Hough and his family, bringing with them a printing-press. It was not long before two little tracts in the Burmese language, giving brief summaries of Christian truth, were being handed about in Rangoon. Country people, having business in the town, took home copies of the tracts to their homes in the surrounding district, and thus the new religion began to be talked about.

One morning Mr. Judson was sitting in the verandah with his teacher when a Burman, attended by native servants, came up the steps in a very pensive manner, and sat down beside Mr. Judson. With downcast eyes he remained silent for a few moments, and then asked—

“How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?”

This was the first cry for salvation from Burman lips, and it filled the heart of Judson with unspeakable joy.

“If God gives light and wisdom,” he replied, “the religion of Jesus is soon learned; but without God a man may study all his life long, and make no advance. But how came you to know anything of Jesus?”

“I have seen two little books.”

“Who is Jesus?” asked Mr. Judson.

“He is the Son of God,” answered the Burman in broken accents.

“Who is God?”

“He is a Being without beginning or end, Who is not subject to old age or death, but always is.”

This man—the first real inquirer—was anxious for more books, and went away, delighted, with the first sheet—all that was then ready—containing the first five chapters of the Gospel of Matthew.

Other timid inquirers began now to call occasionally, and on Sundays Mrs. Judson got together a class of women. They were interested in her teaching, but in one hopeful case it was found that a woman who prayed regularly to Christ also kept up her prayers to Gautama. The Gospel of Matthew was published, and Mr. Judson began to feel equal to preaching in Burmese. He went first, however, to Chittagong to try and find a Burmese-speaking Christian who could aid in the public services. Whilst he was away, there was a fearful visitation of cholera, and for three nights Rangoon echoed with the din of incessant cannon-firing, as it was believed that the evil spirits

could only work mischief when they were left in peace and quietness. It was a time of great trial in other respects; the Burmese and British Governments were said to be on the point of mutual hostilities, and for several months nothing was heard of Mr. Judson. The Houghs retreated to Bengal, but Mrs. Judson remained with her child and the native servants. After nine months' absence Mr. Judson, who had been tossed about by contrary winds, and had suffered from fever and severe privation, got back to Rangoon, and found his dauntless wife alone at the post of duty.

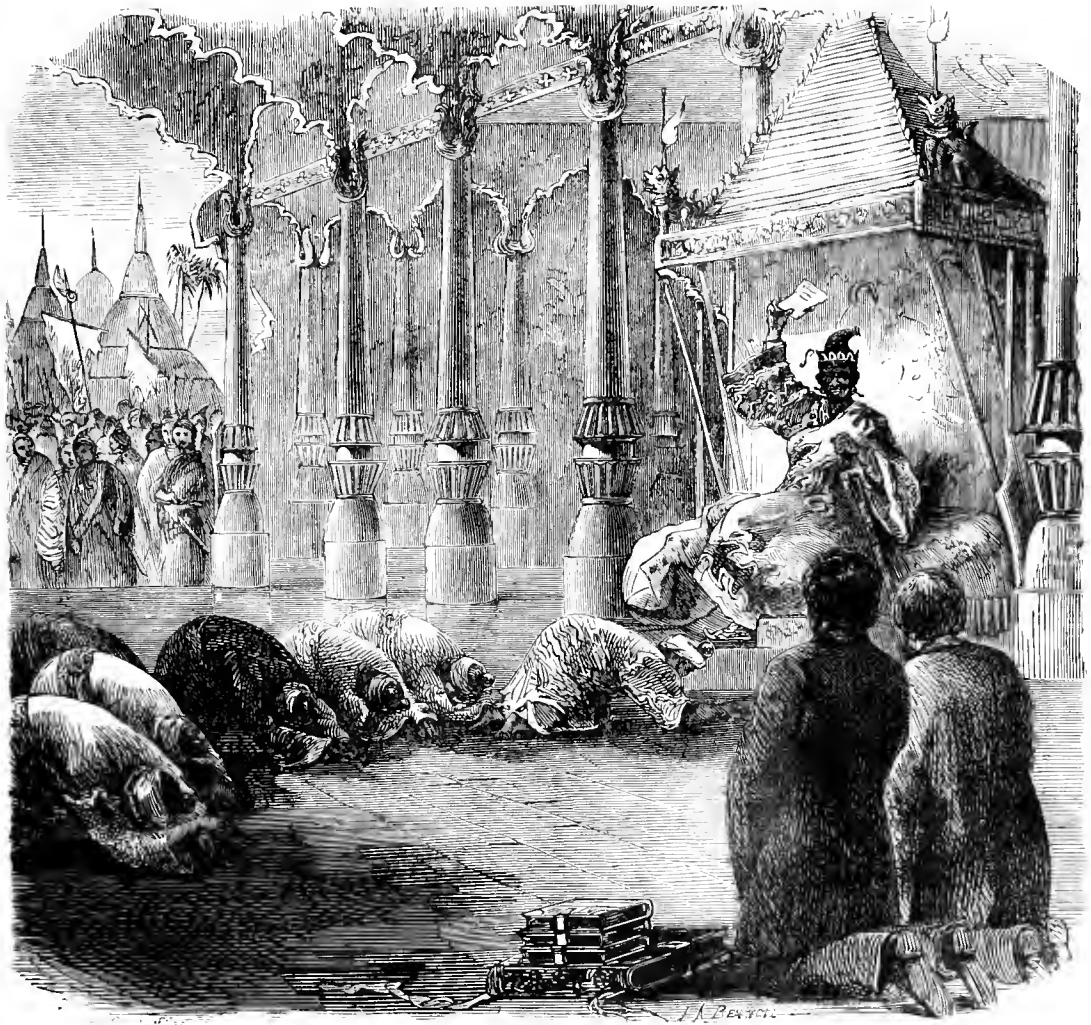
The Houghs came back, and with them two young men just arrived from America, and in 1819, with funds from the American Baptists, a *zayat*, or public room, was erected. A *zayat* is a usual adjunct to a pagoda, so that by erecting one for the new religion a decided step in advance was being taken. This building was of bamboo and thatch, and combined separate school-rooms for men and women. Reading and writing were taught here daily; the prayers and preaching were numerous attended; and private inquirers were conferred with at any time.

The first to be received into the Church was Moungh Nau, a poor man, who became a useful helper. An image of Gautama looked down upon the public pool in which Judson baptised his first convert. Moungh Shwaygnong was the first Burman Deist Judson had met with; he had come to the knowledge of "One Eternal God" eight years before. He was a schoolmaster, and in the pride of intellect he struggled long against the Gospel truths which impressed his mind in his arguments with Judson. Three others—Thaahlah, Byaay, and Ing—were converted, and remained steadfast in the faith during the coming trials.

One evening the Myowoon dismounted from his elephant as he was passing the *zayat*, and entered. He looked very carefully at everything, and made many inquiries. The news soon came, that after he had gone away he had complained that that *zayat* was a place where men were persuaded "to forsake the religion of their country." At this mere rumour of disapproval on the part of the authorities, the classes and services were deserted, and for days together Judson sat alone in the *zayat*, only visited by his two or three converts. The fact was, that a new Emperor had, in 1819, ascended the throne of Burmah, a young man of the strict Buddhist type. The viceroy sent by him to Rangoon was also a zealous enthusiast for the enforcement of all Buddhist observances. The great Shway Dagon, where the venerated hair of Gautama was shown to the faithful, gave to this fanatical official abundant opportunity for the exercise of his religious fervour. He set to work to re-gild at his own expense the vast dome of the edifice, and also strove in other ways to increase its grandeur and importance. The grounds of this immense building extended for half a mile from its walls, and were crossed by the principal roads. Yet the Myowoon issued an edict that no person should pass with hat, shoes, umbrella, or horse, across the sacred domain. Mr. Judson was riding along one of these roads, in ignorance of the edict, when he was encountered by the great man himself, and was very peremptorily ordered back.

Under the fostering care of this zealous Myowoon, it seemed as if Buddhism was putting forth the mightiest efforts in readiness for the coming struggle between Christ

and Gautama. The great festival was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp and splendour; the broad bosom of the Irrawaddy was thronged with the vessels that bore the countless thousands of priests and worshippers to the most famous temple of their faith; pilgrims from southern islands mingled with fellow-worshippers whose furs



MR. JUDSON AND MR. COLMAN BEFORE THE EMPEROR AT THE HALL OF AUDIENCE, RANGOON (p. 546).

proclaimed that they had come from the cold mountains and table-lands of the north: and natives of every province of India bent in adoration at Gautama's shrine with men who had journeyed hither from the farther shores of China and Japan. Up the broad flights of steps the crowds surged on, and passed through a grand portico that opened upon a strange and romantic scene. Scattered everywhere amongst the sacred groves were images of demons and angels, of lions and elephants, and other forms, real or imaginary. Gautama, in all sorts of attitudes, met the eye in every direction—

Gautama sleeping, Gautama standing, Gautama sitting down—and every shrine was rich with votive offerings. Then came the supreme moment of the festival—the arrival of the viceroy, surrounded by royal insignia, and accompanied by the highest personages of the province. The brilliant group moved forward to the principal shrine, and there all bowed in adoration, signifying the submission of earthly dignity and authority to the celestial sovereignty of Gautama.

Dr. Judson thought that the difficulties in the affairs of the mission could only be met by obtaining royal sanction for its work. He and Mr. Colman procured from the Viceroy a pass permitting them “to go up to the golden feet and lift up their eyes to the golden face.” Accordingly they hired a boat, and, with fifteen oarsmen and servants, went up the river to Ava, where, after a toilsome journey, they saw rising before them the gilded roofs of the palaces and pagodas of the royal city. Their old Rangoon friend, Mya-day-men, soon introduced them to the Prime Minister, Moungh Zah, who expressed incredulous astonishment at their expectations, but agreed to procure them an audience. They were talking to Moungh Zah, when a message came that “the golden foot was about to advance,” and the Minister hurried the two missionaries to the Hall of Audience, where, above long avenues of golden columns, rose a lofty dome of dazzling splendour. Bearing in his hand a sword sheathed in gold, the Emperor strode forward alone from one of the avenues, and (except the two Americans, who were simply kneeling with folded hands) all present bowed their foreheads to the very dust at his approach.

“Who are these?” he asked, pausing in front of the missionaries.

“The teachers, great King,” said Mr. Judson.

“What! you speak Burmese—the priests I have been told of? When did you come? Are you like the Portuguese priests? Are you married?”

These and other questions the King rapidly asked, and then seated himself to hear the petition read.

Moungh Zah read it, and then crawled forward and placed it in the Emperor’s outstretched hand. He read it again, and also a sentence or two from a tract that was handed up to him, while in the interval of silence the missionaries were praying earnestly. Presently the monarch threw down the tract, and refused even to notice the Bible in six volumes, beautifully bound in gold leaf, which was placed before him.

“In regard to the objects of your petition, His Majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, His Majesty has no use for them: take them away.”

This was the answer delivered through Moungh Zah; and then, weary of so much business, the Emperor reclined on his cushions to be entertained with music.

The missionaries were told a day or two afterwards that they might go back to Rangoon, and teach any of their own countrymen they could find there. They heard that there was no actual law against teaching Burmese subjects, but it seemed very probable that converts would be persecuted. Fifteen years before, a Burmese teacher, who had been converted by the Portuguese priests, actually visited Rome, but on his return he was denounced by his own nephew, and, refusing to renounce Christianity, he was hammered with the iron mallet till his body, from his feet to his breast, was

one mass of bruises. At every blow he repeated the name of Christ, and he would have been hammered to death had not some of his friends pleaded that he was mad. On this ground the Emperor released him, and the Portuguese sent the man to Bengal, where he died. But the nephew, whose officiousness led to the cruel torture being inflicted, was in high favour at the palace at the time of Judson and Colman's visit.

By spending about thirty dollars in presents, a pass back to Rangoon was obtained. As they passed down the Irrawaddy, the undecided Shwaygnong came on board at Pyee. He heard with approval the story of how a Burman had resolutely confessed Christ under the cruel hammer; he earnestly declared his own belief in the Gospel, and that he no longer lifted folded hands before a pagoda, but yet on days of worship he made a formal round of the sacred building to avoid persecution.

On arriving at Rangoon the missionaries and their little flock considered the subject of removing the mission across the frontier to a district where the Burmese language was spoken, and where they would be under British protection. Another inducement to take this course, was the fact that there were converts at Chittagong at present without a pastor. But the members of the little church at Rangoon, and several others who were about to join it, were adverse to removal, and besought the missionaries to stay with them.

"Be it remembered," said Thaahlah, "that this work is not yours or ours, but the work of God. If He give light, this religion will spread."

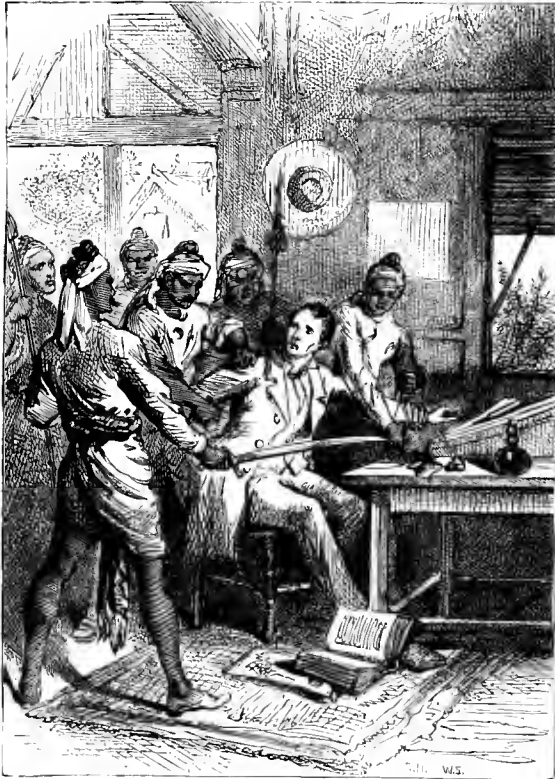
So Mr. Colman went to the flock at Chittagong, and did good work there until death ended his labours. The Judsons stayed at Rangoon. They held secret services with closed doors, but, strange to say, several fresh inquirers now came forward. Shwaygnong had at last found peace in complete dedication, and one night Judson took him to the forest pool and baptised him. Several others had been received into the Church in the same way, before the Judsons were compelled to retire to Serampore for six months to recruit their health and strength.

Shwaygnong, at the head of the disciples, now twenty-five in number, met Mr. and Mrs. Judson on the river-bank at their return, and gave them the pleasant news that Mya-day-men was now viceroi, and that when the lamas had dragged Shwaygnong before him, and accused their prisoner of trying "to turn the priests' rice-pot bottom upwards," he had only replied, "What matters? Let the priests turn it back again." Their good friend, the Mywoon's wife, had attained to the rank of a Woon-gyee-gaadau, and was privileged to ride in a *wau*, carried by fifty men. But in spite of her new dignities she was still very affectionate to Mrs. Judson.

Some of the newest converts were intellectual people. One woman, Mah-menlay, began to teach the girls, and Shwaygnong revised Mr. Judson's translations. Moung Long was a remarkable inquirer, who wanted to argue everything out from first principles. He would not eat a plateful of rice at home without putting questions to his wife. "Is rice matter or spirit?" If she said, "Of course it is matter," he pressed her to tell him, "What is matter?" and "How are you sure that matter exists at all?" When Judson began to speak of the Creator of man, Moung Long politely asked, "What is a man?" and "Why is he called a man?" This philosopher and Shway-

gnong had often encountered each other in metaphysical debate, and the latter rejoiced to see his old antagonist vanquished by Judson, and with his wife, a very clever woman, brought to the foot of the Cross.

Just when the cause seemed in a more hopeful case, there came a season



APPREHENSION OF MR. JUDSON.

of fever and cholera. The Judsons were stricken down, both at the same time; and when they recovered, Mrs. Judson's health was so undermined that, to prolong her life, she was sent on a trip to England and America. During this visit she performed a service amongst the churches and missionary societies as important as her labours in the distant mission-field had been. Eloquent and beautiful, and full of religious fervour, she everywhere roused the enthusiasm of her hearers, and many young and ardent souls offered themselves for life-long service in heathen lands. One day, in the presence of a large circle of friends, a young woman was presented to Mrs. Judson as dedicated to mission-work in Burmah. Some one placed a piece of paper in the girl's hand. It was a copy of a simple poem she had written on the death of Colman. Her reluctance to read it was overcome by the importunity of those around her. At first with faltering timidity, but, as she went on, with kindling enthusiasm, she read the poem:—

“The Spirit of Love from on high
The hearts of the righteous has fired;
Lo! they come, and with transport they cry,
‘We will go where our brother expired,
And labour and die.’”

This was one stanza—displaying more zeal and deep feeling than power of poetic expression; but the young reader's fervent accents touched every heart, and she herself hurried away to conceal her own emotions. She long remembered the occasion as one of the most painful experiences of her life.

The young woman thus introduced to Mrs. Judson was Sarah Hall, the eldest of thirteen children in a homely but cultivated New England family. In spite of the extra work that came to her as the eldest daughter, she kept a journal from her infancy, made herself familiar with Paley and Butler, and many standard authors, and wrote a vast quantity of verse. At sixteen she was baptised, and at this time began to

feel a longing for Gospel work among the heathen. Meanwhile, she did what she could find to do near at hand, toiling for that troop of brothers and sisters, getting her young friends to come to prayer meetings in her own room, and giving away tracts in her walks through Salem. Her elegy on Colman got into print, and was read by a young Baptist student, George Dana Boardman. He sought a meeting with the authoress, and the result was their determination some day to go forth as man and wife to "labour and die" on the scene of Colman's brief career.

Mrs. Judson went back in 1823 with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, leaving Mr. Boardman and Sarah to follow when the young minister should have completed his studies. At Rangoon there had been trouble:

a severe viceroy was now in power, and Shwayngong had been obliged to flee for his life to a little town a long distance up the Irrawaddy. But the arrival at the mission of Jonathan Price, a skilled physician, had been reported to the Emperor, who at once wished to see him. Mr. Judson accompanied Dr. Price to Ava, where they were both received by the monarch in open court. The Emperor had evidently improved since Judson's former visit; he was anxious that his people should make progress, and that foreign merchants and artisans should settle in his capital; he was



MR. JUDSON IN PRISON.

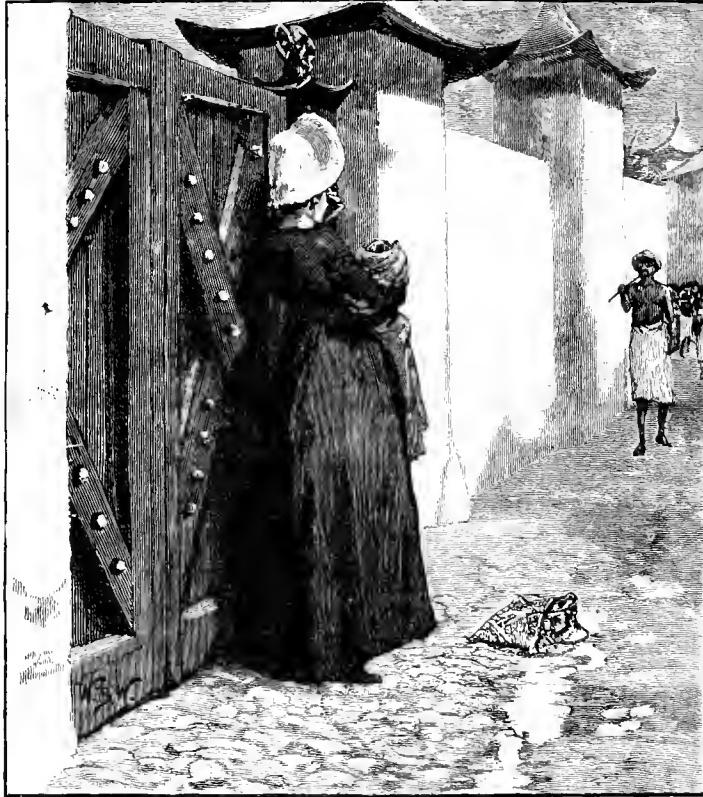
delighted to look at the doctor's instruments and medicines and galvanic battery, and did not seem displeased when, in reply to a question, Mr. Judson confessed that some Burmese had embraced Christianity.

The missionaries were induced to settle at Ava, where Dr. Price had great success in his medical practice, and eventually married a native lady. The Wades on their arrival took charge of the little flock at Rangoon, and Mr. Judson took his wife up the Irrawaddy to the capital.

Soon after they were comfortably settled in the house that had been built for them, the news came that Sir Archibald Campbell (for reasons that do not concern us here) had seized Rangoon. The Court was amazed, but by no means terrified, and an exulting army was sent off in boats down the river to chastise the insolence of the British. A few days afterwards, about a dozen men, by order of the King, suddenly surrounded Mr. Judson in the mission-house, and one of them (whose spotted face revealed the public executioner) threw him on the floor and tied his arms behind his

back. He was then led away, and Mrs. Judson and the servants were guarded as prisoners in their own house. The reason of this outrage was that three English merchants had been arrested as spies, and amongst the papers of one of them, there had been found a receipt for money signed by Mr. Judson.

Next morning, after a night of fearful anxiety, Mrs. Judson heard (through the faithful Moug Ing, who had followed his master when arrested) that her husband and Dr. Price and the three merchants were all in the death prison, fastened to a long



MRS. JUDSON AT THE GATE OF HER HUSBAND'S PRISON.

pole, and each wearing three pairs of iron fetters. She obtained permission to see her husband, and, by bribing the officials, procured the removal of the two missionaries to a more comfortable prison, where she could furnish them with sleeping-mats and pillows and a daily supply of food. The mission-house property was inventoried for seizure, and the officials who transacted the business carried off anything to which they took a fancy. A petition sent to the Queen received for answer—"He is not to be executed; let him remain where he is."

In spite of Mrs. Judson's ceaseless efforts to procure their liberation, the captive teachers remained for several months with feet fastened by chains to the bamboo bar. She could only visit them at intervals, and had to walk alone two miles to the prison,

mostly after dark. But she managed to communicate with her husband when sending in his food; and the interior of a cake, or the spout of the coffee-pot, often concealed loving epistles. When she came to see her husband, she was only allowed to stand in the prison doorway; but the picture was a bright memory to Mr. Judson for the rest of his life. She had found it expedient to adopt the Burmese costume—a rich silk skirt, a crimson tunic showing in front from under the open saffron vest, and a cocoa blossom in her hair, which was gathered into a knot above her fair forehead. One day, after a three weeks' absence, she brought at her bosom a delicate little baby girl, and, with the cruel fetters on his limbs, the father had his first sight of the daughter of whom he wrote—

“And when, in future years,
Thou know'st thy father's tongue,
These lines will show thee how he felt,
How o'er his babe he sung.”

As time passed on, some British officers and others were taken prisoners, and several died through the privations to which they were subjected. One day, with wrathful astonishment, the Court heard that their favourite general, Bundoolah, and his army, were in disastrous retreat, and that the British army was advancing. In revenge, the captives were heavily loaded with extra fetters, and thrown amongst the criminals in the common prison, and Mr. Judson for a whole month was one of a hundred prisoners in a windowless room, when the outside temperature was 106°. Here he contracted a fever, and was placed in a little bamboo room measuring six feet by four, where his faithful wife, who had removed to a bamboo house close by, was allowed to come to him with food and medicine. One day she found that the prisoners had been secretly removed, but, carrying her baby and accompanied by a servant, she tracked them to Umerapoora, and then to Oung-pen-lay. Poor Judson, in nothing but his shirt and trousers, and with a rope round his waist, had been driven ten miles in the heat of the day. For six weeks afterwards his bruised and bleeding feet would not support him, and the scars of that fearful tramp remained with him through life.

For some time Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were chained together in readiness to be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice for the success of the Burman arms; but happily a new Prime Minister vetoed this arrangement, and, less heavily fettered, they were permitted to crawl into the prison enclosure.

With a superstitious idea that the British Lion would be thereby magically affected, a poor lion was deliberately starved to death in sight of the prisoners. When it died, Judson became the tenant of its cage, and the faithful Moug Ing brought him his MS. of part of the Burmese Bible, left, with his pillow, at the time of the hurried removal from Ava.

For two months Mrs. Judson, after nursing her little baby through a severe attack of small-pox, was too ill with fever to visit her husband. Just as she was recovering, he was needed as an interpreter, and was suddenly carried off to Ava, whither she followed

him, but only to find that he was still in prison, and on the point of being sent in a little boat to the camp at Maloun. After three hot days and three damp nights in the crowded boat without an awning, and fed only upon refuse rice, Judson reached the camp helpless with fever. Nevertheless they worried and threatened him into translating papers till he became unconscious, and a pile of similar work beside his bed was forced upon him as soon as he showed signs of recovery. After six weeks of suffering at the camp, he was sent to Ava, and immediately he could gain permission he sought his own house. At the door a child was being nursed by a half-clad native woman—the child itself was so dirty and neglected that he never imagined for a moment that it was his own. On the bed within, lay his wife, so thin, so ghastly pale, that he thought her dead, and fell upon his knees in despairing agony. She woke at his cry, and he learned that a dreadful spotted fever had reduced her to this apparently hopeless condition. But the end was not yet, and brighter days were dawning.

It was not long before the Burmans had to accept Sir Archibald Campbell's terms, and let all foreigners go free, to save Ava from destruction. Nearly two years of danger and suffering had passed over them when Judson and his wife and baby descended the Irrawaddy to the English camp, where they met with an enthusiastic reception. Released captives had spread abroad the news how the heroic woman, whose gentle grace was captivating all hearts, had ministered to them in a hundred ways during their long imprisonment.

Before the Treaty was concluded that gave to Britain a large slice of Burmese territory, the Burmese Commissioners were entertained at a grand dinner with military pomp and display. When the guests saw Mrs. Judson sitting in the place of honour at Sir Archibald's side, some of them began to tremble. One, in particular, seemed almost inclined to faint with fright. It was an official who had once kept Mrs. Judson waiting till noonday, after walking several miles with a petition on behalf of her husband, then lying ill with a burning fever, and with five pairs of fetters on him. This official had not merely refused her request, but had actually snatched away her silk umbrella, and jeeringly told her that she was too thin to be in danger of sunstroke. In reply to inquiries, Mrs. Judson explained the cause of the uneasiness of the guests, and the English officers showed their indignation in their faces. The Burmese evidently thought that Sir Archibald and the lady were arranging for their immediate execution, or at least torture, until Mrs. Judson smilingly assured them that they had nothing to fear.

From the British camp the Judsons returned to their former home at Rangoon, but only for a time, as it was found advisable to transfer the mission to the ceded territory, and accordingly the Rangoon zayat and several of the converts were soon established at the new military settlement of Amherst. It was an unhealthy spot in the freshly cleared jungle on the banks of the Martaban River, and here, on October 24th, 1826, the heroic and devoted Ann Judson died of fever, during her husband's absence in Ava with the British Embassy. He came back to find the Wades taking care of his delicate little girl, who only survived her mother six months.

Meanwhile, the young couple we left in New England—George Boardman and Sarah Hall—had married and come out to the scene of their future labours. They settled at Moulmein, on the edge of a jungle, in a district infested by robbers. One night, Mrs. Boardman awoke to find every drawer and box in the place turned out and rifled, and there were large gashes in the mosquito curtains, where one of the robbers had watched for any sign of wakefulness. Moulmein became safer as it grew more populous, and ultimately superseded Amherst as a military and also as a mission station.

The Boardmans gave themselves up specially to work amongst the Karens, a very interesting race of hunters, fishers, and artisans, dwelling in the mountainous region in South Burmah—a people who were not idolaters, but were intensely ignorant, notwithstanding the fact that they had some remarkable and beautiful religious traditions. They had been much trampled upon by the Burmese, and were very susceptible to the kindness of the missionaries. Mr. Judson once spoke to a Karen chieftainess whom he met for a few minutes on the banks of the Saluen river, and his kindly words, and the benediction, "Go in peace!" never left her memory. She told her people how "a white man, with the face of an angel, had given her his hand and talked to her;" and when, years afterwards, the missionaries settled in her district, they found that she had ever since offered prayers to the white man's God. The Karens have no idols, but they believe

that there are unseen spirits by every stream, and in every wood, who are to be propitiated with gifts. They have a tradition, however, of a time when they worshipped a great and good God, "Yuah," and when they had a book telling all about him. It will be readily seen that this tradition paved the way for the introduction of the Bible amongst them.

In order to be nearer the Karens, the Boardmans settled at Tavoy. The mission flourished, but Mrs. Boardman and her children suffered much from sickness. They were here when Tavoy revolted against the English, and were with the three hundred persons who for five days were crowded in a miserable shed on the wharf, till Colonel Burney came to the rescue. Mr. Boardman never recovered from



MRS. JUDSON'S GRAVE.

the sufferings of those five days, but he still taught and preached among the Karen villages, often walking twenty miles a day, feeding on rice, and sleeping on the floor of a *zayat*.

Meanwhile, Judson was trying to work again in the Burmese territory. He gave away tracts, argued with the lamas, and preached, till his proceedings attracted notice, and he had to retreat down the river to Rangoon. He was living at this time the life of a recluse, shunning all society in the intervals of active service. The burden of his bereavement was upon him, and he sought solace in retirement, in spiritual literature, and in various forms of self-sacrifice and self-mortification. On the edge of the jungle he built a hermitage of bamboo, seeing no one but those who came for religious instruction; and for forty days successively he retired into the depths of the wilderness, where he sat absorbed in meditation and prayer. The second time he came to this spot, he found a bamboo seat and a shelter of woven branches, constructed by some loving and anxious disciples. At length, rested and calmed by his long retirement, he came forth to fresh endeavours in his Master's cause.

The Boardmans were gathering in converts at Tavoy, Mounng Ing performing the baptisms; a service for which Mr. Boardman was now far too weak, though he would be carried to the water-side. In 1831, Francis Mason and his wife came out to join the missionaries and to carry forward the Karen work, and they arrived just in time to witness the last scenes in the life of the saintly Boardman. He had been carried on his bed to a bamboo chapel erected by the Karens beside a mountain stream, where he witnessed the baptism of thirty-four new converts, and spoke a few words to each. On returning the next day, the sick man's mattress and pillows were drenched by a storm, and on the following morning his spirit passed away. The bereaved widow worked on with the Masons, keeping school, and at times making missionary tours among the Karens, fording the smaller streams, but being carried across the larger ones in a chair.

After four years of widowhood, Sarah Boardman became the second wife of Adoniram Judson. They took charge of the Moulmein station, where there was abundance of work of an intensely interesting and successful character. Hundreds of Burmese were now members of the Christian Churches; and, as regards the Karen country, a letter of this date states: "I no longer date from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled from these banks; I eat the rice and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, see no dwellings but those of Christian families; I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by people that live as Christians, converse as Christians, act as Christians, and, to my eyes, look like Christians."

In all this success the Judsons and their colleagues had their trials and disappointments. The labour was very great—religious instruction, Church discipline, ceaseless translation;—these and other duties tasked all their energies, and, in 1845, Sarah Judson broke down, the doctors declaring that a voyage to America was her only chance for recovery. But she never reached home, and her sorrowing husband laid her in the grave at St. Helena. Broken-hearted, but still determined to obey her last injunction, "Gird thine armour on," he went forward to America, and was

surprised to find himself famous. From nine months of fervent welcome and notoriety that were to him simply distressing, he got back at length to his work at Moulmein.

While in America, Judson had become acquainted with Emily Chubbuck, better known under her literary pseudonym of Fanny Forester. He had been attracted by her writings, and had exclaimed—"I should be glad to know her. A lady who writes so well ought to write better." At their interview, he asked her to write the biography of his deceased wife Sarah. She agreed to do so, and in preparing the work they were necessarily thrown much together, with the result that the toil-worn missionary of fifty-seven wrote to the lady, nearly thirty years his junior, thus:—

"I hand you, dearest, a charmed watch. It always came back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her surely and safely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's lifetime (not then aware of the secret), and the charm, though slow in its operation, was true at last."

Emily Chubbuck was married to Dr. Judson on June 2nd, 1846. She went out as wife to her revered husband, and as mother to her predecessor's infant children in Burmah, rather than as an actual missionary. But, nevertheless, she threw herself with ardour into all her husband's pursuits, and proved herself the true helpmeet of his declining years.

There was no lack of teachers now in the Burmese and Karen mission-fields. Dr. Judson had hoped to resume work at Ava, but he found that the King whom he had known was dead, and had been succeeded by his brother, a very strict Buddhist, who had vowed himself to a religious life before he succeeded to the throne. "Having been prevented from being a lama," says Judson, "the poor man does all that he can. He descends from his prince-regal seat, pounds and winnows the rice with his own hands, washes and boils it in his own cook-house, and then, on bended knees, presents it to the priests. This strong pulsation at the heart has thrown fresh blood through the once-shrivelled system of the national superstition, and now every one vies with his neighbour in building pagodas and making offerings to the priests. What can one poor missionary effect, accompanied by his yet speechless wife, and followed by three men and one woman from Moulmein, and summoning to his aid the aged pastor of Rangoon and eight or ten surviving members of the Church?"

At Rangoon little could be done, and that only by stealth. A savage vice-governor was keeping the people in terror. Subsequently the Judsons were transferred to Moulmein, where, a throat affection preventing Mr. Judson from public ministry, he worked hard at his dictionary. But in November, 1849, he took a severe cold, fever supervened, and he never rallied again. His tender and devoted wife nursed him affectionately, but in vain. As a last resource, a sea-voyage was recommended, and, although the state of health of his wife forbade her to accompany him, he consented to go. A fortnight after their parting he died, on April 12th, 1850. The young widow went to America with her little girl and the two children of Sarah Judson, and eventually took to her home the three who were being educated in America. She spent much of her time in assisting in the preparation of materials for her husband's

biography; but on June 1st, 1854, she, too, passed away—the last of the famous group of workers who have made the name of Judson for ever famous in the annals of Christian missions.

Upon the foundations first laid by the Judsons, much glorious work has since been done. The Masons, and a considerable staff of missionaries, carried forward their labours among the Karens until, as we shall presently have to narrate, this work was handed over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. We need not enumerate the faithful labourers who toiled in this harvest-field; their lives, for the most part, were a record of quiet labour amongst a willing people. Yet of the mission as a whole, it may be truly said that it was “in deaths oft.” Mrs. Macleod Wylie says: “Probably in no modern mission, save that of the Church Missionary Society in West Africa, has there been so large a number of deaths in proportion to the brethren employed.” This lady gives a list of forty-one Americans, men and women, workers in the Burman mission-field, who died between 1819 and 1858. Under the care of these, and of others who survived, the Karen Christians increased until they could be reckoned by thousands.

The extensive use made of native teachers and pastors was a very marked characteristic of this mission. Baptised Christians living in the same village would select one of their own number to conduct public worship. It was found that they always chose well, and this band of Christians was then recognised as a church, and the chosen man as their pastor. The pastors were helped to pursue a course of studies by the missionaries, and after due probation were appointed assistant missionaries themselves.

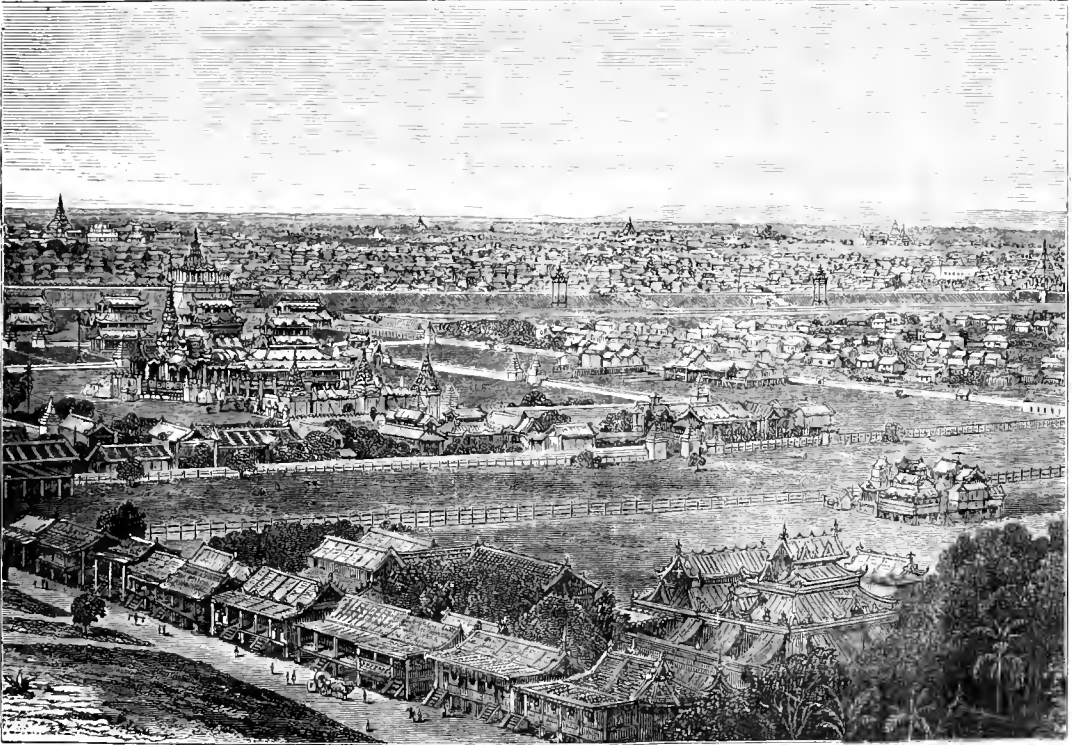
Of these native pastors and their services for Christ, much has been written by Mrs. Wylie and others. One Karen teacher, Thagua by name, won the crown of martyrdom. Thagua, a pastor near Bassein, was wrongfully accused, when the English were invading Pegu, of complicity with the enemy. He was cruelly beaten, and a considerable sum was extorted from his flock under pretence of releasing him, but when the money was paid he was still kept fettered. Two days he was brought up and cudgelled, and told to command his God, if He was Almighty, to save him. After a day or two's respite he was again cruelly scourged, and Thagua exclaimed, “If because I worship God you torture me, kill me at once, I entreat you.” “They then took him,” says the Burmese doctor who witnessed the event, “struck him sixty times, fastened him to a cross, shot him, embowelled him, and cut him in three pieces.”

Mau-Ya was one who had endured suffering and reproach for the cause of Christ; he had been fined, whipped, imprisoned under sentence of death, and condemned to the worst description of slavery—life-long service in a pagoda, working for a god whom he knew to be no god. From this degrading labour he was rescued through the intervention of Colonel Burney. Mau-Ya became an ordained preacher, and scores, if not hundreds, were converted through his ministry.

Sau Quala, the first Karen missionary of Toungoo, had an interesting history. He was born where a cascade leaped from rock to rock beside his mother's cottage in the wildest of the Karen mountain glens. The name of Quala (Hope) was given him

because his parents, who were ardent patriots, had heard of the coming of the white men, and hoped they might prove to be deliverers from the tyranny of their Buddhist oppressors. As Quala grew up he thirsted for liberty, and as a lad of fifteen rejoiced with his fellow-countrymen when the British forces reached Tavoy and shielded them from those cruelties of which the Taubeah minstrel-chieftain simply sang—

“Oh! we Karens could tell a tale
 Would make the pale man grow more pale,
 How sisters' shriek and brothers' wail
 Are mingled on the sighing gale
 With the mother's piercing cry!”



VIEW OF MANDALAY.

But Sau Quala, with his beloved mother, soon realised the more perfect freedom that is in Christ. Fired with holy zeal, he now traversed the jungles, and mountain glens, preaching the Saviour, and many were the seals to his ministry. He was sent for a time to study at Moulmein; after which he collected, in several MS. volumes, all that was recoverable of Karen legend and song, gave some aid in the translation of the Bible, and kept up his preaching tours, sometimes with the missionaries, sometimes alone.

Amongst the Karen girls in Mrs. Mason's class was one named Muphau (Celestial Flower). She consented when Quala asked her to be his bride, and proved a model pastor's wife. "The Flower of the Jungle," Dr. Mason called her, and tells how he saw her first on a projecting cliff, her long tasselled shawl thrown round her tall

graceful figure, and the embroidered scarf wound round her head like a coronet, setting off her fine expressive features to perfection. After a time the young preacher was put in charge of the church at Pyeckhya, the most important in the mountain district. He was duly ordained and helped forward in his theological studies, and was then sent as missionary to Toungoo. His wife cheerfully gave him up for this work, and remained with their little family at Tavoy. From Toungoo, aided by native assistants upon whom he laid hands and (as it were) thrust into the work, Sau Quala did a glorious work amongst the adjacent tribes. There were soon scores of stations with their native pastors, and many hundreds of church members subscribing towards their teachers' salaries. The pant-wearing Bghais, who had never let a Burman return from their mountain-girt valleys, nor paid taxes to any Government, found their conqueror at last. Dr. and Mrs. Mason came and dwelt at Toungoo, which was henceforth the most important centre of the Karen mission-work. A Female Institute and a Young Men's Normal School and other institutions were established here, and for several years the Karen churches seem to have prospered exceedingly, and were spoken of throughout the world as a bright example of missionary enterprise and triumph. Then came a time of difficulty and dissension, and an important change in the superintendence of the mission-work in these regions, and to that change we must now refer.

In the year 1857, the Rev. C. Parish, chaplain at Moulmein, called the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the spiritual needs of Burmah. His idea was to begin by educating the young, and let mission-work develop as opportunity offered. In response to the Society's appeal, the Rev. Augustus Shears, M.A., came out from Cambridge to Moulmein, and joined heartily in the plans of Mr. Parish. They soon had over a hundred pupils in their schools, and for the sake of a good education for their offspring, each parent signed a permission for the children to be instructed in Christianity. Mr. J. E. Marks, a trained school-master, who had gained a large experience in his own scholastic establishment, and also in the night-schools of East London, came to their help in 1860. In the following year Bishop Cotton visited Rangoon, and examined 300 of Mr. Marks' scholars, afterwards declaring that he had "never seen in India a more promising school, or one containing better elements of success."

The Society soon afterwards turned its attention to Rangoon, the capital of Pegu, with its mixed population of 80,000 souls, half of whom were Buddhists. It has since increased to 130,000, and has fine public buildings, granite roads that are never muddy even after the heaviest monsoons, various institutions (social, literary, and scientific), two daily newspapers, and at least nine places of Christian worship, besides Mohammedan mosques, and Hindoo and Chinese temples. High above all still towers the great Shway Dagon, with its gilded dome, already described. Mr. Marks, now in holy orders, was replaced at Moulmein by the Rev. H. B. Nicholls, and sent to Rangoon. Miss Cooke and other helpers came out, and at Bishop Milman's visit in 1867 he was delighted to find both boys' and girls' schools well attended, and in thorough working order.

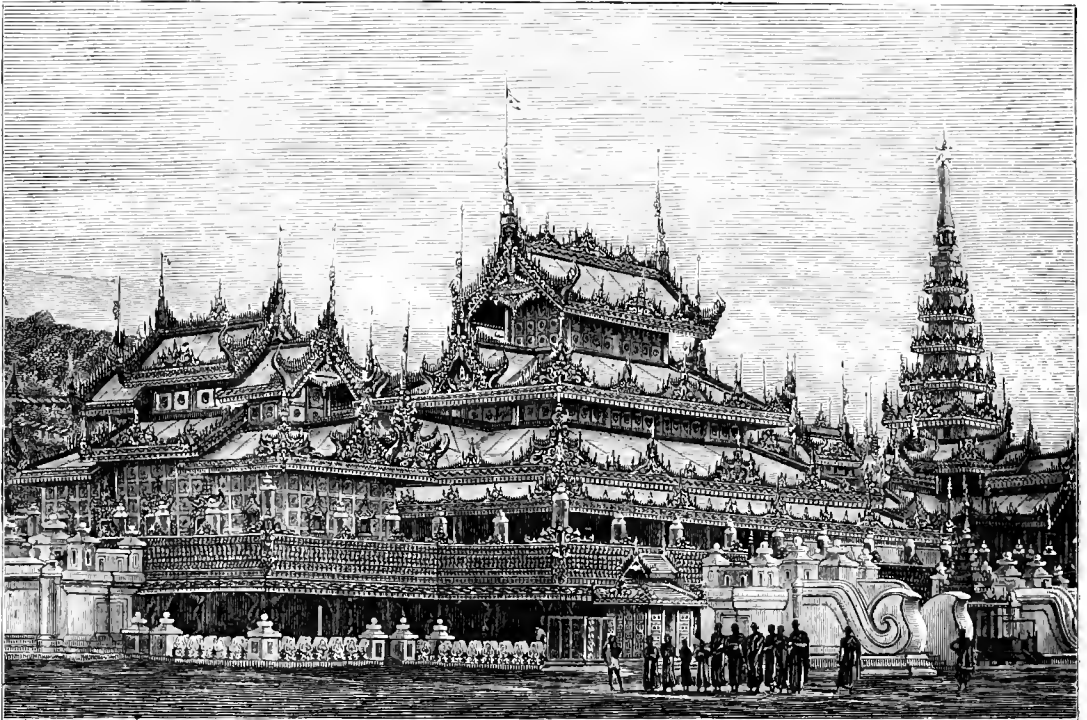
The Bishop and Mr. Marks went up the Irrawaddy, along which the people of several towns were crying out for schools. At Myanoung they visited a Burmese kyoung, and were well received by the yellow-robed hypoongyees or phyounghees—the word is pronounced *poonghies*, but the spelling seems very optional. At Prome they mounted the wearisome flights of steps that lead to the vast platform, upon which stands a gorgeously gilded pagoda, 250 feet in height, surrounded by smaller pagodas all splendidly gilt. Some candidates were confirmed at this town, and then the Episcopal party proceeded up the river, and were delighted with the charming scenery that met their view. Glittering pagodas crowned the highest points, and the rocky banks were in many places elaborately carved. It seemed as if from every point of vantage Gautama was looking calmly down upon these ambassadors of a new religion. In front were the blue hills of Aracan, and round about them on the waters were a number of Burman boats with their curious fan-like sails. The Bishop was delighted with his tour of inspection, and did all he could to aid the extension of Mr. Marks' school system.

In the autumn, Mr. Marks established a branch school at Henzada, on the Irrawaddy. The Woon Douk, a very liberal-minded Burman official, gave great assistance. He bought one of the best houses in the place and handed it over to Mr. Marks, rent-free for six months. A crowd of lads eager for instruction—some grandly dressed, and others stark naked—came to see the Sayah Gyee, or teacher. The people sent forms and other needful furniture, and school was begun with fourteen boys in presence of a large assemblage of parents.

Through the energy and zeal of Mr. Marks and his fellow-labourers, the Society were soon able to push forward their missions into Upper Burmah, then under an independent monarch who ruled at Mandalay, instead of at Ava the ancient capital. Mr. Marks had met at Rangoon in 1863 the Thōnzay Mintha (prince), a son of the king. This prince had quarrelled with his father and had taken refuge in the British Province. He had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Marks, and received several Christian books from him. On being reinstated he took his books home with him to the Court at Mandalay, and pressed Mr. Marks to come and see him there. Intelligence came to hand that the king had spoken favourably of the idea of a school and mission being established in his capital, and Mr. Marks lost no time, but with five of his best scholars presented himself in October at Mandalay, where an audience was soon granted him. Whilst waiting a day or two, he surveyed the city, and found it large and well laid out, the streets large and at right angles, but the houses mean and irregular. The palace, fortified by a stockade all round, seemed to occupy about one-eighth of the city.

In company with Captain Sladen, the British Political Agent at the Court and a tried friend of the mission cause, and the Kulla Woon, or Minister for foreigners, Mr. Marks was introduced to the King of Burmah. The interview was a striking contrast to that of Mr. Judson to the Court of Ava forty-five years previously. "On reaching the steps," says Mr. Marks, "we all had to take off our shoes, and then walk a considerable distance to the apartment in the garden where the king was receiving. We entered the room, in

which were very many of the Burmese high officials and Ministers seated on the floor. We too seated, or rather squatted, ourselves down. In a few minutes the king came in, attended by a little boy, one of his sons. The king is a tall, stout, thoroughly Burmese-looking man, about fifty-five years of age. He had on only one garment, the pulso, or beautiful silk cloth covering from his waist to his feet. He reclined on a velvet carpet, near which the little prince placed the golden betel-box and water-cup, and then reverentially retired. As the king entered, every Burman bowed his head to the ground and kept it there. His Majesty, according to his usual custom, took up



ROYAL PALACE, MANDALAY.

a pair of binocular glasses, and had a good stare at us. He then asked if I was the English hypoongyee, when did I arrive, how old was I, &c., &c. He then asked me what requests I had to make to him, assuring me that all were granted before I spoke. I said that I had four requests to make:—1. Permission to labour as a missionary in Mandalay. 2. To build a church for Christian worship according to the use of the Church of England. 3. To get a piece of land for a cemetery. 4. To build, with his Majesty's help, a Christian school for Burmese boys. With regard to the first, the king said very courteously that he welcomed me to the royal city: that he had impatiently awaited my arrival, &c., &c. I was to choose, with Captain Sladen's advice, a piece of land for a cemetery. That with regard to the church and schools, his Majesty would *build them entirely at his own cost*. I told him that the Bishop of Calcutta had most liberally offered £100 towards the church.

The king replied, 'It is unnecessary, I will do all myself.' He directed me to prepare the plans, adding that the school was to be built for 3,000 boys. The king said that it was his wish to place some of his own sons under our care, and he sent for nine of the young princes, fine intelligent-looking lads from about ten years of age, and formally handed them over to me. He handed me a hundred gold pieces (worth £50) to buy books, &c., for the schools. The king talked about his high regard for Captain Sladen, whose word he could so implicitly trust; of his desire to do all the good in his power, and especially to be friendly with the English. . . . The interview lasted over two hours; his Majesty concluded by inviting my boys and self to breakfast in the palace on the following day. He kindly accepted the presents of beautifully bound books which the Calcutta Committee had been good enough to forward to me for him."

On the following day Mr. Marks was again at the palace with his five boys, whose names (omitting the universal Moug) were Gyee, Hpo Too, Bah Ohu, Tsan Hlah Oung, and Hpo Ming. A hypoongyee must not ride on horseback, so they went in covered bullock-carts. In the Huran Nan Dor (or glass palace) they were ushered into the presence of the king, and several of his wives and daughters. Like the other Burmans, the boys prostrated themselves before the king, who sat on the highest of six steps; the missionary squatted down in a cramped position, it being obligatory to keep the feet out of sight in the presence of Burmese royalty. The king made kind inquiries, and reiterated his promises, and then Mr. Marks had to tell him about the boys, to each of whom the monarch said a few kind words. A telescope was presented to the king by the missionary, and the boys gave a number of English toys to the young princes. In return, the king gave two pulsoes (silk cloths), valued at £3, to each boy. Mr. Marks also presented to the queen, through his Majesty, a box of beautiful needle and crochet work made and presented by the Burmese girls in Miss Cooke's school. The king pulled out two or three pieces of work, but did not seem to know much about them. He tossed them to the ladies behind him, who evidently valued them highly.

The king began to speak to the boys about religion, and told them that they should not lightly forsake their ancestors' creed. "I interposed," says Mr. Marks, "when he laughingly said, 'Oh, Pone-dor-gyee' (high hypoongyee)—the name he always gives me—'I and you will talk about these matters alone by ourselves.' I replied that I should be delighted to converse with his Majesty on those subjects, which were of the highest moment to all mankind. The king said that he only wanted to guard the boys against being rash and foolish, or changing their religion to please men; that he was perfectly tolerant; that he had never invited a Mussulman, Hindoo, or Christian to become a Buddhist; but that he wished all to worship according to their own way."

The party were then conducted to another apartment, where a sumptuous breakfast was served in English style. Mr. Marks and the boys sat down to table, the Burman attendants wondering to see the boys freely using knives and forks instead of the orthodox fingers in eating. Suddenly the boys all slipped off their chairs on to the

ground, and on looking up, Mr. Marks saw that one of the elder princes, a lad of seventeen, had come into the room to see that all was right.

Next day the plans were brought to the king, who said Mr. Marks' house might have a triple roof, but not the school, as that honour was only for princes and hypoongyoes. He gave £100 towards the furniture, and ordered his Minister of Public Works to proceed with the building forthwith. He also talked again to the boys, especially to one Aracanese boy whom Mr. Marks had adopted five years before. To him the king repeated his caution about not forgetting the religion of his ancestors. Mr. Marks interposed with the remark that the boy's ancestors had not heard the good news which had been told to the lad.

"The king took no notice of what I said," says Mr. Marks, "but continued to the boy, 'Always remember the Yittānah thōn bāh (the three objects of devotion), the Pāyah' (deity), Tāyah' (law), and Thingah (clergy).' I said, 'Christianity teaches us to worship the everlasting God, to obey His law, and to receive instruction from the clergy.' The king seemed annoyed for a time, and then repeated, in his usual good-humoured manner, 'I cannot talk with you about religion in public; we will talk about it privately on your return.' He added, 'Do not think me an enemy to your religion. If I had been, I should not have called you to my royal city. If when you have taught people they enter into your belief, they have my full permission;' and then, speaking very earnestly, 'If my own sons, under your instruction, wish to become Christians, I will let them do so. I will not be angry with them.'"

Mr. Marks was very grateful for so much royal favour, but was obliged to decline acceding to the king's request that he would translate the "Encyclopædia Britannica" into Burmese! The school was opened in due course, and nine of the king's sons came daily in great state, with forty followers who carried the books, slippers, and so forth, and held two golden umbrellas over each young man's head. In spite of being crouched to by all the other pupils, they were obedient and diligent.

A church was also built entirely at the king's cost, and the Rev. John Trew was sent out to take charge of both school and mission. Mr. Marks was thus set free for his work at Rangoon and for visiting the outlying stations. Coming again to Mandalay on his round of inspection, he heard that some persons, charged with being concerned in a plot which had, however, been nipped in the bud, were that day to be executed. He determined to use his influence to save their lives. He was readily granted an interview with the king, and he says—

"I began by praising his Majesty's well-known clemency and humanity, and then prayed for the lives of the foolish men who were to be led out to execution that day. The king said that judgment had not been given, and that he knew of no execution. I assured his Majesty that my information was correct. The king asked if any one else knew about it, and was told by an officer present, the Myin Soo Cye Woon, that there was to be an execution that afternoon. The king at once sent him with his royal order to stop it. I thanked his Majesty very earnestly, and praised his merciful care for the lives of his subjects—even of those whose offences had rendered them obnoxious to his anger. The king replied very kindly, and, after a few

minutes, again sent out another officer, a Shandawzin, or herald, with the following order:—'Go, stop the men from being led out to execution; and if they have already left, my royal order to the Myo Woon (or magistrate) is, that they are to be brought back, and not to be killed.' On our return we found large numbers of people assembled on the road leading from the palace to the cemetery, waiting to see the procession. On the following morning I obtained a list of those who were pardoned on my intercession, and at the head of the list was the Kathah Prince himself. I was assured that everything, even to the scarlet velvet bag, was prepared ready for his execution."

The church at Mandalay was completed in October, 1872, and a font was presented to it by Queen Victoria. Some of the royal princes attended the consecration of the church by the Bishop of Calcutta, and when Mr. Marks asked one of them afterwards how he liked the service, he replied, "It was very good, and the singing very pleasant; but it was a long time to be without a cheroot."

It soon became apparent that the king had other designs in his head besides the encouragement of schools and missions, and when he found that Mr. Marks was too independent to become his tool for political purposes, he forbade him to reside at the capital.

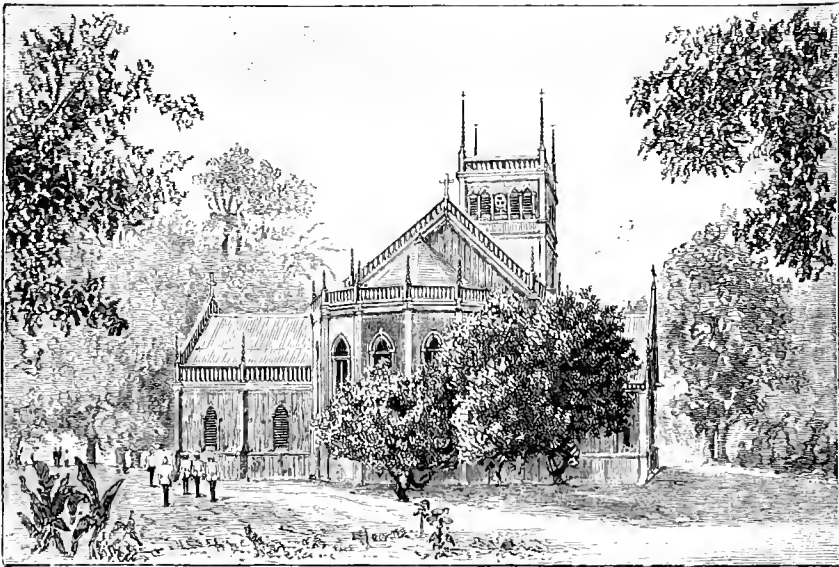
In consequence of dissensions between the founders of the original mission and their supporters at home, the marvellously successful Karen missions passed, in 1871, entirely into the hands of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and Anglican clergymen henceforth superintended and aided the labours of the native pastors, catechists, and teachers.

The Right Rev. J. H. Titecomb, first Bishop of Rangoon, was consecrated in 1877, and found the educational work flourishing at several places, and the missions in a hopeful condition. St. John's College at Rangoon, under the care of Mr. Marks, was prospering remarkably, and from all the river stations good reports were received. At Tomghoo, and in all the Karen country, the grand work begun by the Baptists was doing well under the new management. But at Mandalay the work had to be kept up very quietly.

In October, 1878, the King of Burmah died, and was succeeded by his son Prince Theebaw, one of the nine young lads who used to come to Mr. Marks' school under their golden umbrellas. The new king, as our readers know, developed into a blood-thirsty maniac, who had most of his relations assassinated, and who used to hurl his spear at anybody who offended him. The palace soon reeked with murder, and from terror-stricken Mandalay, numbers of refugees came down the river spreading tidings of dismay. The British Government expostulated, and the young king showed a sullen spirit of hostility, and drilled and armed his troops. Boasting rumours were circulated that the English would soon be driven out of all Burmah. In the streets of Mandalay, Englishmen were publicly insulted, and even in Rangoon seditious songs were sung by noisy emissaries from the independent provinces.

Meanwhile the British forces were strengthened; the king's career was marked by continued atrocities, and in 1879 the British Agent and all the European residents were called back to the Lower Province. The Rev. J. Colbeck, then in charge of the

mission, wished to remain alone, but was not permitted. Preparations for removal had to be so secret, that most of Mr. Colbeck's property was left behind. Had he stayed he would no doubt have been assassinated, for he was in great disfavour on account of his having assisted many intended political victims to escape. About seventy persons owed their lives in great measure to his courage and humanity. His last service in Mandalay was to help two ladies from the palace, whom he had hidden in his garden, to embark on board the steamer that bore them to a place of refuge in British territory. Not long after Mr. Colbeck's departure, the mission establishment was broken up, the clergy-house turned into an abode of Buddhist



THE CHURCH AT MANDALAY, BUILT BY KING MINDONE-MIN.

monks, and the church, containing the font presented by Queen Victoria, became a State lottery office.

But though the Mandalay mission was thus suppressed, the Burman schools, and missions generally, continued to prosper. Bishop Titcomb visited the different stations, consecrating churches, inspecting schools, ordaining deacons, and confirming candidates. The Karen work was also flourishing, under the care of the Rev. W. E. Jones. In 1880 this clergyman, by invitation from the resident Karens, made a tour through the wild district west of Toung-hoo, with Shway Gno, a native deacon, a lad from the school, and three coolies; he visited the villages on the Kaboung river, and having no guide, had to follow all the windings of the stream, generally riding through the water, sometimes with dense jungle, and sometimes with wild romantic rocks on either side. The headmen were very polite, and called the people together; some showed a receptive disposition, others said they were too old to change their customs, but that Mr. Jones might do what he could with the children.

As opportunity offered, Mr. Jones followed up his work, always taking with him

a good supply of medicines. So great was the crowd wanting medicine, that at times the safety of the hut, lent him for a lodging-place, was seriously endangered.

It was subsequently found needful to divide the Toungoo mission into north and south districts, and to assign the latter to the Rev. A. Salmon. He met with



KING THEEBAW AND HIS WIVES.

several fresh tribes of Karens, and had to contend not only with the ancient Karen superstitions, but also with a new religion started by Koh Pai Sah, an influential timber merchant, who had combined the best of the Karen customs with the teachings of both Christ and Buddha, as far as he knew them. The new religion "took" well, and crowds of Karens flocked to his initiation phongyee-kyoung to enrol themselves as disciples. The initiation consisted of paying a considerable fee to Koh Pai Sah, and taking a morsel of rice from his hand. His followers were pledged to abstain from strong drink, and to keep the Christian Sabbath, on which day they

assembled to sing hymns of praise to Koh Pai Sah. The young people also performed what might be termed "mystery plays," as acts of worship, whilst the old folks looked on with intense interest and gratification. In 1888 the adherents of this new faith numbered some thousands; but Mr. Salmon does not think this curious "phase of religious life will last long, as it has not the elements of stability in it."

The Paku tribes in this district may now be considered as wholly Christianised. Their standard of Christianity is not so high as might be wished; "still," says Mr. Salmon, "they have no great vices, and as far as they know, they are, perhaps, as good Christians as the majority of those so called in England; their offerings in proportion to their substance are certainly as large."

Before taking leave of the missions having Toungoo as their centre, it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that during the last five years a thousand prayer-books in Karen have been sold to the people, of course at a low price. Education is spreading amongst the girls, so long neglected, as well as amongst the other sex, and the children eagerly buy English hymn-books. The mission press issues a vernacular newspaper, *The Pole Star*, and other publications.

Retracing our steps a little (as regards time), we find, in 1880, the Rev. Dr. Strachan passing through the Burman missions, and testifying to their efficiency and success. He visited St. John's College at Rangoon, with its five hundred pupils dwelling in a magnificent pile of buildings, "a grand Christian beacon in this heathen land," and also the pro-cathedral. He was rowed across the river to see two village schools of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, taught by Christian Burmese women; and each a centre of light to parents and villagers. In an adjacent monastery chapel he was amused at seeing many European commodities amongst the offerings piled up in front of the calm stolid image of Gautama. Curiously conspicuous was an unopened box of biscuits from the factory of the well-known firm of Huntley and Palmer.

On visiting Moulmein, Dr. Strachan was delighted with the beauty of the situation. Here he found Mr. Colbeck and several native Christians who fled with him from Mandalay. "I had a conversation with one," writes Dr. Strachan, "whose adventures were interesting. She had been brought up from her childhood in the palace, and in due course had been appointed one of the maids of honour to the present king's mother. The unbridled fury of the king fell at last upon the poor girl, and she was condemned to die. She, with another, however, contrived to escape to Mr. Colbeck's house, where they were for a time shielded. They left with the party who accompanied him; in due time they were both baptised, and now they have both been married to native Christians. I learned the mode of execution of royal personages in the palace. The victims are placed on their backs, and are killed by strokes from heavy clubs on their windpipes."

Bishop Titcomb's unceasing fatherly care of the infant Church of Burmah was brought to a close through the result of an accident. He was walking up a steep hill when his foot slipped, and he rolled back some twenty feet into the bed of a mountain torrent. Concussion of the spine ensued, and his resignation of the episcopate became inevitable. Dr. Strachan, who, as we have seen, was already so much interested in the work, became his successor. For the next two or three years, under this prelate's

unremitting care, the various branches continued to flourish, except at Mandalay, where, however, matters were fast hastening to a climax.

The ruthless king grew worse and worse, and the British Government determined to remove him. The expedition through Upper Burma was generally welcomed by the people, who hailed their conquerors as deliverers. On reaching Mandalay, thousands of Burman and English soldiers stood within gunshot of each other when the time expired which had been granted to King Theebaw for consideration. The soldiers were ordered to load, but as they were waiting in awful suspense for the delayed command to fire, the flag of truce appeared, and the royal murderer surrendered. Next day, holding his two wives one by each hand, and accompanied by a crowd of his Ministers and officials, as well as by a group of his conquerors, with the British flag waving over all, the king passed from the palace through long lines of British soldiers with fixed bayonets, and was sent by the steamer *Thoorah* to Rangoon. On New Year's Day proclamation was made that Upper Burma was now a part of the dominions of the Empress of India.

Meanwhile the steamer *Thoorah*, after landing King Theebaw at Rangoon, took back to Mandalay the Rev. James A. Colbeck, anxious to see what remains of the mission might be left after his long absence. A French official had told him, "There is no longer any English church—it is all ruined;" but as Mr. Colbeck and his companion, Mark Dooroozawmy, neared the town, there was "the tall square tower of the church, looking as sturdy and strong as ever."

For many a Sunday the parade service for the garrison was held in the grand throne-room, into which previously none but the king had ever come with his shoes on. Every Sunday after parade service, Holy Communion was celebrated in the Golden Pagoda Chapel, a miniature copy of the monastery in which Theebaw wore the yellow robes of the hypoongyee for a few years before he became king. Behind the communion-table was a white screen, and when Mr. Colbeck drew the curtains aside he beheld splendid images of Gautama, in brass and gold-washed marble, their garments fringed with imitations of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds; their placid features looking worthy of a holier faith. There were several splendid monasteries in and about Mandalay. One royal erection consisted of a magnificent gilded pagoda, surrounded by 444 smaller chapels, each containing a large slab of white marble or alabaster, upon which is written in Pali a part of the Buddhist Scriptures.

Church, clergy-house, and schools were after a time put to rights, and the work at Mandalay, though the mission sustained great loss through the death of the devoted Mr. Colbeck in 1888, has since gone on prosperously. Before his death he had the happiness of welcoming to Upper Mandalay the Rev. F. W. Sutton, who had given up a lucrative practice in England to devote himself to a combination of medical and missionary work in Burma. Aided and advised by Bishop Titcomb and Mr. Colbeck, Mr. Sutton settled at Shwebo, a town fifty miles north of Mandalay, and hitherto unvisited by missionaries, and indeed, with the exception of the British garrison and a few civil officials, wholly given to idolatry.

At Shwebo, or Mont Shobo, 24,000 poor and ignorant people dwell in bamboo huts, within the walls that once encircled the ancient capital and palace of the

Alompaya dynasty. The three acres belonging to the mission also lie within the walls, and upon this ground stand a most remarkably interesting group of buildings. There is the mission-house, with accommodation for little girls, who are received as boarders under the care of two Burnese female teachers; a hospital; a day-school for seventy boys and girls; a catechist's house; a schoolmaster's house; and a rest-house. This latter is a very important adjunct to the mission, as inquirers from neighbouring villages, or new converts seeking instruction, remain here, instead of lodging in the town. Here the inquirers can watch the practical working out of Christian life, and at the same time, by a few days' stay, afford the missionaries a better opportunity of acquiring a real knowledge of their sincerity and faithfulness.

At the hospital, the opening of the indoor ward was long delayed by the difficulty of procuring a qualified Christian lady to superintend. We trust this difficulty has now been surmounted. The outdoor department has shown steady progress, although the superstitions of the people have been a great hindrance. One girl who had a diseased wrist was asked to remove her bangle, but she declared she could not do it on a Wednesday, it would be so unlucky—she would remove it on a lucky day. Many only came when they had made their case more difficult by wasting a deal of time over their native herb mixtures, and then presenting themselves to the English doctor with a cord charm tied round the arm to protect them from evil. One of the first converts was a young Mandalay princess, a cousin of King Theebaw. She proved very helpful to the mission, inasmuch as she was filled with a burning desire to lead others to a knowledge of the truth. She persuaded her father and mother to let her give up entirely her happy home with them at Mandalay and come and labour amongst the poor heathen of Shwebo. Her parents, who had also become Christians during her absence, and had been baptised into the Church by the late Rev. J. A. Colbeck, willingly consented, and "Rachel," as the princess was named at her baptism, gave up her life to visiting, reading, and teaching. With her intense earnestness and winning gentleness, she has influenced a large number of persons to come to the mission-house and seek to know more of Jesus.

It is the story of nearly fourscore years of ceaseless self-sacrificing labour that we have tried to condense into the foregoing chapter. Baptists and Churchmen, with their varying methods, have alike displayed undying zeal and steadfast faith. They have reaped a glorious harvest, and the work that is now going on under the local Episcopate, in conjunction with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is one that needs and merits the fullest aid and sympathy from Christian England, in order that the latest conquests of her victorious army may be supplemented by the immeasurably nobler and grander Conquests of the Cross.

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries



1 1012 01235 0767

